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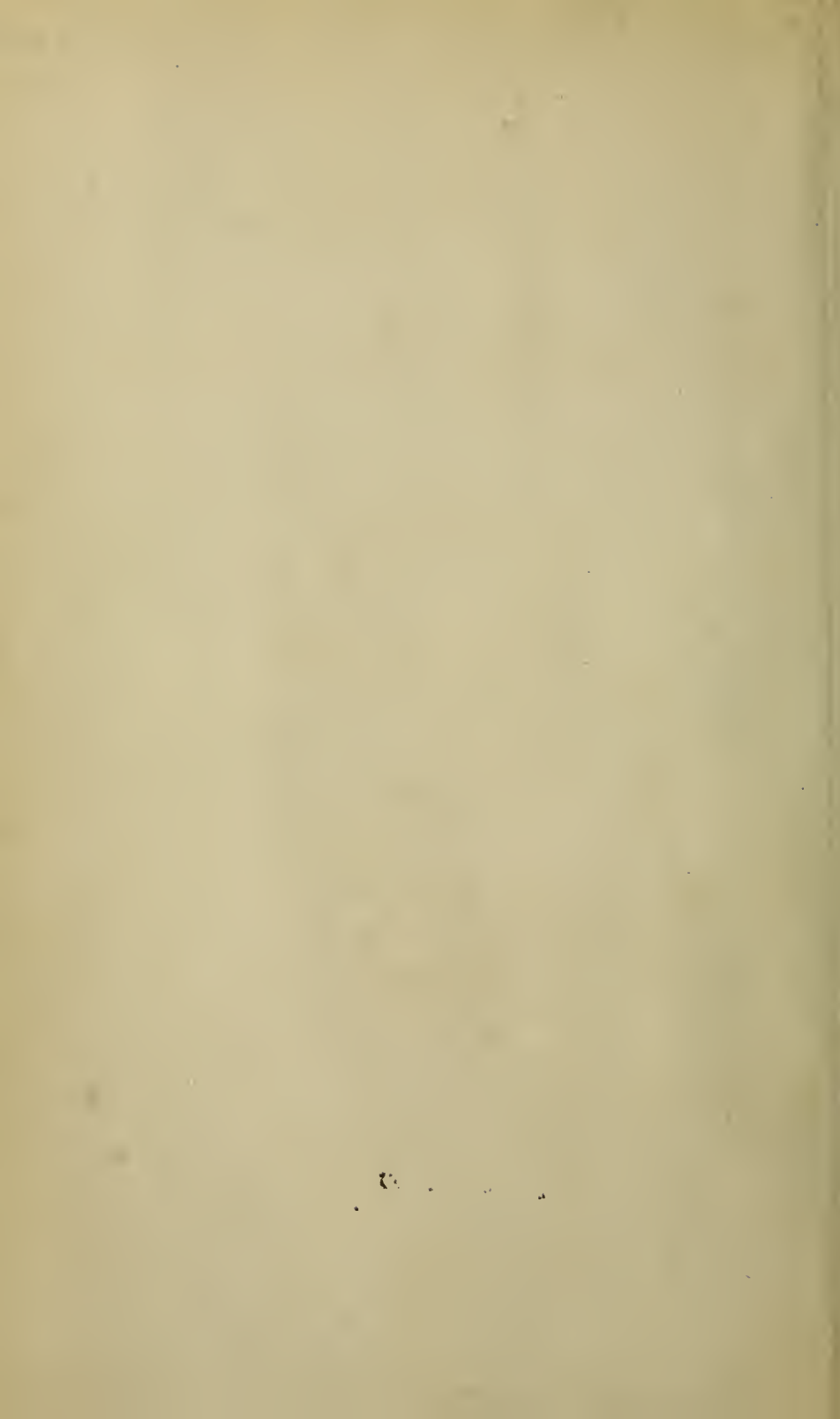
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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year.* The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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TRINITY ALUMNI AND STUDENTS
TRAINING CAMP, CHICKAMAUGA PARK, MAY, 1917

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Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1917

Queen of the Hills

(GOLDENROD)

D. W. NEWSOM

Graceful and affable, lady-like queen,
Bedecking the earth with a radiant sheen,
Sister of sunlight, quiet and fair,
Loving the thrill of the September air;
Robed in your garments of ancestral ease,
Alert to the touch of the slumbersome breeze,
All of the wealth of the summer sunshine
Lives in your countenance, sweetly benign.
You introduce summer, now going away,
With all of her splendor, light-hearted and gay,
To the dignified autumn, so pensive and sad,
Dreaming of days that were happy and glad.
The violet, daisy and am'rous woodbine
Were all but the harbingers, heralds of thine;
Down the highways of summer your coming they told,—
Of your goodly dominion and the power you hold.
With meek, queenly grace you inherit the earth
And speak in your silence of royal birth;
You brought us the dream-skies of September days
And purple and garnet are painting your ways;
All the earth with a reverence your majesty fills
When you come with September out over the hills.

Reminiscences of Punch

C. R. BROWN

Old John Henry used to say that nothing was impossible, and I believe it. If anybody should say that he'd seen the Mississippi bottled-up in glazed show-cases up in New York Museum, and that Texas' school teachers illustrated their lectures by these wonderful vats, I wouldn't think it true of course; but, nevertheless, I'd hold it possible. And I firmly believe that this pliability on my part was caused by the novel connection found to exist between Bill Cobbs and myself.

In the early part of our profession, me and Bill had been as close to each other as the French now are to the Germans, but if anybody had said that we were related, or ever would be, it's two to one that he'd have needed a bottle of Barker's Liniment for his opinions.

From our first acquaintance, me and Bill had been very particular on the point of blood. Bill claimed that his great grandfather had been a horse trader down in Little Stone, Arkansas, and that his whole ancestry had lived by this equestrian trade. Bill's idea was that swapping pennies for dollars in insane asylums was perfectly legitimate, and that it was a business that no man need be ashamed of. But with my family it was different; we believed in the salvation of borrowing. Why, father used to have a little story that he told us children for the moral—about a deal he pulled over a widow and her three children—how he raised ten thousand dollars from them in a refrigerator factory up in Alaska.

Thus, hereditarily, it was quite natural that me and Bill should uphold the family ideals of legitimate grafting. But, as I said before, we never had the slightest idea that we should ever be bound together by any stronger ties

than a mutual respect for this buncoing coöperation; yet, we were, and here's how it happened and became known.

I was walking down Fayetteville street in Raleigh. It was three-forty-five *post meridian* by my appetite, a very accurate timepiece indeed. And hot! I should say so; a man involuntarily thought of the third chapter of Daniel, or of a dancing fence-corner, for it was one of those days when it takes a hen just twice as long to lay as it does at any other time of the year. The month was August, and for some enigmatical reason a gnawing appetite and a hundred-degree-Fahrenheit temperature don't at all agree. Although I possessed a still small, day-before recollection of a dish of spaghetti and pork-chops, I felt as lean as Mr. Hughes's White House cat did on the sixth of March.

Besides the heat and hunger, there was another matter that lay heavily on my conscience; my pockets were empty, and worst of all, there was small chance of 'em becoming heavier. The whole city had suddenly become aqueously optimistic, and most dogmatically refused to buy umbrellas; old ladies no longer had rheumatism—it was too hot; Dr. Skinner's Wonderful Collar Button, guaranteed to be seventy-per-cent better in durability and velocity than any other article of its kind on the market, was no longer in demand; people had become languid and unsanitary, and consequently didn't need Triangle Fly-Traps.

Then, too, financial reënforcement was bad. Every rustic who came to the city had just enough to purchase his return ticket, and one might just as well have tried to unwind a ball of cotton from the inside as to swindle one of 'em. However, to state my condition in plain Anglo-Saxon, I was hungry, dead-broke, and had little chance of finding any successful bucolic bunco. The fact is, I felt about as imperialistic as the German ambassador did when he lost his rubber-heels.

Now, as I said before, on a particular afternoon I was

walking down Fayetteville street in Raleigh, tasting imaginary cabbage and green-peas. All was quiet and lazy. The hum of distant street-car motors, the occasional rattle of hoofs and iron-traces, now and then an orchestra note, the shrill, metallic voices of Punch and Judy—these were all that could be heard.

In front of a corner cigar-store, I stopped to watch a street vender. The fox-eyed fellow, with a face red like a street-car conductor's, stopped his spontaneous articulations for a moment, and looked upon the half-dozen men who were standing around him; then, stooping, he drew from a dry-goods-box the two world-famous individuals—Punch and Judy. The fellow knew his business well, and a crowd was the result. Around the street ventriloquist, men packed like fish salted in a keg.

Suddenly my eye fell upon a stout, sunburnt, red-headed man on the opposite side of the ring. Somehow, his face and clothes didn't hang together. I knew at once that I'd seen him before. The fellow seemed intensely interested in the puppet performance, but there was a far-away look in his eyes that told me that there was something deeper in the man's thoughts than the scene before us; no man looks like he looked who isn't thinking of the past refreshed by the present.

"Bill Cobbs as sure as the Kaiser ain't yet humiliated his small principalities, France, England, Russia, the United States, and half-a-dozen more," says I suddenly to myself, when I sees that gentleman raise his hand to his mouth. "There ain't another man on Mars who can smoke a cigar as close as Bill. Why, that fellow always used to carry a pocket of toothpicks for finger substitutes."

"By the feminine quality of Pollux," says Bill, "if here ain't old Joe Calvert. It's been seven years since I saw you

last. In the same old 'business?' And all the time he shakes my hand like Mr. Dickens's pump-handle.

"Yes," I replies. "But where did a gentleman of your pecuniary rank get them clothes? And why did you talk so on your face, when Punch was performing a few minutes ago?"

"I can answer both of them questions with one story. I cleaned up five thousand last week, and so I thought that I'd take a light vacation. Having the money, I bought these clothes, and comes down here to enjoy myself for a week. I've often wanted to see how it feels to sleep in a warm bed until eight, and have somebody to bring ice-water and say 'Anything else, Mister?'"

"But how about the five thousand? Was it bonds, or real estate, or loans, or what?"

Bill smiled, lighted another cigar, and said, "It's a pretty long story, and you look hungry. Come into this restaurant. We'll get something to eat, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, about two weeks ago something got to matter with my heart. Guess my kidneys were wrong, or the weather too warm. Anyway, my heart got awful soft and weak—kinder like circus lemonade—and I was plain homesick. It was a pale, ragged mother and her baby up in a vaudeville balcony that started the whole affair. The baby began to cry, and the mother, she just huddled the little thing up to her breast. I began to think of home. That night I didn't sleep any. And the next morning I was on my way to Asheville, North Carolina.

"I hadn't been in Asheville since I was thirteen, hadn't heard a line from the folks, and, what's more, hadn't thought of 'em much. Well, mother had died eighteen years before—three months after I ran away from home—, father was spending a five-year vacation in the Caledonia State Institute, for the kindness of extracting a little loan from a bald-headed Jew, and nobody knew anything about sister—except

that she'd left home with an 'All-Star-Dramatic-Musical-Singing Company.'

"On the second night after I arrived in Asheville, I strolled down to the Wheeler Carnival Grounds. It was Wednesday, and naturally the show was at its greatest. People pushed, laughed, and crowded, like they do when Bryan's going to pour forth an exodus. The dazzling lights, the noise of the motor-drome cycles and rattle of faro-wheels, the crowd, the shrieks of wild animals and dancing girls, the dull crash of the whip, the laugh of the candy girls, the music of the merry-go-round—all these kinder made me forget my sorrow and lonesomeness, and brought me back into my old world again. There were hundreds of people being buncoed, and, somehow or other, I couldn't resist the fascination; the lights, the shrieks, the noise, the dull rattle—everything put play into my blood, and my fingers began spasmodically to gripe hard. I had fifty cents at the beginning, and ended up with fifteen dollars and seventeen cents.

"But luck didn't always run my way. The Wheeler Carnival was at a puzzle, for Mr. Walker, the Punch and Judy specialist, had become dangerously ill the day before, and the doctor said that it would be a week at least before he would be able to resume his honorable profession. So naturally, when the manager mentioned the fact to me and his desire to find a substitute, I remembered my old avocation with the Whiteside Chautauqua. Although it had been two years since I had professionally attempted the mysterious art, I felt as confident as Teddy on a campaign platform. At eleven-thirty I left the Wheeler Carnival Grounds, engaged to return the following night in the role of Mr. Mamamouchi, the world's most famous ventriloquist.

"Thursday night found me on the grounds early, for, to tell the truth, I was a little nervous; and, too, my throat was

a little sore as the result of too much practice that day. I felt decidedly out of place, as Mr. Hughes said a week after the election; but finally I managed to finish the first performance, after swallowing my heart down in saliva a thousand times.

“But it was the third performance that started the whole trouble. The crowd was small, for it was getting late, and I grew bolder. Near the front of the little bunch which stood around me, was a happy couple, for the young lady still wore white mourning, and was talking to *him* like the murmur of red wine flowing from the mouth of a five-gallon demijohn. I supposed they’d been married about two weeks from general appearances. Now, by some ill luck, Punch would say something silly. So the damned little fool blabbed out something about the lady who had hair like the color of a two-weeks-old corn-silk. The tightly dressed, pepper-box guy, to whose arm the lady was clinging, didn’t say a word, but I could see a south sea tornado begin to gather on his face. Fortunately Punch behaved decidedly well through the rest of the act.

“Five minutes after the last performance, as I was leaving the grounds, I felt a sharp slap on my right shoulder; and, on turning, I saw the young Apollo. He seemed awfully hot; and, when I peppered him with words, he became hotter. But finally he left, swearing that he’d be even with me inside of twenty-four hours. I only laughed and walked on, little dreaming what he meant.

“Early the next morning I was summoned before the manager. He looked up from his account book, and said, ‘I’m sorry, Mr. Mamamouchi, but I’ve orders from Wheeler, the great carnival owner, that this company no longer needs your services.’

“‘But how did Wheeler know anything about me? I just began working for you yesterday,’ says I suspiciously.

“‘I don’t know; he lives in this city, and sent orders up this morning.’

“Half-an-hour later, as I was leaving the entrance to the carnival, I saw a handsome Hudson Super-Six pass; and in it was the young man with the dull-dog face and his fair companion of the night before.

“‘Who’s that man?’ I asked of Annie, the dancing girl.

“‘Why, that’s Frank Wheeler, the son of the carnival owner.’

“‘Well, I’ll be damned!’ says I. ‘And who is the lady?’

“‘She’s his wife. They’ve been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Redman—’

“‘The hell you say!’ I exploded. And I was gone.

“Three hours later I was leaving the Wheeler Mansion with five thousand troubled certificates.”

“But, Bill,” says I, “I thought that you didn’t believe in borrowing?”

“I don’t,” says he, “that was just a little silence money from young Wheeler’s wife. She was my sister.”

“And here,” resumed Bill, “Here’s something else.” And then Bill takes a small parcel out of his pocket, and hands it over to me, saying, “Joe, old boy, how do you like my sister? Do we resemble?”

“Your sister! the hell you say! Why, Bill, I married that woman three years ago in Memphis.”

Religious Defense of Slavery in the North

ADELAIDE AVERY LYONS

Contrary to the opinion prevailing in the South, slavery was not universally condemned in the North, but found many defenders, particularly in the churches and colleges. For the Abolition movement, although making a religious appeal, was distinctly an extra-church activity. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the churches of all denominations were more or less positively anti-slavery in their teachings and practices, but during the early years of the century there was a marked increase in religious interest among the slaveholding classes—a fact which greatly modified the attitude of the churches in regard to slavery. By 1830, when the Garrison abolition agitation arose, the opinions of the churches had so far changed that not only were Garrison and his followers denounced as heretics and madmen, but the institution of slavery itself found staunch defenders in the North.

This Northern defense of slavery, like the abolition movement, was concentrated largely in two sections—New England and the Middle West. The first agitation by the pro-slavery propagandists occurred during the years immediately following the rise of the abolition movement, and from that time until the close of the Civil War the Northern defenders of slavery, as they decreased in numbers, increased in zeal. One New England paper actually expressed the fear that the ministers of the Gospel were “settling down to a fixed hatred of the principles of liberty and a fixed determination to maintain the lawfulness of slavery and criminality of efforts for its removal. They are evincing a readiness to abandon any principle, to violate any obligation, to outrage any feeling, to sacrifice any interest heretofore held

dear and sacred, if it be found to afford countenance and strength to anti-slavery.”

A review of the actions of the leading denominations on the subject of slavery will show to what extent each was inactive or was actively arrayed in defense of the institution.

Of all the sects the Baptists were, perhaps, the most hostile to slavery. The congregational nature of the church government was unfavorable to widespread agitation of any kind. Still, in many instances, there was action in the North which countenanced the institution, and by 1846 the church, so far as foreign and domestic missions were concerned, had become completely split by discussions over slavery.

In the Episcopal Church slavery seems never to have been a vital issue. In regard to the position of this church John Jay said:

. “Alas for the expectation that she would conform to the spirit of her mother; she has not only remained a mute and careless spectator of this great conflict of truth and justice with hypocrisy and cruelty, but her very priests and deacons seem to be ministering at the altar of slavery, offering their talents and influence at its unwieldy shrine, and openly repeating the awful blasphemy that the precepts of our Savior countenance the system of American slavery. Her Northern (free-state) clergy with rare exceptions, whatever they may feel on the subject, rebuke it neither in public nor in private, and her periodicals, far from advancing the progress of abolition, oppose our society. . . . defending slavery as not incompatible with Christianity and occasionally withholding information useful to the cause of freedom.”

In 1839 a committee of the General Theological Seminary declined to admit to the Seminary a “colored young gentleman of the state of Now York” who had been recommended as a candidate for holy orders, and later while

Phillips Brooks was considering entering the ministry, a friend "represented to him how the church and clergy were holding aloof from the humanitarian movement which called for the abolition of slavery. . . . but against this plea, which made its impression. . . . he persisted in listening to other voices, to some inward call."

Although the Congregationalists had few churches in the slaveholding states, they, nevertheless, gave to the question of slavery a great deal of consideration, and the ranks of Congregationalists produced some of its most ardent defenders, for members of this church had "constituted a large portion of those few who were slaveholders during the existence of slavery in the Northern and Eastern states." Many Congregational conventions and papers refused to condemn the institution and in particular were bold in the defense of the "pagan Fugitive Slave Law."

The Presbyterian Church, a widespread interest in both the North and the South, was more intimately connected with slavery than was the Congregational and was, therefore, subject to more violent agitation on the question. Like the other sects, the Presbyterians had originally been opposed to slavery, but as slaveholders came into the church in greater and greater numbers, and as the radical "abolition heresy" arose in New England and the Middle West, the attitude of the church was decidedly modified.

In 1818 the General Assembly took a vigorous stand against slavery, but during the two decades which followed, the church had become engrossed in dissensions as to the atonement, and in 1836 four synods were excised. The following year the whole church was divided into the "Old School" and the "New School" Presbyterians. Although slavery had little to do with this division, it was a never-failing topic of discussion. "The Old School defended it on

Scriptural grounds, the New School declared it 'unrighteous' and 'oppressive' but took no decisive action against it."

The entire action of the New School has been summed up in the following words:

"In 1839 the whole subject was referred to the Presbyteries, but in 1843 the Presbyteries were censured for acting and requested to rescind their acts. It (the General Assembly) could not censure slavery, but it could censure Presbyteries by whom slavery was censured."

This policy of vacillation, however, was not agreeable to the more radical of the New School Presbyterians, and "in 1853 six synods, twenty-one Presbyteries, and fifteen thousand members" differed so radically from the New School that they withdrew from that body and formed the United Synod of the Presbyterian Church.

If the New School did not condemn slavery, the Old School was even less active against the evil. At the time of the division the Old School Assembly voted that "the church could not condemn slavery without condemning the apostles for conniving with it," and later it condemned "all scismatic measures tending to destroy unity and disturb the peace of the church."

Of all the churches the Methodist, perhaps, was most completely severed as a result of the slavery agitation. In 1784 there was strict legislation against slaveholding, but as early as 1808 "a series of resolutions had struck from the Discipline all that related to slaveholding among private members of the Methodist Church." This lax attitude of the church led the more radical of the anti-slavery members to withdraw from the connection in 1843 and, in a meeting in Ithaca, New York, to set up the Wesleyan Methodist Church, a church "free from episcopacy and slavery."

A still greater split, however, was destined to occur in 1844. This division was caused fundamentally by a differ-

ence of opinion in regard to the extent of the episcopal powers, although a question of slavery was the immediate occasion of the trouble. The Methodists of the North, living in the midst of Congregationalism, wished to assert the independence of the Annual Conferences; those of the South, where the influence of the Protestant Episcopal Church was stronger, held that the bishops were supreme over all conference action. Among the early difficulties which arose over this divergence of opinion were conflicts between Bishop Hedding and the New England Conferences in regard to the presentation of anti-slavery resolutions.

By 1844 the situation had become acute, and feeling was intense. In the midst of this excitement the question was raised as to whether Bishop Andrews, whose wife was a slave owner, should exercise the episcopal function. The bishops counseled postponement of all action on the subject, but by a vote of ninety-five to eighty-four their recommendation was tabled. Bishop Andrews was "virtually suspended from his office as Superintendent" with the result that the Southern Conferences severed their connection with the Northern. At the very conference in which the split occurred, however, "no single voice was heard to declare that it was unchristian to hold slaves under any and every circumstance, and many voices were heard pleading equivocally but surely for slavery."

Among the writings which expressed this Northern conservatism and opposition to the abolition movement one of the earliest and also one of the most radical was a pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on Slavery* published anonymously in 1848. The author accepts Noah's curse upon Ham as unquestionable authorization of slavery and finds in every Biblical regulation of the institution further evidence that slavery is divinely ordained. He expresses the belief that "as long as there is a descendant of Canaan there will be slavery." Even the most

radical abolitionist he accuses of conniving with slavery, for, he says, "While you are dulcifying your tea and coffee with the sugar of the tropics merely to heighten their flavor—let me impress upon your conscience that all this gratification is only purchased by the blood and tears of slaves."

One of the prominent college men who entered the controversy was Moses Stuart, professor of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Stuart had upheld, amid a tumult of criticism, Daniel Webster's famous seventh-of-March speech. In answer to his critics he wrote a hundred-page pamphlet entitled *Conscience and the Constitution*. Although he does not defend the perpetuation of slavery in the South, he does bitterly denounce the course of the abolitionists and extenuates slaveholding as having Scriptural sanction and as being an institution for which the Southerners of that day were not responsible.

Dr. Stuart takes as his text I Corinthians 7:21, "Art thou called, being a servant, care not for it," and suggests the applicability of the words "care not for it" to those who are not under the yoke of slavery as well as to those who are. "A little more of the *laissez faire*," he says, "would be becoming to believers in the Holy Scripture."

For the benefit of the "Many, many thousands sincerely desirous of knowing what light can be obtained from the Bible to aid them in discriminating and performing their duty" he minutely considers all Scriptural references to slavery and comes to the conclusion that it is not a "*malum in se*." He also considers the arguments of the abolitionists based on the "higher law" and declares, "If there is a Higher Law, it was discovered by the Abolitionists who condemn the conduct of Paul." As an illustration of his point he cites the member of Congress who declared "he would rather hang a man for sending back a runaway slave than for any other crime whatever." "Alas," says Dr. Stuart,

referring to the case of Onesimus, "for the Apostle Paul if he were now among us and should fall into his clutches. This noble martyr received from the Jews five times forty stripes save one; thrice he was beaten with cudgel rods; once he was stoned; thrice he suffered shipwreck; besides enduring an infinitude of other vexations; but now he would fare worse, he would be hanged by the neck until dead in the very midst of a *Christian* land."

Although he finds slavery permitted in the Scriptures, he holds that the action of both North and South should be governed not by minor prohibitions and permissions but by the broader teachings which deal with love and brotherly kindness. From such precepts he draws for the South the lesson that the ideal state is one in which universal freedom exists, but his application is no less directed toward the abolitionists. For them he says, "No wonder the South is agitated by the course of the Abolitionists, for to be called man-stealers, murderers, tyrants, villians, and every other reproachful name which the rich vocabulary of the Abolitionists affords is enough to wake the dead to life." His final conclusion is that "universal and immediate emancipation would be little short of insanity. There should be gradual but certain emancipation."

On the whole, Dr. Stuart has faced his problem fairly and has not allowed his common sense and sense of humor to be submerged by hair-splitting and literal interpretations of the Scripture.

Another of the distinguished ministers who defended slavery was Nathan Lord, who from 1828 until 1863 was president of Dartmouth College. In 1863 he resigned because his views on slavery led the trustees of the College "seriously to demand whether its interests did not demand a change in the presidency." Dr. Lord's pro-slavery views were probably based upon his abhorrence for the doctrines of

Jefferson and his firm belief in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures.

His first publication on the subject of slavery was a pamphlet entitled "A Letter of Inquiry to the Ministers of all Denominations on the Subject of Slavery by a Northern Presbyterian." In this pamphlet, Dr. Lord asked of his ecclesiastical brethren eleven questions, consideration of which he believed would lead them to the conviction that slavery was in accordance with both revealed and natural religion and was therefore not to be interfered with. Although his final query was, "Whether a minister may not receive charity though he differ from his brethren in his honest views?", the charity which he sought was, in many instances, not forthcoming. There was a storm of protest, particularly from the New Englander, and in 1855 Dr. Lord, "for the sake of the ultimate repentance and salvation of his critic and to show that he does not intend to defend slavery as it exists in the moribund fancy of the reviewer" issued a second "Letter on Slavery" in which he expounds the answers to his former queries.

Five years later, at the request of a former pupil, from Richmond, Dr. Lord wrote "A Letter to J. M. Conrad, Esq., on Slavery." This was published in the Richmond Whig in December, 1859. Here he again expresses his belief that through the disturbances of the day Divine Providence is working out the curse of Ham, and that, although slavery as an institution might be abolished, actual, practical slavery would continue to exist until the will of God had been accomplished.

Altogether, Dr. Lord's consideration of slavery is theoretical rather than practical; for him slavery was not a concrete institution but an abstract principle, an academic question which was to be settled not by a consideration of the facts as they existed but by the application to contemporary

problems of theories derived from a literal interpretation of Biblical references to the subject.

In addition to these pamphlets there were several books written in the North in defense of slavery. As Albert Bushnell Hart says, "It is a significant fact that among the most thoroughgoing defenses of slavery are four books by Northerners." Three of these are by ministers and treat the question from a religious point of view.

The earliest is "A Southside View of Slavery," by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston. If Dr. Lord's consideration of the subject is based upon theoretical rather than practical knowledge of slavery, Dr. Adams could certainly claim that his views were founded upon personal acquaintance with the institution. His book is the result of a three-months' visit in South Carolina, a visit which completely revolutionized the good doctor's previous conceptions of slavery. He looked upon it at close range and found it, upon the whole, good. In regard to the slaves he says, "Ten thousands of people are miserable on their account, and my wonder was that they were not continually verifying and warranting the distress of which they are the occasion." He concludes that if his Northern brethren "act fraternally with regard to the South, defend them against interference, and abstain from everything accusing and dictatorial, and leave them to manage their institution in view of their accountability to God, we may expect that American slavery will cease to be anything but a means of good to the African race."

Having found slavery so beneficent, Dr. Adams naturally found Scriptural sanction for this system of society, and believed that the abolitionists were the greatest enemies of the colored race.

Another writer on slavery was Bishop John Henry Hopkins of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont. In 1860 "several gentlemen of New York" requested Bishop Hopkins to ex-

press his views on slavery. In reply he wrote a pamphlet which was published in January, 1861. In 1863 at the request of a group of Episcopalians from Philadelphia he published a second pamphlet on the subject. This later pamphlet elicited an indignant protest from a large number of clergymen of the diocese of Pennsylvania. Chief among the protestants was Bishop Alonzo Potter. The result of the protest was that in 1864 Bishop Hopkins wrote a book of forty-eight chapters each of which is specifically addressed to his "Right Reverend Brother" Bishop Potter.

In the pamphlet Bishop Hopkins confines himself to a literal-minded and minute survey of Biblical statements on the subject of slavery. In the book he considers also the examples and precepts of the church fathers and of the commentators and also the testimony of historians and men of letters. He also gives particular attention to the infidelity which was, to his mind, indissolubly connected with the abolition movement.

Bishop Hopkins' final conclusion is that "slavery as maintained in the Southern states appears to me to be fully authorized both in the Old and the New Testaments" and is "the only instrumentality through which the heathen posterity of Ham have been raised at all" in the scale of humanity. This view, he states, is "the same truth which was held from the beginning, founded on the absolute will of the All-Wise Creator, taught by Moses and the prophets, sanctioned by the inspired apostles, and maintained by the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world even to our own day."

If Bishop Hopkins expounded a more literal interpretation of certain portions of the Scriptures than would be acceptable to the abolitionists, Rev. Samuel Seabury was willing to meet them on their own ground. In his book, "American Slavery Justified by the Law of Nature," which was published in 1864, he takes as the basis of his argument

the "Higher Law" to which the abolitionists so frequently appealed. His arguments are in many cases more ingenious than convincing. His main thesis is that slavery—not absolute slavery, but slavery in the limited form in which it existed in the United States—was not a moral wrong. His argument in proof of this view is based on the "Law of Nature, stable, eternal, and sufficiently known to Christians whether their knowledge of it be entirely due to revelation or partly to their own reason." From this Law of Nature spring the rights of man, which are of two kinds. "The first kind comprises those rights which consist in a liberty to exact of others what the Law of Nature requires them to render us; the second comprise those rights which authorize us to have or to do all that the Law of Nature does not forbid." From these two varieties of rights spring two relations to society—the mediate and the immediate. The immediate relation is direct and is held only by free men; the mediate relation is held through free men and is the relation occupied by women, children, and servants. This mediate relation must not be disturbed, he says, for "It conduces to the material welfare and also to the prosperity of the community." Furthermore, the mediate relation is a good and natural relation, for the bondage of woman to man existed in Eden, and only that which is good and natural could have existed in Eden; also it is a relation which may be perverted, and only that which is fundamentally good can be perverted.

Dr. Seabury's Scriptural argument for the validity of slavery is similar to that of his predecessors. The Mosaic law is again cited, as are the curse of Ham and the precepts of Paul. The fact that the negro can look forward to no year of Jubilee such as was the hope of Hebrew slaves is explained as being due not to the fact that he is a slave, but to the fact that he is an alien for whom the government of the United States was not intended.

In conclusion Dr. Seabury says, "We may assume the charge and custody of the African in humble, reverent, and grateful conviction that in so doing we are working together with God for the accomplishment of his wise purpose."

In summarizing the attitude of the churches and religious leaders upon the subject of slavery we find that in the early part of the nineteenth century religious sentiment was strongly against the institution. As the churches grew in influence, however, and as greater numbers of slaveholders became church members, this uncompromising hostility was relaxed. At about the same time theological seminaries were springing up, and a study of the Bible, with emphasis upon its verbal inspiration, was increasing; by this literal interpretation of the Scriptures church leaders found warrant for slavery. When the abolition movement gained national prominence in the early thirties, the churches had become recognized leaders in the defense of slavery, and abolition was looked upon as a species of infidelity. As the movement grew, however, many church members accepted its principles, but the greater proportion of the religious leaders continued to oppose it. The reason for this opposition lay chiefly in the fact that nearly all of the denominations were nation-wide in their spheres of activity, and the Northern leaders feared that an acceptance of the doctrines of abolition would alienate the Southern members. In the years between 1835 and 1845 the abolition movement swept the North, and a division of the churches was the inevitable result. Even after this division, however, many prominent churchmen continued to expound their belief that slavery was an institution founded upon Biblical authority, and until the close of the Civil War several of these men continued active in their religious defense of slavery.

Wind's Invitation

ARITA HARPER

Hither! leaves with scalloped edges,
Hither! leaves from sleepy hedges,
 Willy—come willy, nilly.
Leaves of red and leaves of brown,
With my tune flit up and down;
 Sprightly! Dance sprightly, sprightly.
Aspen leaves with silver dots,
Maple leaves with golden spots,
Take the chance the year endows,
To carefree gambols, graceful bows,
 Let me incite thee!
O scarlet rustlers, crisp and thin,
Elusive leaves, where have you been?
 Playing or dreaming? Playing?
Airy papers, lightsome cargo,
Fairy ships without embargo,
 Lightly! Dance lightly, lightly.

The Strongest Tie

NANCY MAXWELL

A mighty windstorm was coming up the valley. At the foot of Double Top Mountain a little log school house had turned out its ragged bunch of youngsters at three-thirty, a full hour earlier than usual, that they might hurry to their distant homes before the rain and lightning made their way through the forest and thickets wet and dangerous. The teacher, a young woman in her early twenties, dressed in a homespun dress of brown linsey woolsey, came out of the building last. After locking the door carefully, she waved a slim brown hand toward the scattering pupils, and started to ascend the mountain. She did not hurry, although there was a good three-mile climb to her home far up under the brow of old Double Top. Instead, her steps were slow, and she seemed rather to await the storm than to flee from it. The thunder rolled, and fierce flashes of lightning pierced the darkened sky before she was half-way up the steep, rocky path. When swift drops of rain had begun to fall through the pines and touch her occasionally, she only threw back her head and looked invitingly into the threatening heavens. If one could have looked down into the face thus upturned, one would have been struck by the expression thereon. The dark eyes were alive with an excited fire, and they seemed fairly to dance with enjoyment when brilliant flashes played on the pine needles around her feet, or when the rumbling roar grew into terrific blasts like the cracks of cannon over her head. But around the arched mouth there seemed settled a brooding sadness, strangely contrasting with the light of the eyes.

Suddenly the storm broke loose in grand fury. The tree tops fled as before a pelting pursuer. The limbs and tree-trunks clashed together like armed enemies in battle. The rain poured down on the bare head of the girl when she step-

ped out in the open on top of a huge cliff. As she turned and faced the torrent, she flung her arms wide in apparent abandon and cried:

"Go to it, old elements! I know just how you feel. You dare anybody to tell you you have no right to do as you please, don't you? Blow to your heart's content, friend Wind. The mountain tops are the only playmates that like you, anyhow. Maybe tomorrow you'll have to be blowing down in the settlement, and there you have to check yourself. Or maybe you will have to go across the ocean to blow over the head of strangers who won't love you at all, and there'll be no mountains or pine trees to play with. If you are like me, you would just die away entirely when you have to leave the hills."

All at once the wind passed around the mountain side, and the rain ceased, leaving a mysterious silence as if the voice of the girl had shocked them into breathless amazement. Quite as swiftly, also, the face of the girl changed. She turned pale, and the sparkle disappeared from her eyes, leaving tears instead. Her arms dropped to her sides and the whole body drooped listlessly. Still, however, was her face toward the sky.

"But I *will* go!" She spoke eagerly as if imploring forgiveness from some reproaching spirit present. "I am going to keep my promise to Miss Randolph. When she took me with her home and sent me to school, I promised to be a missionary and go to China, and I'll keep my word. I do want to tell the Gospel story and help the ignorant to do better, but oh, I don't want to leave my own people. Seems like I just ought to stay here. Yet the Bible says 'Go into all the world,' and I have given my word."

She dropped down on the wet rock and sobbed violently for a minute or two, but her tempest changed as the storm had

done when at its height. She sat up stiffly, and flung the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Well, I reckon yu ne'en't to snuffle about it, Glennie. It won't help none." She addressed herself in her old childish habit of "rarin' on the other me." "You had to decide fer yerself when you went off to school, and I spec' you'll have to do it now, too. There ain't nobody up this away that can tell you what is right for ye to do. Leastways, there ain't any parson or anybody religious-like who knows better than you. Your Mammy won't say nary word one way or another, so what ye goin' to do about it, hu-m-m?"

She paused and looked straight before her in solemn expectancy, awaiting the answer. After a short space of absolute silence, she rose to her feet quickly, brushed the damp hair from her forehead, and spoke in a low, determined voice.

"I guess I'll get along home and write her that I'm ready. I can bide with Mammy till I'm sent for; then I'll light out from here." As she spoke, she resumed her climb up the now slippery pathway, and, almost overtaken by darkness, she at last arrived at the little log cabin in a sheltered cove, which she called home. Pulling the raw-hide strap that lifted the latch on the inside of the door, she entered the fire-lit room.

An old woman was behind at the big fireplace, turning corn hoe-cakes in an iron oven over a bed of glowing coals.

"Mammy," the girl spoke without any preliminary greeting from or to her mother at all, "I'm goin' to write to Mis' Randolph tonight, and tell her I'm ready. School'll be out next week, and it doesn't matter, I reckon, if I do go."

The old woman got up stiffly from her stooping position, took a generous dip of snuff from a tin box kept in her apron pocket, and after replacing the box, cast a keen glance at her daughter.

"Air ye?" she asked laconically, and immediately bent to her cooking again.

The girl went slowly into the little shed of a room built onto the main one, which was all the house boasted of. Here she quickly put on dry clothes, after which she ate a little supper of corn pone and sweet milk. Then she sat down on the three-legged stool in her shed, with pencil and tablet on her knee, to write the fateful letter.

After an hour had passed away, there were six dots in a bunch at the top of the page, which indicated her six unsuccessful attempts to begin to write; but no more of a letter was there any sign. Whenever her pencil touched the paper, instantly in her mind rose the little red school house and the beloved group of little dirty-faced, hungry-eyed children, whom she had scrubbed, loved, and taught on every day in the week, and on Sunday, too, since she had returned to the mountain from the boarding school a year ago.

"Who would teach them how to read and write and keep their faces clean, and who would tell about Jesus every Sabbath day if I leave here? I'm afeared nobody loves them good enough to fool with them. And somebody might be mean to poor, crazy Zeke if I weren't here to watch out for him." Her lips began to tremble pitifully as these thoughts took possession of her mind. Her head bowed, and the tablet fell from her lap to the floor unheeded.

"If ye ain't asleep, Glennie," quavered a hesitating voice from the big room, "Ye mought come and read a bit out'n the Bible to your ol' Mammy afore she turns in."

"In a minit, Mammy," answered the girl. At the first sound of the voice, she had started as if she had been struck. Now, her face contracted as if in great suffering, she slipped to her knees on the floor, raised one hand with more of an accusing than supplicating gesture, whispered fiercely:

"Did you hear *that*? Why, God, who would read the

Bible to Mammy in my place? She can't do it herself, you know that. Looks like I just can't stand to leave her and the young'uns and Zeke 'thout anybody to look out for them,— and furthermore, *I'm not going to!* Dear God, please forgive me for breaking my word to Mis' Randolph, and excuse me for bein' impolite to you; but, please Sir, you'll just have to take care of the heathen over in China yourself, or Mis' Randolph will, fer I'm obliged to bide here at home where I'm needed, I reckon. Amen." She scrambled to her feet and looked around her with transfigured countenance.

"Yes, Mammy, I'm a coming along right now," she cried in a glad voice as she went into the other room.

Some Aspects of Life at Oglethorpe

CAPTAIN CHAS. R. BAGLEY

FORT OGLETHORPE, GEORGIA,

August 10, 1917

DEAR FRIEND:

We have finished our course of training and are now checking in clothes and equipment, preparatory to leaving for home next Wednesday. This means that the most of our time now is spent in resting from the eight-day hike just finished and in dreaming of the happy home going within a few days. I am taking advantage of this time of rest to answer your kind letter of last week.

You asked me to tell you something about the Reserve Officers' Training Camp and the soldier life here. I presume you mean a description of the camp and the course of training as the soldier sees it. For you know there are two distinct sides to a soldier's life; that which the outsider sees in the prancing of horses and fluttering of standards and considers romantic; and that side which the private sees, feels, and knows to be real. To the cadet here, this life means many pleasant days and much satisfaction in the consciousness of doing one's duty, but it also means drilling five hours straight some days, cleaning rifles, scrubbing clothes, washing dishes, and marching all day with a sixty-pound pack only to lie down in wet clothes with the unnerving thought that tomorrow holds nothing but a repetition of today. I shall tell you of camp life as a private in the infantry has seen and experienced it.

The Sixth Training Regiment (later named Camp Warden McLean in honor of Lieutenant McLean, who was killed while instructing his company here) is located in Chickamauga Park about one mile south of Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and about ten miles southeast of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Chickamauga Park is a government reservation of

about twenty-five square miles and affords ample room for housing and drilling the 20,000 soldiers here. Our regiment is only one of the many regiments now quartered in the Park.

According to schedule the training camps were due to open on May 14. As a matter of fact, they opened from May 8 to May 16. By May 20 we had over 2,600 men at camp, all quietly excited and anxious about the future. A large percentage of these were college men—students and teachers who had given up a quiet life of ease for the other extreme in physical activity. There were many National Guardsmen who had obtained furloughs from their organizations in order to attend the training camp. And there were a few veterans of the Spanish-American and Phillipine wars who had come back to their chosen profession.

It didn't take us long to get started. In fact, very little time has been lost since reveille at 5:15 on the morning of May 16 until yesterday afternoon, when we returned from the ninety-mile hike which was scheduled to close the work of our course. The first five weeks were devoted to close order drilling in the fundamentals of infantry drill. During this period all fifteen of the companies followed the same schedule. Here is the printed schedule for Thursday of the third week:

7:00-10:00 A. M. School of the Company. Manual of the Bayonet. Signalling.

10:00-11:30 A. M. Position and Aiming Drill. Deflection and Elevation Correction Drill.

1:00-3:00 P. M. Guard Mounting by Company.

3:00-4:30 P. M. General Conference, Infantry Drill Regulations.

7:30-9:30 P. M. General Conference, Field Service Regulations.

That's the way it looks on paper. Here's what we actually did:

5:15 A. M. Got up at first call, put on our socks wrong side out, swore a little about having to get up so early in the army, and hurried outside in response to the first sergeant's whistle. Some one invariably sang that parody so familiar to all soldiers. I give it to you duly censored:

"You're in the army now,
 You're not behind the plow,
 You (deleted by censor), you'll never get rich.
 You're in the army now."

5:30-5:45. Setting up exercises, including goose step and double time, especially by the thirteenth company. "Fat" Matthews was in this company.

6:00. Mess call for breakfast. We marched over to the mess hall to fight a short but victorious fight with beans and spuds. I think that "Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean" is the most expressive bugle call we have in the service.

7:00. First drill formation. (You notice I am just getting to the printed schedule). This was the real thing. We would drill by the 1-2-3-4 and continue to do it until the captain was satisfied. Our captain is a Westpointer and he believes in this principle.

"Squad right, column left,
 Right front into line.
 Do it right, you son-of-a-gun,
 Or you'll do it double time."

And we did. After drilling about three or four hours and thinking that it was about time to go in for dinner, we would look hopefully at our watches to find that it was only 8:10. How time does fly! Another hour or two and we wondered why Sherman was so unemphatic in his remarks about war. Then came the manual of the bayonet. This consists of a series of thrusts and parries which may be used in actual

combat. It is an excellent exercise for the forearms. We would line up and go through the motions of fighting an imaginary antagonist. If the combat lasted more than fifteen minutes, the imaginary antagonist always won—by default. Following the bayonet exercise, the period for signalling was like an oasis in a desert of work. The first signal work was done with semaphore flags, letters of the alphabet being represented by certain positions of the two flags. Later we also took up the wigwag code with one flag.

10:00 A. M. The rest of the morning was spent in position and aiming drills with the rifle. In other words, we lined up in front of a row of bull's eyes and practiced throwing the rifles to our shoulders, drawing the bolt, and snapping the trigger with a careful "squeeze." This is another fine exercise!

When 11:30 came, and we were dismissed, nearly every one stretched out on his cot for a rest. Mail call, however, roused the whole bunch, and they rushed out with hope written on their faces. Some few, who were too fagged to notice anything except mess call, yelled out to their corporals, "Bring mine, old 'corpuscle'." You have no idea what mail means to the soldier. Mail call is by far the brightest period of the day. In fact, for the first few weeks in camp I managed to stand the monotony of drill by thinking about the mail I hoped to get at next mail call.

12:00. Dinner, a repetition of breakfast with the additional feature of dessert. The negro waiters are always called by some endearing nickname like "Pork Chops," "Snow Ball," "Chocolate Drop," or "You Black Devil." I have often heard pitiful pleas like this at dinner:

"Pork Chops, you black devil, bring me some bread, or there will be a dead negro hanging around here."

12:30-1:30. Nothing to do but shave, study I. D. R., answer a few letters, or some other thing which could be

done quickly. The majority preferred to spend this time in resting. I was with the majority.

1:30-3:00. Guard mounting by company. It is prescribed that every regiment shall have soldiers on guard over the government property at all times. The guard, usually about 30 men, is relieved every 24 hours. The formal ceremony of relieving one group with another is called "Guard Mounting." Well, we spent the first hour of the afternoon in guard mounting. I think we must have mounted enough guards to protect the camp a week or two, but they had us at it again the next day just the same. The only thing lacking was a band, but we substituted two men to beat on their canteens with sticks. The resulting noise sounded very much like the efforts of a new regimental band.

3:00-4:30. Grouped around under the shade of some big tree, we underwent a quiz on I. D. R. which would have made a Bible IV quiz look like a love feast. I remember distinctly that Carson West was the first man up. The former editor of The Archive was a little unsteady under the Captain's grey eye, but he finally managed to give a detailed description of our rifle by saying that it was a United States Rifle. That was better than the average at first, though.

4:30-5:30. Bath and shave. Second mail distribution for the day. Report to the hospital for treatment of poison oak, blistered feet, etc.

5:30. Supper. Pickles, onions, and other strong, wholesome food. Sometimes we had ice cream and cake. A rush for the Post Exchange to get an apple or some candy to supplement the supper ration.

6:00-7:30. Absolutely nothing to do but practice signalling, giving commands, and aiming our rifle at a bull's eye.

7:30-9:30. A rush to the company street for the study formation. March over to the mess hall, where study hall was

held under poor lights but with the aid of good instructors. The clinking china, knives, forks, and spoons, which the cooks were washing for breakfast, and the oppressive heat were not very conducive to concentration on the part of exhausted men. At 9:29½ the Lieutenants in charge would say, "You may go to your barracks now," with the air of a great philanthropist. Some went to the barracks; others fought their way into the Exchange for a drink of Coca-Cola or Reif's Special.

9:30. Tattoo and quiet.

10:00. Taps:

"Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night;
And a star
Leadeth all
To their rest."

The second physical examination at the end of the fourth week, together with other causes, reduced the number of cadets to about 2300. Several of my best friends were eliminated at this time on account of physical defects, men who would have made good officers, but you know the army goes by rule, not by sentiment.

The last part of the fifth week was spent in reorganizing the fifteen companies into the different branches of service. One company of engineers was sent to Belvoir, Virginia, and one company of coast artillery candidates was sent to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, for instruction. Three companies of field artillery made a false start to San Antonio, Texas, but came back and spent the entire time at Camp Warden McLean. From the fifth week on, there were nine companies of infantry, three batteries of field artillery, and one troop of

cavalry. This reorganization marked the beginning of the second period of training, advanced training for each branch of the service. I was assigned to the infantry and can, therefore, from this time on, tell you about that arm only.

Pactically all of the second period has been devoted to extended order drills, combat exercises, trench warfare, and to simulated battle conditions. We have had considerable practice in marching also. Perhaps a schedule of a day or two of this period will give you a good idea of the work.

MONDAY, JULY 16

7:00-10:30. Attack and defense. One battalion was pitted against another for a sham battle with blank cartridges. We simulated actual battle conditions by a gradual advance under fire and a final bayonet charge up the hill. All of these field exercises were held under full packs. You can imagine the strain and perspiration of fighting and charging for two hours under a Georgia sun.

10:30-11:45. Conference on the Rules of Land Warfare. We spent this time studying the Hague Conventions and military law of the recent wars. I had no idea that Germany had violated so many laws of war until I learned how many there are. (You notice three-quarters of an hour has been cut off our noon rest).

1:00-3:00. Cadet Murrill, of West Point, lectured to us on the Lewis, Maxim, and Vickers machine guns. In the demonstration that followed the lecture we saw how easily a machine gun can jam. When everything is lovely, these automatic rifles fire at the rate of 600 shots per minute; but this particular rifle, whose good points had just been explained to us, jammed about twenty-one times in firing twenty shots. When it came to throwing grenades, the college baseball players were right at home. The four ball players in my squad won the company championship for the squad with an average of 90 per cent hits.

· 3:00-4:15. Lecture and demonstration on first aid remedies. Every soldier has to be a surgeon to a slight degree.

6:00. Our entire battalion was marched out into the woods to act as outposts for the night. It happened that our platoon was detailed to form the line of outguards, which meant that we stood on guard all night. The next night our platoon furnished the interior guard for camp. Forty-eight hours duty on two hours sleep reminded me of my Senior year at Trinity.

TUESDAY, JULY 24

7:00-8:30 A. M. Battalion Drill.

8:30-10:30 A. M. Problems.

10:30-11:45 A. M. Moot Court Martial. B. W. Barnard, honor man and former instructor at Trinity, was tried for being drunk and disorderly in the streets of Chattanooga, thereby reflecting discredit upon the military service. It is strange how quickly some men will depart from their college teachings! I might add, however, that the officers of the court were finally convinced that the defendant had not been disorderly.

1:00-4:00. Practice march with full packs.

7:00-8:30. Lecture on Billeting at the amphitheater.

Each of the three battalions of infantry spent one week at the rifle range during July. The range is located at Catoosa, Georgia, 16 miles from here, but you know how infantry can walk if you give them plenty of time. After a week's shooting we had a great deal more respect for our rifles than ever before, but our opinion of the shelter tents decreased in the same proportion. One wag remarked dryly as he crawled out of his tent after a rain just as wet as if he had been outside, "I see why they call 'em 'dog' tents all right."

During the last week in July we were all sent back to the hospital to finish our course of typhoid inoculations,

small pox vaccination, and physical examination with a final test of heart and lungs for traces of tuberculosis. Needless to say, the doctors found few invalids in camp at this time.

The climax of our training and the final test of endurance came with the big hike, which began on August 2 and ended yesterday. The artillery did not go on this march and, consequently, missed the greatest experience of the camp. We marched every day for eight days, covering about 90 miles altogether. In addition to the average march of 12 miles a day, we had light maneuvers along the way, such as advance guard and rear guard action. Our equipment on this trip consisted of what we wore and carried in the packs on our back. Equipment "A," it is called, and it means that you have one suit of clothes and a few other necessities, such as blanket, poncho, shelter half, meat can, etc. Some days were pretty hard, but there was nothing to do but march and fight. The boys were game to the heart. Almost any time during the day one could hear a song somewhere along the column.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."

It seemed right strange one Sunday morning to hear the church bells ringing down in the valley, while we were up on the mountain side, fighting like Indians. It was a striking illustration of the contrast between war and peace.

The Y. M. C. A. won our everlasting gratitude by their help on this march. They furnished us with music and stationery, the only two necessities which we lacked. When you think of marching eight days without removing either shirt or trousers during the entire time, hiking in rain and through mud, sleeping in wet clothes on the ground, and doing other things of like nature—when you think of eight days of this, you get a pretty good idea of how happy we

were yesterday afternoon to get back here to find a cool shower bath and our commissions waiting for us. The reward is worth the labor.

About 1700 men were commissioned at this Camp, ranging from Second Lieutenant to Major in rank.

The following Trinity men were commissioned in the Officers' Reserve Corps:

Captains—Sidney S. Alderman, Charles R. Bagley, Cicero G. Falls.

First Lieutenants—John N. Aiken, Alan R. Anderson, Robert B. Anderson, Bascom W. Barnard, Ernest C. Cheek, Thornton S. Graves, Alfred W. Horton, Charles F. Matton, Walter J. Rothensies.

Second Lieutenants—Jesse S. Anderson, Banks Arendell, John C. Boggs, Charles Cagle, Gordon M. Carver, Rupert N. Caviness, James H. Coman, James L. Crowell, Jr., Wesley L. Ferrell, Claude Flowers, David H. Fuller, Jasper M. Groves, Virginius C. Hall, Everett G. Harris, E. C. Harris, Robert L. Hayes, Renn G. Honeycutt, Hal B. Ingram, Charles C. Julian, Joseph E. Kanipe, Godfrey C. Kimball, Hiram K. King, Nash LeGrand, James P. Lowder, Houston A. Maddox, Lawrence C. Matton, Ernest E. McLemore, Frank McNeil, Linville K. Martin, James L. Nelson, Jr., Bennett R. Nooe, Jr., Frank C. Patton, Nollie M. Patton, Paul M. Phillips, Jr., Joe H. Ruff, Donald L. Sasser, Louis L. Sasser, Ernest S. Savage, Rufus H. Shelton, William R. Shelton, Benjamin L. Smith, James W. Smoot, George K. Snow, Earl M. Thompson, J. E. Thompson, Kenneth C. Towe, Paul C. Venable, George A. Warlick, Henry C. West, Francis W. Whitesides, Percy C. Young.

Second Lieutenants in the Regular Army—Beal H. Siler, Clinton W. Toms, Jr.

By this list you can see that the Trinity men made an excellent showing, over 60 per cent of them receiving commissions.

The spirit of all the young officers is fine. Some will report to Columbia, South Carolina, to train the new national army; others go elsewhere. Wherever they may report, however, they will go with a quiet determination and a definite purpose in mind. Each one has thought out for himself the cause of the present cataclysm and knows that the only way to restore peace is to fight down the spirit of militarism. We all feel deeply what Herbert Kaufman has said:

“We are not fighting a war, but war itself. so that reason alone may rule the universe, that women may breed worthy sons and deserving daughters in undreading wombs, that opportunity may be weighed upon uncheating scales, that thought and mercy may control the hemispheres, and persecution and barbarity be banished.”

This feeling is peculiar to no man or group of men. On all sides of me I find University men, A. & E. men, Wake Forest men, Davidson men, Guilford men, and others, working shoulder to shoulder for the common cause. Old college rivalries and petty feuds have been forgotten, for now we are all officers and gentlemen, fighting to “make the world safe for democracy.”

Some of us from Trinity may not see the Old College again, but we leave with you all our tenderest wishes for that success which is measured in terms of love and usefulness.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES R. BAGLEY.

A World Struggle

H. L. HOFFMAN

What means this life? What means these days of toil?
And these temptations which our souls do foil?
These wars in which the nations rise and fall?
Will they mean good or bad or change at all?
Oh, Mightiest of the mighty, King of Kings,
Guide us in this turmoil of earthly things;
And may this cause ne'er wane for which we strive
As long as freemen here remain alive,
The cause for which the mothers give their sons,
And rich men give their money by the tons
To feed the greedy cannon on the field
That justice true may of her wound be healed,
That ne'er this fight in all the earth may cease
Till it's restored to everlasting peace.
As men, let us never attempt to shirk,
But ever try to do our "bit" of work.
As Christ did die that men might holy be,
If need, let us die that men may be free,
That peace may come not just to our fair land,
But that the world may by real justice stand,
That man to man may closer brothers be
And man be closer then, O Lord, to Thee.

The Legend of Alcazar

C. B. COOPER

A cold, hazy mist slowly settled down from the bank of heavy, black clouds which hung oppressively low about the tall bleak towers of Alcazar. The gaunt bare trees of the forest cast their ghastly shadows upon the slimy surface of the stagnant moat which encircled the dreary castle like the coil of some gigantic reptile. The gray outline of the mouldering parapets stood out in the fast diminishing twilight like the tomb of some lost soul. Silence, oppressive silence, was kin; and its sovereignty was broken only by the hissing of some discontented snake as he slid into the slimy moat, or by the whirl of the wings of a black bat as he dealt death to some unsuspecting insect.

Beneath the mouldering wall, far below the surface of the slimy moat, a scream echoed through the labyrinth of passages. In a dungeon, which never saw the light of day, two slaves bent over a fire pot of glowing coals. In the center of this damp and uncanny room sat a man in a huge oak chair. Both of his ears were cut off, and the blood oozed down the side of his neck. His body was securely tied to the chair, but his head was free to move. A few steps in front of him stood Targon, of the Isle of Alcazar. The two men glared at each other for a moment; then a cold, ironical smile crept over the face of Targon. Minute after minute slipped into the past; the lips of the man in the chair moved as if they were going to speak; then they tightened, and a look of determination appeared in his deep-set eyes. He would keep the secret, even if the hot tongs burned his eyes into ashes.

The look of the man in the chair was sufficient to tell Targon that he could gain his evil ends only by the most severe means. He motioned to one of the brown slaves to commence the torture again. One of them stepped quickly

forward and held the head of the victim between his hands, while the other lifted a glowing iron from the hot coals.

Shriek after shriek echoed through the dungeon. The hot iron had done its work well. Two small streams of blood oozed out of what had once been a pair of eyes and slowly trickled down the victim's face.

With a piercing shriek of agony and rage, the man in the chair tore himself loose. His hand happened to touch the hilt of one of the slave's swords. He snatched the weapon loose, and frantically struck about him. Like a panther the other slaves slipped behind the victim. Targon quickly drew his sword, and with one slash severed from the man's body the hand that held the sword. At the same instant the sword of the slave buried itself into the brain of the victim. The man then fell to the floor with a groan. Targon knelt beside the mangled body, and listened closely in hope of hearing some clue to the secret. The lips of the dying victim slowly moved, but instead of the expected words there came a curse that Targon should be haunted during the rest of his existence. The heart beats of the man grew fainter and fainter, a mist formed over the pool of blood about his body and slowly rose to the ceiling where it vanished. Death had come to banish misery.

Targon rose in a rage. His victim was dead, the secret was not his, the slave had done the deed. In a moment the second body lay beside the one on the floor. With a howl of fear the remaining slave, after he had seen his fellow killed, dashed out of the door and soon vanished down the passage.

Targon stood alone in semi-darkness. The candle had been extinguished in the fray, and the fire pot alone gave a feeble light. With a shudder Targon wiped his sword, put it into his sheath, and without a second look stepped out into the passage. Slowly he groped his way beside the moss-covered wall. He had gone only a few yards when he heard a light

step behind him. Terror rose in his throat, he began to run, time after time he rushed against the damp wall. Suddenly a noise stopped him—it was in front—no, it was behind! Again he began to run; the passage ahead became brighter, and he soon found himself in a large dimly-lighted barrack-room. Targon stopped for a moment to catch his breath; again the sound came to him from out of the passage which he had just left, a strange patting as if a person were running toward him with bare feet. His face turned ashy pale, and like some one pursued by a fiend he dashed to a small door in the wall and began to climb frantically up a circular iron staircase. Higher and higher he went until the staircase ended in a small turret on one of the huge ramparts. He stepped out into the night and quickly closed the turret door behind him. A steady rain had begun to fall, and the wind sighed mournfully as it swept across the deserted battlement. Targon stood for a moment in the shelter of the turret and tried to collect his scattered senses and shake off the death-like fear that had pounced upon him. Something heavy hung to the hem of his loose garment. He reached down to shake off the obstacle, and something cold grasped his hand and held it fast. A sudden flash of lightning illuminated the darkness for a moment, and during this moment Targon saw the bloody hand of his victim dangling in his own. A wild shriek mingled with the thunder that immediately followed; Targon rushed to the edge of the battlement and snatched the horrid thing from his hand. With a shudder he hurled the hand out over the moat and waited until a faint splash reached his ear as the ugly moat swallowed up its new inhabitant.

Targon stepped back from the edge of the parapet with a sigh of relief as he heard the faint splash. He quickly gathered his mantle about him and hurriedly left the battlement. In a few moments he reached the heavy oak door of his own chamber, and with shaky hands opened the door, walked in, and locked it behind him.

The walls of the chamber were adorned with long velvet curtains, which quivered faintly from the draft caused by his closing the door. Beside a stately canopy-covered bed a large candle, placed there by a slave, stood on a small table and afforded the only illumination. A light rapping occurred at the door, which sent Targon shrinking with fear into one corner of the room and caused him to ask in a tremulous voice who was there. A brown slave reported through the oaken panel that he wished only to announce that supper was served. With a curse Targon dismissed him, and said that he wished no supper. For hours, he, Targon of the Isle, the dreaded Lord of Alcazar, paced the floor. Never before had he felt this hideous fear that now penetrated his very being—it was the curse of the death hand.

After hours of agonized pacing back and forth across the room Targon sought refuge in sleep. He lay on his back in bed, and by the flickering glow of the candle, which he intended to leave burning all night, he studied the curious tapestry which hung over his bed until his eyes became so tired that he almost lost himself in sleep. Something began to move on the white cover at the foot of the bed. Targon, in his semi-consciousness, felt it crawl like a huge spider up towards his face. Without moving, he opened his eyes and saw that the death hand had come once more to fulfill the curse. Without uttering a sound he leaped from the bed, grasped his sword that hung nearby, and turned again to look for the hand. It was gone.

Targon rubbed his brow and looked at the spot where the hand had been. After a few moments, with the thought that it had been only a dream, he laid the sword close by his bedside, and once more tried to banish his shattered conscience in sleep. He did sleep—a restless, uneasy sleep; and while he slept a hazy mist formed over his head. A black object, more hideous than a jungle spider, once more appeared at the foot of the bed and slowly crawled toward his face,

leaving a red trail of blood on the white covering. Inch by inch it crept on until it reached his throat; a cold grasp tightened about his windpipe. With a howl of fear Targon awoke and leaped from the bed; the death hand hung to his throat, but with a vigorous pull he snatched the hideous thing loose and threw it to the floor. In a fit of rage and fear he grasped at his sword and tried to cut the thing in bits, but it was gone. The room became oppressively hot, and a dark mist appeared around the flickering candle, causing the light to gradually grow dim. Targon rushed for the door, and by the last flickering rays of the candle saw that the large open panel was still locked, but the key was gone. Targon beat with his sword on the door and frantically cried for help. Only the heavy drapery heard; he was a prisoner to darkness. He must wait for dawn.

Targon lay close to one of the barred windows which looked out over the slimy moat, and as he waited his tired body caused him to drop once more into an unrestful sleep. As he slept, the death hand crept up to his face. Two cold fingers sank far into the pupils of his eyes. With a groan of agony he awoke. The pain was intense, but all he could do was await the coming of dawn. Dawn! For Targon there was no dawn. Blind, blind as the blackest bat in hell!

Editorials

SUPPORT THE ARCHIVE

With this number the ARCHIVE makes its initial appearance. The magazine this year is laboring under peculiarly adverse conditions. Many of its former contributors and readers were unable to return to college this year. Some were graduated in June and others have been called to the service of the country "in defense of democracy." To these brave souls who are striving for a cause so dear to all of us the ARCHIVE extends greetings. You have not been forgotten and your vacant places are honored and revered by all of us who have been granted the supreme privilege of continuing our education. Not only do you have our best wishes, but you carry with you across the waters our love and highest esteem. May you be triumphant in the conflict in which you are engaged and return to us better men by reason of those additional elements of true manhood acquired through participation in so noble a conflict! God bless each and every one of you!

The fact that our number has been decreased is no reason why the standard of the ARCHIVE should be lowered. There are numbers of students who have literary ability if it were only developed. To these the magazine makes an appeal for contributions. It is really your duty to take advantage of this opportunity and in turn receive valuable training and experience.

The financial end of the magazine this year is also laboring under disadvantages. Owing to the uncertain condition of the times the advertisers are fewer in number. The student body has also been diminished and consequently it will be more difficult to secure subscribers. Thus it behoves every loyal Trinity student to give whole-hearted support to the ARCHIVE this year both by making contributions and by

subscribing to the magazine. Your co-operation will be appreciated.

TRINITY'S ATTITUDE REGARDING INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

In these troublesome times, when the very foundations of the institutions of learning of the country are being threatened, the question naturally arises as to what stand the College should take in regard to intercollegiate contest. When one first considers this matter, it is probably the natural conclusion to draw that these contests should be discontinued. Our nation is involved in a stupendous conflict, the outcome of which no one can prophesy, and it behooves those of us who remain at home to preserve the industrial organizations and to avoid in every way possible the incurring of unnecessary expenses. While this is in a large measure true, yet there are other considerations of equal moment.

It is generally acknowledged that intercollegiate activities are beneficial. Not only do they serve as a stimulus for the students to participate in different forms of profitable exercise, but they are also a source of good advertisement for the College. So the real question at issue is whether or not the continuation of these contests will clash with the general interest of the country in these perilous times. If they do not, then they should by all means be continued.

This is also an economic and industrial war in which we are engaged. The keynote of the new preparedness propaganda which has swept over the entire civilized world is to leave as unmolested in so far as possible the industrial organizations of the country. Certainly, the higher institutions of learning are important industrial organizations. Thus, anything that would tend to create a radical change in the curriculum of these institutions would be in direct violation of the principles of the policy which our government is pursuing in the present crisis. The different college ac-

tivities are an important phase of college training. The demand for men as leaders in the present war trained both physically and mentally has been evident. The preference given to college men at the recently organized officers' reserve training camps has well established this fact.

The various forms of college athletics and the different forensic activities offer abundant opportunities for just such training as the country is calling for. On the athletic field one is developed physically, and thus better prepared to endure the hardships of service; and through the debating societies one acquires many of the important elements of leadership. It is true that these activities might be engaged in within the college, but there would still be lacking the stimulus and that spirit of competition which characterizes all intercollegiate events.

The argument might be advanced that many of the old men who were formerly affiliated with these activities have not returned to college this year and consequently the various teams would be so materially weakened that any degree of success would be impossible; thus the College would suffer by the inferior record made by these teams. It is true that many of the old men are "doing their bit" and have found it impossible to pursue further their academic work. And it is also probable that the usual standard will be lowered by their absence. But this should in no wise cause a discontinuation of these activities. There is an abundance of promising new material. Again, other colleges are undergoing the same experience and, therefore, we will not be at any special disadvantage. Then, too, these contests are conducted primarily in the interest of the students and this interest should take precedence over all other considerations.

Thus it would be a grave mistake if it should become necessary to dispense with intercollegiate activities. It is really the patriotic duty for the College to promote this phase of college life in so far as ruthless expenditure is not

involved, and it is to be sincerely hoped that Trinity this year will enter into intercollegiate activities with even more zest than has characterized its action along these lines in the past.

WHAT OF DEBATING AT TRINITY?

Men well versed in the subject of Education are authority for the statement that real education comes through expression; in other words, men become educated by expressing the ideas they have or that may come to them. Just as the arm grows strong through striking, the eye keen through seeing, the ear alert through listening, so the intellect grows useful through acting. Students study their Greek, their Latin, their History, and their Economics, thinking perhaps that by doing so they will become educated men. They do obtain a certain sort of information from their study, and most students have ideas *ad infinitum*. Their relation to the issues of the times, moreover, may be to them perfectly clear, but to be able to express in a manner satisfactory to the speaker himself, even, is an entirely different proposition. The ability to make ourselves understood and our ideas potent factors in the life of the community in which we live is a quality which does not usually come by accident, nor through mere study.

And this fact brings us to the consideration of the truth that there should be a more active interest manifested in debating at Trinity College. There has been a great deal said recently about the value of literary society work, and it is not our opinion that too much has been said. There is, in fact, a serious danger that the new men will consider too lightly the opportunity to join a literary society. Too few students, we are of the opinion, join a literary society. Of the total enrollment of students here this year less than sixty-five *per cent* belong to a literary society. Of course there are

some men who intend to join later, who are now considering the merits of the societies. It is nothing but good judgment that they should consider carefully which society to join, but the great danger which the new men face is not that they will make a bad choice, for both societies have done, and are still capable of doing, good work. The impending danger is that the opportunity will be allowed to slip by unimproved.

Let us not, however, get the idea that when we have placed our name on the roll of the society of our choice we have done our full duty. Experience teaches that too many men allow their enthusiasm for work to lag soon after they join. They join a society and most invariably express, in their introductory speech, high ambitions and pledge themselves to do all within their power to enhance the prosperity of the society. But do they do it? Some, we are glad to say, do, but all too many allow themselves, for some reason or without a reason, to drift away from their first worthy ambition and pledge. The result is that students wake up, sometimes, in their junior or senior year to the fact that they have fallen far short of their mark. Sometimes it is not until they get out into their chosen field in the world that they wake up. It is the rule rather than the exception that the old Columbians and the old Hesperians returning to visit their "society" express, in tones which are really pathetic, their profound regret that they did not take a more active interest in the real work of the society—in debating. On the other hand, there returns occasionally an alumnus who, when in college, did stand up to his pledge, who did all that was in his power to enhance the prosperity of his society. And such a contrast! With enthusiasm and eloquence do they refer to the "good old days."

Although in many respects the last two or three years of the history of debating at Trinity College has been most successful, there has been a noticeable tendency at work among the upper-classmen to undervalue real painstaking so-

ciety work. Some of the foremost men in college, if they attend the meetings of their society at all, habitually leave the hall before the program begins! Now, something is wrong somewhere. Either the societies are not making their programs as interesting as they should be, or there is something radically wrong with the individuals themselves who habitually neglect the work of the literary society.

The societies offer this year exceptional opportunities to the men who are ambitious enough to wish to represent one of the societies in a public contest. Of the six inter-society debaters who debated last year, only two are here this year, and on account of the rule governing inter-society debates, neither of them will be allowed to debate on an inter-society team this year. An almost equally inviting field is that of the varsity teams. Only two men who made an inter-collegiate team last year are in college this year. Both the war and graduation have eliminated from the race for places on the debating teams this year some of the best debaters Trinity has ever produced. It is easily seen, then, that there are exceptionally fine opportunities open to us this year.

If we hope to maintain the record made by Trinity debaters in the past, we must knuckle down to conscientious work. If heretofore we have drifted along disinterestedly because we felt reasonably sure that the "other fellow" had the places cinched, this excuse no longer holds good. And whether or not we desire to represent the society or the College in a public debate, it is, nevertheless, high time that we begin to cultivate the fine art of public speaking. Let us, then, take advantage of the exceptional opportunities offered this year, instead of spending our time and money "down town" on Saturday nights or secluding ourselves in our rooms.—L. L. G.

Wayside Wares

ADVICE TO NEW GIRLS—"ADGE"

Since I have been a freshman
 I'll give you a little "speel"
 In sympathy and pity
 I know just how you feel.
 I know just how you tremble.
 And how you give a start,
 You'll almost lose your courage,
 But nay, don't lose your heart.
 Of course, you all take English,
 And if it's Dr. Brown
 Who is to be your teacher,
 Don't wear a gloomy frown.
 While Dr. Brown is coughing
 And on your notes you pore
 Take down his every sentence
 And then write something more.
 Learn Canby, Long, and Manley
 And learn these symbols too.
 But know that blessed Woolley,
 Whatever else you do.
 Whenever you go to Latin,
 Be sure you don't forget
 Take your umbrella, coat, and rubbers.
 Or else you might get wet.
 And Math! O, that is easy!
 Get in a great large class
 Of nothing in this world but boys,
 And you'll be sure to pass.
 If French makes you see trouble,
 Why just go to the Dean,

How he trades French for German
 Is easy to be seen.
 In History doubt no longer,
 No use in feeling sad,
 You'll never have to answer.
 If you get Dr. Laprade.
 But if you do have Dr. Boyd,
 Just glare him in the eye,
 And make him think your wisdom
 Will last until you die.
 Now lest I should forget it,
 Of all things 'neath the sun,
 That does require deep thinking,
 It's Freshman Bible One.
 With these wise words of warning
 Learned by study long and deep
 I'll leave your august presence
 Before you go to sleep.

LADY DAINTY

The latest arrival on the park resides at the Woman's Building or rather, as the girls choose to call it, "The Convent." She is of Italian nationality and very graceful in her movements, and because of these usual characteristics at Trinity College, she has already found many admirers on the park. Some freshmen have even made dates with her to go down streets. Lady Dainty always accepts and when she goes, several of the other "Sisters of Mercy" go along also—as the new college regulations require a chaperon for every good "Sister" at the either "Convent," who goes out during the day or night.

Lady Dainty has not yet decided what course of study she will take up, but she has been urged by all her boy friends to take special lessons in dancing. Although this is one of the lost arts around Trinity, we feel sure that from now on

it will be a revived one, unless it is contrary to the creed of our beloved "Sisters of Mercy."

All of you freshmen who have not yet met the Lady, permit me to introduce her to you—Miss Lady Dainty, Peg's little Italian canine.

GLEANINGS FROM SOME FRESHMAN'S DIARY

WEDNESDAY

Here I am on the campus of what is known as Trinity College! If I could, I would leave tomorrow, because I've heard the most terrible things about the place. I met a Sophomore on the train, and he told me that only a few girls ever came here; and the ones that came were usurpers. I think he must have been telling the truth, because I haven't met one yet that would speak to me, and I have met one several times. The very skies wept upon my arrival here. Oh! I wish tomorrow would hurry up. I am so homesick.

THURSDAY

When I got my high school diploma, I thought I was able to enter any college, but Trinity is so hard. It certainly must be harder than most if not all colleges. The first thing I had to do was to write a history of my whole family on a card, and then tell all the secrets I knew about everybody. Next, I went before a little, wiry man who looked me over very sternly from over his glasses—I don't see what use his glasses are to him any way. My knees were already shaking, but he finally honored me with admittance to the college on condition that I promise to take German. I very foolishly promised—and I wish I was home.

FRIDAY

I wonder if all extremely educated people are peculiar? The Professors here are the queerest specimens at all. One looks as if his hobby might be that of looking for pins on the

ground as he walks along with his head below his waist line. His hair is light and he has a few stray curls on the top of his head that resemble the curls of a Kewpie. Another one that I have seen, not met, wears gloves this hot weather and carries an umbrella which I have not seen him open yet. Another one still, whom I have not met, but seen, resembles exactly William Jennings Bryan, and I think he is a whole lot better fellow. And while going across the campus today, I met a tall, bearded man who took off his hat when he saw me. He certainly must have been mistaken, for I never saw him before. I am still puzzled at a remark that I heard today. I passed along in front of a bunch of boys, who looked bloise (as the Dean calls them) and one said, "Who's that kid, yonder?" and another replied, "One of the inmates of either the Menagerie of Serpents or the Convent." What could he have meant?

SATURDAY

Everything awful has happened today. The first thing—I was walking upstairs with one of the girls I've met and we almost collided with a man with cold gray eyes. His lips drew into an almost an—. Then he said, "Don't you know its disrespectful to help a lady up the steps?" He also added, "No couples are allowed to loiter in the halls; for Heaven's sake, don't join the Sachet brigade." I was so frustrated that I walked into the first room that I came to, I guess, for when I was seated I heard, "No children allowed in here!—then everybody giggled. I found out that I was in the Junior Bible class—I went out, but I was so embarrassed! Oh! What Next!

Editor's Table

TO OUR EXCHANGES

In keeping with the usual custom, the ARCHIVE is this year again maintaining an exchange department. It behooves us, therefore, to proclaim our good intentions, as well as to publish the usual promises and warnings to our sister publications.

We modestly assure you, however, that this exchange department is not retained as a mere matter of custom. Our motives are ulterior. It is barely possible, of course, that we shall not be able to exert upon modern collegiate literature, such an influence as Pope's *Dunciad* exerted upon the literature of the eighteenth century. Our efforts, nevertheless, shall not wane. Through our exchange table, we desire to rub elbows, so to speak, with our sister publications. In so doing, if we are able to promote harmony and good feeling among our sister institutions, and to be mutually helpful by uniting in our efforts to give and accept, cheerfully, our critical opinions, our work will not have been in vain.

We realize fully that the rendering of just criticism is no easy work. Well may literary criticism be likened unto the ancient Janus; it is truly two-faced. It veritably tends to be, either like the work of some professors—constructive, or, like the work of all sophomores—destructive; seldom is it neutral. Obviously constructive criticism is our aim. Although we expect to be censorious in our judgments and liberal in our expression, it will be far from our purpose to stigmatize anyone. We hope, also, to avoid the narrow, bitter sort of denunciation that is far more harmful than good. On the other hand we expect to praise and encourage the good when merit will justify it. A fair criticism evidences the literary standard of a publication, and consequently the standard of the

college; hence with no set criterion we meet all upon the same open ground, and will ever strive to do our humble small part towards promoting a higher literary standard and a greater efficiency among college publications.

Thus we greet you, our exchanges, with sentiments of respect and sisterly kindness, and extend to you the right hand of comradeship. May we be a welcome help, the one to the other, during the coming months, ever bearing in mind that the "greatest trust between man is the trust of giving counsel."

Alumni Department

THE VICTORY OF THREE GENERALS

ADELAIDE A. LYONS

Judge Wyndham Mason and his son, Wyndham Junior, hurried through the rain from the station cab to their own front door where the light through the fan-shaped transom beckoned invitingly. Judge Mason walked with a slight limp, and Wyndham restrained his own long strides to keep in step with his father. When they reached the door, Judge Mason, with his left hand, tried the knob. The door was locked.

"Blame Kizzie," he exclaimed, "she's just like the rest of the niggers; won't stay by herself after dark. But, thank heaven, she had sense enough to leave the lights on."

Still with his left hand, Judge Mason opened the door, and the two men went into the house and into the room on the right of the wide hall.

"Well, there's a fire laid," said Judge Mason, "I'm glad; it's cold even if it is June. It always rains for University commencement."

He was, in the meantime searching for a match and in the search knocked a toppling pile of books from the table and stumbled over the upturned corner of a rug.

"Damn it all, I never can find anything I want in this hole. Why haven't you got a match, Wyndham?"

"Sorry, father, but I'm out," answered Wyndham in a slow, deep voice, "Oh, there's a box on the piano. I'll light the fire."

As soon as the wood fire was started, the two men brought heavy winged chairs close to the fire place and sat down.

"I'll declare that fire looks good," said Wyndham, "It seems just like—" He checked himself abruptly.

"Yes, I know. A wood fire always make me think of

your mother. It's been lonesome here without her, but I couldn't give up the old place. A Mason has lived here for nearly a hundred years, and I never want to live anywhere else."

This remark launched him upon his favorite topic—the glory of the Mason family and its collateral branches. Beginning with the George Mason who had ridden to the top of the Blue Ridge with Governor Alexander Spotswood and had thus become a Knight of the Golden Horseshoe he told of the deeds of his forefathers, of the first Mason who had moved beyond the mountains in the days when the country was infested with Indians, of another ancestor who had been a general at King's Mountain, of his own older brother who had graduated at the head of his class at West Point and had died a general in the Confederate army. With pride he pointed to their portraits on the wall, old paintings in heavy gilt frames now thick with dusty cobwebs.

"Yes, Wyndham, it's a family to be proud of. There have been two governors and three generals, and you're the only one left. I'm glad you studied law, boy, all of the family have been lawyers—lawyers or soldiers, and I've been both. Yes, I'm glad you studied law."

Wyndham smiled, he had wished to study electrical engineering.

"And son, I want you to be more of a success than I have been. War got my youth and left the country all torn up, but you'll not have that to contend with."

Then he told a little, but not much, of his struggles after the war had ruined the estate and had left his mother and sister dependent upon him, the only man remaining in the family, of his efforts to keep up the family and the family homestead and to study law, of his marriage, late in life after death had removed those who were dependent upon him.

"No," he said, glancing at the old pictures, "I haven't

done as much as some of them, but I have kept the old place, and I have tried to keep my hands clean. That's why I resigned as judge and went back to practicing law when the Simmons gang got to working politics on me. And, Wyndham, I want you to keep them both up, the law practice and the old place. I haven't been able to save any money, there have been too many dependent on me, but you have a clear start. But, here, here," he checked himself and glanced at his watch. "It's after midnight, and you're tired from commencement, but it isn't often that I get anybody to talk to, and I like to talk. Well, anyhow, I'm glad you're home to stay, for I'm an old man now, and you are all I have in this world. You're like your mother, too, steady and sensible, not full of notions like I am. I've missed her. The house has seemed mighty big and empty to me here by myself, and I've needed you."

"I know, father, but I'm home to stay now, and I'll never leave you," Wyndham promised.

While Judge Mason was going to sleep that night happier than he had been since his wife's death, Wyndham was having the final struggle to reconcile himself to pleading petty cases in a small-town court. It seemed, however, during the months which followed that he fell naturally enough into the routine of his father's office. He cared for little else in the town and usually spent his evenings at home, listening while his father talked of the glory of the Mason family, of law cases, and of war—of the Civil War and of the war in Europe.

"Damn it," the old man would say, "but I'd give a hundred dollars to see a battle; it's been fifty years since I saw one, but if you ever get a taste for fighting, you never lose it."

Then there would follow reminiscences of his own experiences during the days after he had slipped away, a boy

of sixteen, to join Stuart's cavalry—tales of brilliant charges, of foraging raids, of practical jokes in camp.

"Yes," he would say in conclusion, "I'd like to see how those chaps over there are doing it. I'll bet they are not getting half the fun out of it that we did. They think they are mighty smart, but we old Confeds knew a thing or two. We invented submarines even if we didn't get them to work much."

But as the international situation became more grave, and as it became increasingly evident that the United States would be drawn into the struggle, Judge Mason's whole attitude toward war changed, and he became a rank pacifist. One thought only possessed his mind: If war was declared Wyndham might have to go, and Wyndham was all he had in the world and was the last representative of a distinguished family. He consoled himself with the thought that the boy had said, "I'll never leave you, father," and the boy always kept his promises. He hoped that Wyndham would not even want to enlist, and to this end he talked no less than he had always talked of the Civil War, but he talked in an altogether different strain.

"Wyndham, war is hell, and this one is worse than anything that has ever gone before it. It looks like there wasn't any more humanity left in people. This trench warfare is worse than barbarous. The men haven't a chance; they just kill them like rats in holes. Damn it all, war's hell, I tell you, and I've been and know what I'm talking about. The United States had better keep out of it. If people don't want to get submarined, let them stay at home."

Or he would talk of his own sterner experiences in war, of Stuart's death at Yellow Tavern, of the deaths of his own two brothers, of the social and economic waste.

"Now, just take this family," he would say, "all the

money gone, and every man killed except me, and here I am lame in one leg and with a stiff arm."

That would lead to the story of his accident and capture, the story of how his horse, wounded by a passing shell, had fallen with him down an embankment, breaking his knee and crushing his arm, of how he had lain all night unable to move, with morning had fallen into the hands of the enemy only to endure the discomforts of a Northern hospital and the horrors of prison life.

"No, Wyndham," he would conclude, "nothing in the world can justify war, and it is the duty of every civilized man to do his part toward stopping it by not enlisting."

When the United States had actually declared war, the subject of Wyndham's possible enlistment was never mentioned, but Judge Mason was sure that the boy wished to go into one of the officers' training camps, and was only kept at home by his father's need of him. This dependence the old man endeavored to make so evident that in case of conscription Wyndham would be exempted. His limp increased perceptibly, and he professed inability to attend to various details of business. By midsummer he refused to go to the office at all but sat at home brooding over the war and the impending draft. The strain made the old man irascible and in turn had its effect upon Wyndham. The boy, always silent, became moody and restless. On the day of the draft the tense, waiting crowd in front of the local newspaper office so preyed upon his mind that he left the office and did not return until long after dark. Judge Mason alone in the big house also felt the tension of the situation and limped aimlessly from room to room in search of diversion. His search took him finally into Wyndham's own room. Here he found an unexpectedly large collection of books on various phases of the war. As he opened one of them, a magazine clipping fell out. It was a copy of Alan Seeger's poem, "I Have a

Rendezvous with Death." Wyndham had marked the last two lines,

"And I to my pledged word am true
I shall not fail that rendezvous,"

and under them had scrawled,

"Good Lord, I can't keep my rendezvous."

The old man's fingers trembled as he replaced the paper. He knew how the boy felt, but his own resolution stiffened. He would not let Wyndham go to war. Wyndham was the only thing he had on earth and was the last representative of a distinguished family. No, Wyndham should not go. Even if he were drawn, he would be exempted.

When the boy finally came in looking tired and haggard, his father made no reference to the drafting but forced him to listen again to the story of family greatness.

"There never was a better family in Virginia, and you're the only one left to keep it alive. They say the old blood has gone to the dogs, but you've got to prove to them that it has not. I haven't been able to do much because the war left me without any money and lame, but you have a chance. You'll not have to give your youth to war."

"But father," interrupted Wyndham, "it looks as if I might. I think I'll be in the first call."

"Oh, that's all right; they'll exempt you. I'm dependent on you. And remember, Wyndham, you're the only Mason left, and you have to keep up the family name. Just think, two governors and three generals, and you're the only one left. War got my youth, but it shan't get yours. We've had our war down here. Let the niggers and yankees fight this one if they must have it."

"But, father," asked Wyndham, "would you be willing to give up all the war has meant to you—lameness and all?"

The old man stared out of the window into the darkness.

The days with Stuart crowded into his mind, and he knew that he would not give them up even though they had meant lameness and poverty. But he could not let his boy go to war. Wyndham was all he had and was like his mother. It was natural that the boy should want to go—the Masons were a family of soldiers as well as of lawyers. Still he could not give Wyndham up.

While the old man sat thinking, Wyndham was looking at the portraits on the wall, a pompous-looking governor, his wife who had once been a beauty, the red-haired general of King's Mountain, his own uncle who had died at Seven Pines. After awhile his father glanced at him. Hearing the movement, Wyndham looked at the old man.

"Father," he said looking again at the portraits, "I know that I'm the only one left, but what do you reckon they'd think of me if I didn't go—the governors and the generals and all?"

Again Judge Mason stared out into the darkness. Two governors and three generals—three generals. Every Mason who had ever been called to war had gone. Of course the boy wanted to go. He couldn't help wanting to go. Judge Mason looked up quickly; the old flash had returned to his eyes.

"You don't want to claim exemption?"

"No, father."

"That's right. A Mason ought to be a soldier. Kizzie and I got along while you were in college, and I reckon we can do it again. You go right on and don't you worry about me."

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1917

The Bugle

ZWINGLI SCHNEIDER

(Metrical form of Poe's *Bells*)

Hear the bugle blow for drill—

Morning drill!

How my sleep is quickly wakened with the piercing thrill!

Hear it tooting, tooting, tooting,

On the chilly winter morn,

Just as if it were disputing

Ever danger by its hooting,

Laughing dread and fear to scorn!

Hear it blowing, blowing, blowing,

Every soldier fully knowing

That it's time to get in line in spite of winter chill,

For the drill, drill, drill—

For the marching and the tramping of the drill!

Hear again the bugle call—

Battle call!

What a premonition of a nation's rise or fall!

They are coming, coming, coming!

Who, who,—a vicious foe?

Yes, yes! Hear them drumming!

Hear their fiery weapons humming?!
Soon the sky will be aglow!

Hear the boom, boom, boom—
Hasten, hurry; fiendish doom
Comes to all that tarry long before the ghastly pyre—
The battle fire, fire, fire,—
Of the roaring and the blasting of the fire!

But the bugle now is mute—
Deathly mute!
Never will it see again a soldierly salute!
Not again will it be needed
Heinous war is made to cease!
Man to human cry has heeded;
Once for all has right succeeded;
Now there's never-ending peace!
In the coming distant ages
Erudites and learned sages
Will observe the brazen bugle in the trophies they abhor
Of the war, war, war,
Of the long forgotten cruelties of war!

An Extract from the Recollections of
Monsieur E. Lavisse
(*Translation from French*)

MARY LUTHER BYNUM

[Monsieur Lavisse was born in France in 1842. He is recognized as an editor of no mean ability, a master of pedagogy, one of the most eminent historians that the French nation has produced, and is a man whom the French people are always eager to have deliver their commencement addresses.]

In this extract, which is translated from his "Souvenirs," he tells of his preparation to enter the preparatory school at Laon. This town is particularly interesting at present because it figures so prominently in the war. It is a very picturesque medieval walled city, situated on the top of an immense line of limestone hills, rising above a beautiful valley, and overlooking a vast stretch of country. In the time of Caesar it was used as a fortification to check the invading Franks, Vandals, and Huns. The name of the town at that time was Landunum and has since been shortened to Laon. It has always been a place of security. Even at present there is no means of communication with the valley below except by a trolley line. Early in the war, after the battle of the Marne, it fell into German hands. It is the point at which the German forces concentrate as they are pushed back by the French. When the French get this town back into their possession, the power of the Germans in this section of France will practically be destroyed.]

I left my paternal home three months before I was ten years old. My father and mother saw that I liked to work; my teachers spoke well of me to them, and promised that I should become a "fit subject of the King." It was decided that I should compete for a departmental scholarship. My father had obtained some titles that he could use to influence the Prefet. He was appointed village delegate and lieutenant of the fire brigade. His petition—it was in the year 1852—was signed with these two titles: "village delegate and lieutenant of the fire brigade nominated by His Majesty the Emperor."

We set out for Laon where the examination was to take

place. It was quite a journey to Laon. No railroad led there and riding in the stage coach was expensive. We went to spend the night in Oisy at Uncle Regis', whom father had asked to lend his horse and carriage. The next morning before dawn we started on our journey. Eight hours afterwards we arrived at the tavern of the village, Vaux, at the foot of the mountain of Laon. My father had brought along a clothes brush, a hairbrush, and a piece of soap. He washed my face vigorously, brushed my hair, which was cut in the style of the times like the "children of Edward," brushed my clothes, and we went up by the steep path to the town to visit the examiners.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, the competitors entered the examination room accompanied by their papas. One of the examiners gave us a dictation. He divided one of the words in order to pronounce it better: "tactique"; on reading it over, he persisted: tac-ti-que. But I had never seen that word, and as I did know the word tic-tac, I wrote tac-tic. After the written examination had ended, while we were going down the steps, my father asked me how I had written the word. At my reply he became worried, and we had an anxious lunch. At two o'clock, however, we learned that I had passed. The oral examination put me in the first class, and my father took me to the Café de la Comédie, where he had a bowl of punch lighted for my honor; this was a great spree.

I was then eligible to a scholarship, but I had to get it. The son of an old uncle, my Cousin Godelle, one of my benefactors, helped us in getting it. At the end of August we received the news that I had been named. I was to leave the first Monday in October; my father was going to pass by Laon in order to go to Paris to make his purchases for the winter season; he was to take me to the collège [a preparatory school].

My mother got my outfit ready; I saw her sewing my number on handkerchiefs, on shirts, and clothes, the number 15. In this work her wide brow would become thoughtful. I was well aware of it, and I saw also that her glances were made more tender. I felt also that her kisses were more insistent than ordinarily.

My grandmother was grieved at the thought of losing her bed fellow. She grew frightened at seeing "her poor nestling" go so far, she who told me that when she as a child went to spend two days at Buironpasse, at Uncle Joseph's, she had wept on hearing the bells that did not sound like those of Nurvion. But the brave old lady did not let any of her distress be seen. On all occasions, she nudged my elbows and told me funny things.

My father took it bravely; he spoke of my departure as if it were the most natural thing in the world, of the pleasure of living in a town, and of the fine walks of Laon where I would play with comrades. "You are a lucky boy," he said, "I should like to have gone to the collège."

As for me I did my best not to think of my departure. I did not imagine myself living outside of our home. However, I reasoned to myself that I was becoming an interesting person; the only one of my playfellows, I was going off to a collège; I should have a coat with gold buttons, with a belt on which there would be written in gold letters "Collège de Laon," and a cap with broad gold lace, and each week the lady principal would count out to me my allowance of five cents. My parents, who wished to give me orderly and economical habits, had given me a little memorandum book to write my expenses in.

Autumn came. The days which had grown shorter went away more swiftly. On the day before my leave-taking, I paid my kinsfolk visits and harvested a fortune of three and one-half francs. When I went back home, I found placed on

two chairs a long, narrow trunk, the top of which, following the custom of that time, bristled with a pigskin covering; on the floor there was a chest containing some jars of jam, some hazelnuts, and a jar of salted butter. [The table butter in France is never salted, except when it to be kept a considerable time.] My mother took me on her knees and my face touched hers. Soon she put me down on the floor, but too late; I had perceived that the corner of her eyelid was wet.

The next morning we set out, my father and I, for Laon. A new period was going to begin in my life. It was to last four years, the happiest of my student life.

An Early Phase of English Feminism

LUCILE M. BULLARD

Those of us who read such fiction as Mrs. Deland's *The Rising Tide* and the flood of special works on feminism as they now come from the press are too likely to think of the discussion of woman's rights as something novel. The real beginnings, of course, go back to the Garden of Eden. And the truth is that our present-day arguments on both sides of the questions have at different times been pretty well anticipated in early English literature. Some of our feminists have cited Mary Wollstonecraft of the late eighteenth century as a striking illustration of the oldness of the modern view. Strange to say, however, very few seem to realize that a much more prolific period was the Age of the Restoration—roughly speaking, from 1660 to 1700. With a fair degree of accuracy it may be said that from this period dates our modern feminist discussion in English literature.

The new impulse was due largely to the fact that women began to show greater capacity and ability than they had ever exhibited before. For the first time, English women appeared as actresses on the stage. For the first time, too, women began to take a conspicuous place in the roster of English writers. The list included the Duchess of Newcastle, Katherine Phillips, who was known as the "matchless Orinda," Mrs. Behn, who is said to be the first English woman to rely upon her pen for a livelihood, Ann Killigrew, who was immortalized by Dryden, Mary Astell, Lady Mary Chudleigh, Lady Winchelsea and various minor writers. Partly because woman seemed to be invading man's sphere in seeking to express herself in the field of literature, there arose a heated discussion of woman's position. Encouraged also by the more advanced stage of feminism in France, the discus-

sion became quite modern both in the championship of woman and in the attacks of her opponents.

Among those who may be considered opponents of this early feminist tendency the writers of comedy are prominent. In this as well as in other matters that pertained to the social life of England, the writers of comedy accepted an attitude of poking fun. In so doing they had only followed Moliere, who in *Precieuses Ridicules* and *Femmes Savantes* had made the woman who aspired to learning an object of ridicule. Thomas Shadwell in his *Bury Fair*, takes the plot and main characters directly from Moliere's *Precieuses Ridicules*. In *Bury Fair*, Lady and Mrs. Fantast, "two rustic blue-stockings," are pictured with all the conceit and affectation that could be found in the most conceited of "female wits." Wildish, a young gentleman from London, forms a plan to humiliate Lady and Mrs. Fantast. He wishes to prove to them that they are not the paragons of wit and breeding that they think they are, and that they are not, as they think, capable of judging these qualities in others. Wildish's practical joke makes these two the laughing-stock of all their acquaintances by having them mistake a French barber, La Roche, for a French count of great accomplishments and "parts." Thus Wildish proves their inability to judge either wit or breeding. A more direct satire on the learned woman appears in the reply that Mrs. Fantast gives Lady Fantast when the latter envies the culture that Mrs. Fantast possesses, especially her knowledge of French. Mrs. Fantast, who really knows no French but who constantly intersperses her conversation with a French-English jargon, meekly replies: "I must confess I have ever had a tenderness for the Muses, and have a due reverence for Helicon, and Parnassus, and the Graces: but heroic numbers upon love and honour are most *ravissant*, most *supermant*; and a Tragedy is so *touchant*! I die at a Tragedy; I'll swear I do."

Dryden presents to us the affected, conceited, supposedly learned woman *par excellence* in the person of Melantha in his comedy *Marriage a la Mode*. Possessing at least one characteristic in common with Mrs. Fantast, Melantha "is the reproduction, in much of Moliere's spirit, of female foppery and an extravagance in the employment of French phrase which was common at the time." She is talkative, silly, and affected, and thinks learning consists in being able to adorn one's conversation with French phrases. Her studied use of French interspersed with English we thoroughly comprehend in the scene between Melantha and Philotis, her French maid. Philotis produces the list of new French words which are to be included in Melantha's conversation for the day. Melantha says to her: "O my Venus; Fourteen or fifteen words to serve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till night." All in all, with her love of the court and the fashions of the court that she displays throughout the play, with her talkativeness, her studied manners, and pretended wit, Melantha is a pretty good satire on the female pedant of the period.

These two countries are but typical of many such Restoration plays that advance the idea that woman is out of her proper sphere when she has even a little learning. The titles of a few of such comedies will indicate their contents: Wright's *Female Virtuoso*, *Female Wits*, by W. M., and *The Comparison between the Two Stages*, which is attributed to Gildon.

Among those who took an unfavorable view of the "woman question" John Milton was one of the foremost. He showed his view in regard to women as early as 1643, when he wrote his tracts in favor of divorce while he was on his honeymoon with his first wife, Mary Powell. Thus early he received an unfavorable impression of women. In his old age, after he had had much experience with women in his various

matrimonial ventures, he expressed the opinion that woman is inferior to man in mental endowment. In view of the adverse opinion that Milton expresses about women in *Paradise Lost*, it seems the irony of fate that this poem, his masterpiece, was given to the world through women. It is indeed a pathetic picture that arises in our minds as we think of that helpless, blind, old man dictating his verses in turn to his three daughters, who patiently wrote them down as he dictated. Surely oftentimes they did not even understand what they were writing because their father in his contempt for woman's intellectual powers had denied them the education that was their right.

A few lines from *Paradise Lost* will give us Milton's opinion in regard to women as it appears in all of his poetry. Adam says to Raphael of Eve that God

“ at least on her bestowed
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of Nature her inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties which most excel.”

Again, in *Samson Agonistes* the Chorus sings in sympathy with Samson, who has been captured by the Philistines as a result of Delila's treachery:

“Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinished, judgment scant,
 Capacity not raised to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest affect the wrong?”

Still another writer who had no encouraging outlook upon life so far as the woman's part in it was concerned was George Saville, First Marquis of Halifax. We find his ideas about women stated in *The Lady's New-Year Gift, or Advice to a Daughter*, which was written for his daughter, Elizabeth,

the mother of the famous Lord Chesterfield. In this advice Halifax reveals to us something of the disadvantages of a woman of the Restoration who married when he tells us that a woman had no choice of her own husband, that she had to promise to obey him even though he was thrust upon her by relatives, and that there were scant hopes of divorce even in case of mistreatment at his hands. "It is true," says he, "that the Laws of Marriage run in a harsher stile towards your Sex." Yet in support of this very injustice he adds: "The Supposition of yours being the weaker Sex, having without all doubt a good Foundation, maketh it reasonable to subject it to Masculine Dominion." Halifax sees no hope of woman's becoming a true partner in matrimony; therefore he merely offers suggestions to a wife as to how she may palliate the vices of her husband, such vices as "immorality, drunkenness, choler or ill-humor and covetousness." Halifax agrees with Milton when he says: "You must first lay it down for a foundation in general that there is Inequality of the Sexes for the better Oeconomy of the World, the Men, who were to be Lawgivers, had the larger share of Reason bestow'd upon them; by which means your sex is the better prepar'd for the compliance that is necessary for better performance of those duties properly assigned to it." Although Halifax is not quite radical enough to say with the Duke of Brittany "that a woman is learned enough in conscience if she can distinguish between her husband's shirt and his breeches," his opinion as regards women is that of a confirmed pessimist. He admits that woman's position is abject, but he sees no hope of bettering it. His sole object in giving this advice to his daughter is to enable her to endure her chains. He tells her how by using infinite tact and patience and coquetish arts she "may palliate a husband's faults and vices." She is to get her wishes fulfilled not as her right as a partner in his life, but she is to inveigle him by her coquetry.

The defenders of this early feminism include the two men of the Restoration who possessed the sanest views about women—William Walsh and Daniel Defoe. Walsh advocates education for women in his *Dialogue Concerning Women, Being a Defence of the Sex*. The 17th century device of citing examples, which was borrowed from France, appears in this dialogue between Misogynes, who selects all the bad women in classical literature as instances of the general character of women, and Philogynes, who selects the good. After example after example has been given by these two, Philogynes wins out in the war of words with Misogynes; and Walsh, in the person of Philogynes, finally sums up his views as to the education of women in the following manner. "We may tell you too," says Walsh, "that granting the equal capacities of both Sexes, 'tis a greater wonder to find one Learned Woman than a hundred Learned Men, considering the difference of their Education." Furthermore, he asks of those who ridicule women: "Will you by all your Laws and Customs endeavor to keep 'em ignorant and then blame 'em for being so? . . . Consider what Time and Change is spent to make men fit for somewhat; Eight or Nine Years at the University; Four or Five Years in Travel, and after all this, are they not almost all Fops, Clowns, Dunces, or Pedants? I know not what you think of the Women, but if they are Fools I am sure with less pains and less experience than men."

Defoe, keen man of practical sense that he was, goes one step further than Walsh when he not only advocates the education of women, but also outlines a scheme by which this aim might be accomplished. In his *Essay on Projects*, in the section entitled *An Academy for Women*, Defoe offers a plan for an academy for the education of women. He thinks it barbarous that England denies "the advantages of learning to women." He shows his lack of sympathy with the attitude of the writers of comedy when he writes: "We reproach the

sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves." Unlike Milton, Defoe believes that women have mental capacities which should be cultivated. The following is an expression of his opinion on this point: "If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities, for He made nothing needless." In opposition to Halifax, he claims that the "capacities of women" are "greater and their senses quicker than those of men." To remedy woman's lack of opportunity for education, Defoe proposes that an Academy for Women be established in every county in England and about ten in London. The curriculum of this Academy is to include music and dancing and subjects which correspond almost exactly with the courses of study in a modern woman's college.

Defoe advocates no superiority of woman over man, but he simply believes in an equality of the sexes. He wishes to make himself clear: "Not that I am exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions and educate them to be fit for it." He further says: "If the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching . . . ignorance and folly would no more be found among women than men." Defoe's attitude is the most hopeful of any of the men of the Restoration period who interested themselves in woman's position in English life and literature.

The defenders of early feminism of course include the women writers, whose works constitute an important phase of the feminist movement in England. The large number of pamphlets, plays, and poems written by women about their education, about their place in society, and about the equality of the sexes shows that they were interested in themselves.

Mary Astell, an early advocate of feminism, who in her

Tract on Marriage had advanced her views concerning woman's abject standing before the law in regard to all matters pertaining to matrimony was one of the women who presented a scheme of education for her sex. This plan she outlines in *A Serious Proposal to the Ladies* by suggesting that a place for religious retirement be built where women who wished to fit themselves for doing the "greatest good" in the world might find opportunity for so doing. Mental and moral training were to be combined, for, says Mary Astell, "ignorance and a narrow education lay the foundation of vice." This proposal created quite a deal of interest among the women and "a certain great lady" really made an appropriation for the establishment of such a school, but one of the bishops in the Church of England prevented the realization of the plan by announcing that such an institution would be too much like a monastery.

Not only does Mary Astell advocate the education of women, but she considers woman's understanding at least equal to man's. In a pamphlet entitled *Moderation Truly Stated* she makes the following observation on woman's mental capacity: "As if there were any skill, any policy that a Woman's understanding could not read!" Again, "If Women do anything well, nay, should a hundred thousand women do the Greatest and most Glorious Actions, presently it must be with a mind (forsooth) above their Sex! . . . But I would gladly be inform'd how many men there are that act above their Sex, or even equal to it?"

Other women of the period besides Mary Astell championed woman's cause by displaying an interest in the education of her sex. Lady Chudleigh in her essay *Of Knowledge* expresses a wish that women who have leisure time employ it in learning in order that they may not "permit the men any longer to monopolize the Perfections of the Mind, to engross the Goods of the Understanding." She desires for women "not

to believe that they are incapable of great attainments;” and, using the same method that Walsh had used in his dialogue, Lady Chudleigh cites examples to prove that women have been and are capable of great attainments—such examples as, Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and the reigning Queen Anne. This learning which Lady Chudleigh wished women to strive for she thought ought to consist of “the knowledge of God, a knowledge of one’s self” (these two she considered most important), and, in addition, “Logick, Geometry, Physicks, Metaphysicks, Geography, Moral Philosophy, History and Poetry.”

Lady Winchelsea, a poetess of no small merit, whose works were attractively edited by Miss Myra Reynolds a few years ago, also has an opinion in regard to the abilities of her sex. Like most of the other women writers of the time she championed the cause of women. In *The Introduction*, a prefatory poem to her volume of poetry which was published in 1713, Lady Winchelsea writes:

“Alas! a woman that attempts the pen
 Such an intruder on the rights of men,
 Such a presumptuous Creature, is esteemed
 The fault, can by no virtue be redeemed.
 They tell us, we mistake our sex and way;
 Good breeding, fashion, dancing, dressing, play
 Are the accomplishments we should desire;
 To write, or read, or think, or to inquire
 Would cloud our beauty, and exhaust our time,
 And interrupt the conquests of our prime;
 Whilst the dull manage of a servile house
 Is held by some, our utmost, art, and use.”

Of course Lady Winchelsea resents the idea that women are to spend their whole time in frivolous pursuit after pleasure or in attending to domestic duties. She says it was not ever so, and proceeds in the usual seventeenth century way to cite examples out of past time to show that women had attained

worthy achievements. After giving these examples, all of which are from the Bible, she goes on to say:

“How are we fal’n, fal’n by mistaken rules,
And Education’s more than Nature’s fools,
Debarred from all improvements of the mind.”

Her whole view about the faults of women is summed up in the one sentence, “Women are Education’s more than Nature’s fools.”

In the year from about 1660 to 1700—the period under discussion—feminism had not yet entered the realm of politics, but some of its phases appeared just as radical to the late seventeenth century Englishmen as the first demand for the right of suffrage seemed to Englishmen of a much later date. The opponents and defenders of feminism who are discussed in this sketch seem to be typical of all the writers of the Restoration who considered the question at all. The writers of comedy alone regarded the question flippantly, poking fun at the so-called “female wits”; poets, pamphleteers, and essayists gave to the question really serious consideration. We see that some of the writers of the period considered woman the inferior of man in every respect, especially in mental endowment, others thought that there was merely an “inequality of the sexes.” Some believed that woman lacked only educational opportunities to make her achievements equal to man’s, and Defoe really formulated a plan for a woman’s college—something new under the sun; others thought that woman needed no mental training but that a sufficient knowledge of domestic affairs to enable her to distinguish between the aforementioned garments of her husband was indeed all that was necessary. The women themselves, as evidenced by their writings, were dissatisfied with the abject position which they held in English literature and life; and they believed that only the education of women

would lift them out of the place to which the majority of English people had relegated them. The fact that woman's social position in English life, her capacities, and her need of education were topics for conversation and subjects discussed in the literature of the period is rather significant. The English people were wondering just what was woman's place in the scheme of things.

The Soldier's Greeting

PRVT. OLIVER B. CARR, U. S. M. C.
(*Somewhere in France*)

O France we're glad to greet thee
On thy glory covered shore,
We have a spirit strong and fearless,
Muffled low the cannons roar.
We came from o'er the ocean,
Braving the terrors of the sea;
To show our high devotion
In thy fight for liberty.

We will strike both Hun and Teuton,
In their ever maddening race.
From Lorraine we will purge them,
We will regain fair Alsace.
Yes, France, we'll help thee conquer;
And to conquer we're destined.
For a human cause is greater
Than a despot's conquest blind.

The Way of the Sinner

H. P. NEWMAN

The amusement hall was ablaze with light. The demi-monde of the Tenderloin had flocked there for an evening's pleasure. Tonight the place was overflowing with sailors, wharf rats, stool pigeons, and Bowery toughs. Some were drinking at the dirty bar; others were playing cards and exchanging coarse epithets; one sailor was lying in a drunken stupor upon the sawdust floor.

The door suddenly swung open, and a man entered with a shambling step. He looked around at the crowd. His glance fell upon a painted and cheaply bejeweled woman seated at a corner table. She was clad in a faded dress and wore a hat with bedraggled plumes. Her peroxide yellow hair was a marked contrast to the black of her heavily painted brows. Abruptly he went over to her and sat in a chair opposite. Silently he sipped his glass of whiskey.

"Well, you don't seem to be over happy s'evening. Loosen up. What's on your brain?" she asked, breaking the silence.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "S'all wrong with me. I'm down and out. Did you ever get down on your luck?" he inquired.

The girl laughed grimly. "Sure, it's been a darn hard row for me. But you're different from all this," with a sweep of her hand.

"Yes, once I was more than a rum soaked bum. Years ago I married the finest little woman in the world. We were very happy, especially when the kid came. She was a beautiful woman, clever and intelligent, but," breaking off, "you don't want to hear my troubles."

"G'on; I'm listnin'."

"Well, one day I introduced my best friend to her and—

aw, hell, it's the same old story." The man stopped with a drunken hiccough. The woman leaned over toward him.

"He started calling on her and one day I found her in his arms. Then something seemed to bust in me and I turned her out of the house. God, how I regret it! She was innocent but how was I to know that my friend, in a fit of passion, had embraced my wife against her wishes?" His voice broke. On the platform a sallow-faced youth with a cigarette in his mouth was struggling through a medley of ragtime. Some one started a ribald song and the tipsy-bleary crowd joined in the chorus.

The blowsy wreck at the table made an unintelligible sound in his throat and continued. "When I learned my mistake, I tried to find her, but it wasn't any use."

The woman in the tawdry finery only stared. The clink of glasses and a burst of hilarious laughter disturbed their silence. Perhaps she was thinking of the folly of her own youth. "How about the child?" she asked anxiously, leaning over and placing her hands on his greasy sleeve.

"The boy got sick and died. I took to drink. My job went and others after it. It doesn't take long for the D. T.'s to knock a man out," he added mirthlessly. "I reckon it's just an easy to croak with the D. T.'s as anything and it's more lively." After a moment's pause he continued: "The doctor said two months was my limit."

The woman nodded listlessly. "Did you find her?" she asked.

"No. She left the city and passed out of my life. She was good—not your kind," he muttered as his voice ended in a sob and he sank down in the chair, an inert heap. The siphon fell to the floor, causing its contents to form a puddle in the sawdust.

The pianist, with perspiring face, was banging discordant tunes in an effort to keep up with a fat woman sing-

ing "Oh, Promuz Me," in a shrill voice. One of the sailors started to dance; another joined in the chorus of the song; the loafer on the floor whimpered in his sleep.

The woman gazed between half-closed lids at the man. "So you'd take her back after you kicked her out of your house," she exclaimed curiously in a voice free from the vernacular of the streets. "But suppos'n she has sunk as low as you have?"

"That is impossible. There can't be anything much lower than the gutters. Let's cut the weeps out and have a good time. See, I've got money," pulling out a few coins from his pocket and eagerly showing them to her with a lecherous expression.

The woman's lips curled contemptuously. She beckoned to the barkepeer. "Hey, you son of a sea cook. Git out. What's eatin' youse?" roared the bartender, shaking the man by the shoulders.

At a nod from the woman, the barkeeper grabbed the drunkard by the collar and with a push flung him through the door out into the street.

"Them guys do git bothersome, don't they? S'all right now, girlie. He ain't goin' to worry you any more," he added, wiping his hands on his apron.

The woman sank down in her chair. A groan escaped from her lips; the tears, streaming down her face, made little marks on her painted cheeks. Her breast heaved as she fell forward on the table groaning, "Oh God, he didn't recognize me. He didn't recognize me."

The Methodical Language of the Scientist

WESLEY TAYLOR

A scientist is one learned in science. Science is accumulated and accepted knowledge systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws.

The scientist employs language which is in accord with his mental attitude; i. e., it always designates the exact truth so far as he knows it; for it is the scientist's purpose to admit to be true only that which he knows is true, and to reject that which he knows is not true. He does not guess or take statements for granted, unless he does so for the sake of a hypothesis; he does not surrender his reason to prejudgment on any subjects; he does not render any averments at all on matters concerning which he does not have exact and positive information; and his mode of expression must, accordingly, be exact and positive.

A prerequisite of the construction of correct scientific language is its writer's habit of being scrupulously careful to use language which is correct in all points of grammar, spelling, punctuation, rhetoric, and composition; for if he abuses the language, he may be condemned by his readers as one who is unfit for the appellation of a scientist.

The scientist writes only for the one purpose of conveying information. He writes neither to amuse himself nor to please his reader, but to give the reader some knowledge that he assumes the latter does not have. He states his facts in the most direct way. He makes a complete logical disclosure of his subject; yet he does not allow a useless word to enter into his writing. He never repeats a statement in any form, for he assumes that the reader is sufficiently intelligent to understand a statement after one reading.

Since there are no exact synonyms in the English language, the scientist spares no pains in choosing the word that conveys his thought if the language contains such a word. He is not satisfied with the word that is approximately definite; it must have unmistakably the exact shade of meaning he has in mind. He would never say *forceful* for *forcible*, *continuous* for *continual*, *opportunity* for *chance*, *theory* for *hypothesis*, *assent* for *consent*, *complement* for *compliment*, or any other word that the dictionary would not authorize him to use to express his thought. The scientist adheres so rigidly to the rules of the language that his style may be labored, but that characteristic is commendable rather than undesirable. He has performed his task when he has conveyed his information, and thereby he has satisfied his purpose in writing. For that reason he is not concerned about the psychological effect of his writing upon his reader.

The scientist writes systematically and consistently in the first or third person and the active or passive voice, making the person and voice suit the matter to be written. If he wishes to convey information that he himself has learned through his own research, he uses the first person and the active voice, in which case he himself is the authority for his statements; but if he wishes to write of the facts discovered through the research of some one else, he uses the third person and the active voice, in which case the person named is the authority for the statements. If he wishes to state some facts that have been known previously and the names of the discoverers of which are not known or do not concern the truth of the statements given, he uses the third person and the passive voice, in which case he serves merely as the mechanical instrument through which the facts are compiled and presented to the reader in logical order.

The scientist seeks to write as far as possible in terms of standards that are recognized quite or almost universally,

since a standard has been devised for the measurement of almost every state, quantity, and degree with which the scientist deals. He speaks of grams of weight, of calories of heat, of ergs of work, and of degrees of circles; and the dictionary is his standard for the use of words in the same way that the metric system is his standard for the measurement of distance, mass, and time.

The writer of accurate language sometimes has difficulty in selecting words and constructing phraseology which cannot be misunderstood, for our vocabulary does not contain a sufficient number of words that have one meaning, and only one, to enable him to write an entire thesis of such words; furthermore, the scientist often wishes to express a thought for which the vocabulary provides only one word, which word may have several meanings or shades of meaning other than the one which he wishes represented. When he finds himself in such a quandry, if he is sure that the language is at fault rather than the limitation of his own knowledge of the vocabulary, he selects the most suitable words which the dictionary contains, and forces it to serve his purpose by defining it in the beginning of his thesis, and stating that for the purposes of his writing he wishes the word in question to be understood according to the definition that he has supplied. One may assume, for example, that a physicist writes a thesis in which he wishes to make use of the word *work*. This word has no exact synonym: labor, toil, effort, exertion, and drudgery, the nearest synonyms, are obviously inappropriate; furthermore, the word has several shades of meaning which render it useless if it remains standing without any explanation: it may mean *employment* (as *work in a factory*); it may mean *the lifetime achievement of a given person* (as, *the work of Franklin*); or it may mean *an especially designated accomplishment* (as, *the work of Rembrandt*). But the physicist has no alternative; he must use this word *work*,

and he must force it to serve his purpose. He begins his thesis, therefore, or that portion of it in which he uses this word, with a definition of it as he wishes it to be understood by his readers. One may assume that he defines *work* as "the causing of motion against a resisting force, measured by the product of the force into the component of the motion resolved along the direction of the force." Each time he uses the word thereafter in his thesis he virtually repeats the definition, for he uses the word then only as a short form for the whole thought embodied in the definition. His language is thus made exact, and the reader is not in danger of misconstruing the word.

The scientist never uses expressions of multiple, vague, or ambiguous meanings without first defining such terms, unless he uses them in such connections that there can be no possibility of misunderstandings in the mind of the reader. The words *work*, *science*, *nature*, *society*, *art*, *common*, *personality*, *fellow*, *ambition*, and many others may not mean in some usages what they mean in others or to some persons what they mean to others. The word *work*, for example, may have one meaning to the physicist and another to the manufacturer; *society* may have one meaning to the sociologist and another to the sportsman; *art* may have one meaning to the musician and another to the painter of portraits; but since the dictionary contains definitions which include all of these meanings and more, that book cannot be of much value in identifying the exact meaning intended in the restricted usage of one of these words. Some good words that might have had a standard universal definition have been borrowed for use in commercial, colloquial, or narrowly restricted senses, and, consequently, their original and true meanings have come in great danger of being lost, e. g., the word *science*, in the term *domestic science*: the art of housekeeping is not a science, because it does not embody an exact and systematic knowl-

edge of principles and methods that are universally recognized as true; there is no such science, therefore, as domestic science, and that art which is called domestic science has been falsely named.

The scientist avoids the careless use of relative terms of indefinite value. The terms *very, good, large, cold, short, a good deal, a mile or two, a long time, a good salary, more or less*, and others which relate their own meanings to those of other terms, no exact values for any of them being furnished for the reader, have little or no scientific value. The accurate writer avoids such expressions, unless he is forced by the context to use them when he does not possess and cannot get more accurate information, but in case they must contain *some* information if he is justified in using them. The extent of the use of such expressions should be an exact balance between the necessity for their use in a composition and the nearness to which they approach the state of containing full information. The statement, for example, that somebody saw a big meteor in Indiana a few years ago, is worthless, because no person, even one interested in meteors, could make use of such an indefinite statement; but the assertion that A. K. Kithburn saw a meteor that weighed 237 pounds fall on his farm nine miles southeast of Kokomo, Indiana, on August 23, 1913, is valuable to any person who desires such information, because it is exact and positive. A mere statement that it was cold in Springfield, Massachusetts, on last Christmas day has no scientific value, but the statement that the thermometer registered four degrees below zero Fahrenheit at noon on that day in that city may be useful to any person interested in facts.

Sometimes even the most careful writer, however, does not have and cannot get full information, but the data which he does have may be useful to his readers; and again, a writer may find it necessary to use a relative term of indefinite value

because he cannot get means of measuring by any known standard the exact quantity, quality, or state that is being considered. In such cases he uses an indefinite relative term and lets the reader take it for what it is worth. He says, "A large school of fish . . . ," and lets the reader understand what he may, for there is no established scale for the measurement of the size of a school of fish in the water. He says, "The odor was very offensive," but he cannot tell just how offensive it was, because there is no scale for the measurement of the offensiveness of odors. Thus it is seen that the scientist sometimes uses indefinite relative terms when they contain as much information as he can get on his subject, and he sometimes even uses them by choice when fullness of details would burden his composition with extraneous matter, but scientism demands as a rule that statements be complete and exact, and only the most carefully exercised judgment applied to a particular case warrants an occasional departure from the necessary practice of exactness. If the scientific writer is not able to make a statement which will furnish the reader some definite information on his subject, he is certainly more safe if he leaves the whole thought unsaid than if he makes a useless indefinite statement which may impair the nicety of his whole exposition.

The scientist is careful to avoid careless general statements,—i. e., declarations which purport to have a general application to all of the objects of thought in a given category. If he should say that all sailors use profanity, the statement might be questioned; and in order for it to be accepted as true, he would have to prove that he had taken a census of all the sailors in the world with reference to their use of profanity, and that he had found all of them to be guilty. If he should say that all policemen have big feet, he might have difficulty in producing his evidence. It is for his own advantage that the scientist avoids the careless use of general

statements, for if he should present such a statement for a fact and later have its falseness exposed, his readers would refuse to consider him further as an authority, since an authority does not represent his opinions as facts or his hypotheses as proved discoveries.

The scientist avoids the use of figures of definite value in speaking of unknown values of states, quantities or degrees, or of conditions which cannot be measured. He would not say, "This piece of wax is three times as hard as that"; instead, he would perform a simple experiment with his hand and say, "This piece of wax is harder than that." He would not say, "Three-fourths of business success is due to politeness"; instead, he would say perhaps, "politeness is necessary for business success." In such cases as these, in which he cannot give figures that represent actual known values, he does not debase the dignity of mathematics by using figures in wild guessing.

The scientist uses his best judgment to avoid all kinds of useless and inappropriate phraseology. He does not use the word *naturally* in such expressions as "Naturally, we are interested in the weather," for there cannot be any matter or motion that is not natural. He does not say, "I have been told that . . . ," or "It is said . . . ," for he either cites his authority or uses the passive voice. He does not say, "Of course," or "Needless to say," for he entirely omits all sentences that are useless. He does not often use the abbreviation *etc.*, or its equivalent, for such a term is a useless substitute for the sentence-elements for which it stands. He does not say, "In other words," for by so saying he would be confessing that he had failed at first to say what he wanted to say and that a second attempt was necessary, which weakness would not be becoming in a scientist. He does not say, "I think that . . . ," or "I have reason to believe that . . . ," without giving his reasons for his

belief. He does not use proverbs in lieu of simple statements of fact, e. g., "Still water runs deep," for "A quiet man is likely to be studious": there is no connection between a condition of water and a disposition of a man. The scientist calls a negro a negro, not a sable son of Ham. He considers his borrowing old sayings as a signification of his own inability to express his thoughts in forceful language. Furthermore, he usually avoids the words *thing*, *stuff*, and all other words that may have an unlimited application to objects of thought, or which may perhaps include the whole universe in their definition. He avoids the use of all kinds of useless expressions, rhetorical embellishments, proverbs, figures of speech, colloquial and provincial words, and descriptions for the sake of beauty alone. He leaves poetical language for the poet, rhetorical ornaments for the novelist, and careless language for the idle talker; but he represents his own thoughts on paper in a coherent composition of exact and unmistakable phraseology of such faultless specifications that he can trust it to withstand the most rigorous attacks and examinations.

Be Brave Tonight

H. E. SPENCE

The darkness thickens, fast the shadows fall,
The mist-clouds gather and the light grows dim,
Hovers night's sable curtain like a pall,
And earth is peopled but with spectres grim;
Look up, sad heart, let naught thy soul affright,
Be brave tonight!

Patient await the dawn; the pall of gloom
That now beclouds thy terror-stricken eyes
Shall pass, the birds shall sing, the flowers bloom,
The sunbeams flood an earthly paradise;
Hope comes again with the returning light,
Endure tonight!

The busy whirl of life may sway the day,
The boom of labor fill thy soul with peace,
The tedious tasks will drive despair away,
The damning doubts of darkness then will cease;
The test of life is darkness. In thy might
Be strong tonight!

If we be brave but in the light of day,
Nor fight unless the vict'ry's to be won,
What do we profit in the part we play?
Where is the vantage when the day is done?
The paths of peace are trod by faith, not sight:
Tread firm tonight!

Tread firm life's pathway though thou tread alone,
Hold fast thy faith though seeming all in vain;
The way though weary with the hind'ring stone
And binding dust and heat, though full of pain,
Will lead at last unto the mountain height
Where is no night.

Ultimate Preparedness

SIR RAH MAHRUD

"Come on, Bob, and walk a part of the way with me," called my good friend and host, Roy Burke, as he put on his hat and gloves before proceeding to his work in the Smithsonian building. "Very probably we'll meet my good friend, the President, as he comes out for his morning stroll."

"Gladly; I shouldn't especially mind the meeting," I replied, humoring his joke.

The flat occupied by Roy and his wife on Thirty-eighth Street, N. W., was only a few blocks from the White House. The early November morning was cool and Roy and I began to walk rather briskly. Our conversation related to our profession, and we had much in common to talk of. From inferences made during our talk, I found out that Roy and others of high repute in his profession were at work on a proposition of rather vast import. Finally, he acknowledged that he would like to confide in me, but was enjoined to secrecy just at present; he hoped, however, to inform me concerning the matter within a short time.

We crossed the park north of the Army and Navy Building and continued our walk in the direction of the White House. Roy remarked upon how often he met the President on mornings when walking to his work; in fact, he mentioned in a rather modest manner, several conferences between them recently, and his attendance at more than one dinner at which the President was present.

Roy was just the same lucky chap, I thought, getting in so well, whether in a social or professional way. His nerve though, I reflected, would carry him anywhere. Yet I was half inclined to disbelieve him; he was such a great joker.

The walkway through the shrubbery came to an abrupt

turn. Imagine my feeling when we beheld approaching us, less than a hozen steps away, a man whom I recognized instantly as no other personage than the President himself. Now I should find out the truth about the remarks he had made. If he were really an acquaintance of the President, it would soon be proved. These thoughts had hardly arisen before they were confirmed.

The President recognized Røy, and tendered his hand in a very cordial manner. Then followed my introduction to the chief executive of the nation.

“Mr. Mahrud, I’m pleased to meet you; I have heard of you more than once,” I almost subconsciously heard the President saying.

This remark surprised, if not almost nonplussed me. Truly I had done some rather successful experimental work recently, but it seemed quite improbable that the President should have heard of it. I managed to stammer some reply, but I now fail to remember just what it was. My friend seemed to be perfectly at ease, both in his conversation and manner; with me, however, it was different. I had imagined that it would be a simple matter to go through the formality of an introduction to any man of note; yet here at the critical time it seemed unusually difficult. Probably you readers will better appreciate my position if you ever experience a similar one yourself. Although I was delighted over the pleasure of this chance meeting, I was unable to show or express it. What seemed to me an awkward situation, though, was soon relieved by Roy. He remarked that it was necessary for him to proceed, and suggested that I return with the President as far as his walk carried us together.

The situation then became more pleasant. With only the President and myself it was less difficult to converse; moreover I actually began to feel somewhat at ease. Our conversation touched upon various topics until the President sug-

gested that we occupy a secluded park seat nearby. A member of his secret body-guard appeared simultaneously, observed that we had taken seats, and passed on. The chief executive assumed a slightly serious attitude as he began speaking.

"Mr. Mahrud," he said, "this is no time for a conference, but I desire to ask your assistance upon an important technical matter."

I acknowledged my willingness and pleasure to tender him any aid or information that I was able to give.

He glanced at his watch. "I regret to keep a committee awaiting me, yet I am anxious to settle this matter just at this time. Our friend Burke has often spoken about you and the success of your recent undertakings. Now, Mr. Mahrud, I will not hesitate to confide in you to a rather full extent. You have been recommended to me very highly by your friend. The plan I shall discuss was originated by Mr. Burke. With the aid of the ablest corps of assistants he could secure, he has just pushed the work to final completion."

I almost gasped in wonder. What was it that Roy had discovered or invented that the President was interested in to such an extent? Doubtless it was an invention. I listened attentively as the President continued.

"I must necessarily be brief, although I shall endeavor to be explicit. Doubtless you have noticed the extensive repairs that have been made upon the Capitol during the past few months. I presume, also, that you have heard of the mammoth bell that has been molded recently. Its extreme size at first elicited much questioning and comment by the newspapers. The questioning was soon quelled, however, when we told them that it was an enlarged replica of the old Liberty Bell, or "the grandfather" of the old bell as some of the papers shortly began terming it. Truly, it is a Liberty Bell as we hope to make it, although it is many times larger than

the old 1776 bell. In fact, its real immensity is hard to realize.”

A second secret service man approached nearby, seemed very interested in the shrubbery, and finally passed on.

Visitors had been excluded from the Capitol building for a few weeks, and I had not seen the massive bell. I remembered, though, that the press had lately made some criticism upon the tearing away of the front of the Capitol in order to get this bell inside. One publication had gone so far as to declare that government publicity men had arranged for the right stories to be carried in order that too much notoriety would not be given the matter. It seems that the bell was first placed in the rotunda. When it was noticed that it was being raised into the dome, a general protest arose. Many contended that it was unsafe; others held that it would conceal the frescoes and art work of the dome. These complaints, it seems, were likewise quelled. The bell was finally placed just above the portico. Since the dome is some ninety feet in diameter and over two hundred and sixty feet in height, the view from below was not concealed except from directly in the center of the rotunda.

My interest was intensely aroused in this plan related by the President, although, admittedly, I was unable to fathom the purpose of it. His narration had likewise aroused his own enthusiasm, and he had been speaking very animatedly. A further change in his attitude became perceptible. He now became very gravely serious.

“Today, Mr. Mahrud, I am frank to admit that I fear for the safety of our nation. We are pushing our preparedness program to the utmost, but the European crisis will likely be settled before we are able to take an active part. The strength of the Central Powers today looms threateningly. They are slowly and steadily gaining ground. The Russian situation is hopeless, the Italians may be crushed al-

most at any moment, and the western front is fast weakening. If it is true that an Allied aviator recently saw over one hundred enemy submarines nearing completion, it is plain that the Central Powers are rapidly gaining all favorable chances to dominate over the European Allies. If such a disaster should occur, the United States is menaced. We will have to struggle to the last breath to protect our shores."

I made no comment upon these utterances. I was thinking. Could this situation be possible? True, a summary of recent press news would point to such a conclusion, but, without a recapitulation, such facts would seldom be detected from the usual mass of war dope. Without doubt the President's summary was correct. What the world had thought impossible might soon become a reality. But my attention reverted to the bell, as the President obviously became expository.

"This plan which we have formulated is only another step for still more preparedness. That giant bell, by far the largest one the world has ever seen, now swings in the dome of our Capitol. By an electrically controlled device, every window of the dome will automatically swing open. A secret switchboard controls the entire system. The operation of this switchboard is known only by myself and my cabinet members. Its operation by anyone else is impossible. Should the Allies receive a crushing blow, the information would reach my cabinet or myself immediately. Not a minute would be lost. In the absence of either of us, the other could transmit the warning. Since it is not improbable that some systematic organization might destroy our important telegraph and wireless systems, this bell is to serve as an emergency alarm, or first danger signal."

"But," I interrupted, thinking that I perceived his idea, "you of course remember that the loudest of sounds cannot be carried more than two hundred miles, not over two hundred and fifty at the most. In the maze of city noises the sound of

this bell would hardly suffice to warn even the immediate sea coast towns."

"Do not mistake me," answered the President. We arose from our seats and continued our walk up the avenue. "The sound plays an important part, but it is not alone. Wireless is the principal factor in this plan. Something just as undreamed of, as was wireless a few years ago, is our new idea of sending sound through the air by electric waves. With the aid of the recent invention by Mr. Girogossian in utilizing free energy, the device of our friend Burke enables us to perform this wonderful feat. We now have substations in more than one-half of the states of our Union. Although the system is now perfected, there remains one important technical point which we wish to add. I trust that I am not making too great an assumption in expecting your advice and assistance upon this problematical detail."

Our circuitous route lead us by the Pan-American Building and to the White House grounds. We stopped upon the avenue corner as the President continued:

"Fervently we hope and pray that the Allies will not succumb, but, at present not only is there a possibility, but there is a strong probability of this disaster. In such an event, in less than three minutes after the receipt of the message, that bell will peal forth a sound, sad to think, that may be our death knell. Think, Mr. Mahrud, what it would mean if this bell should ever be rung!"

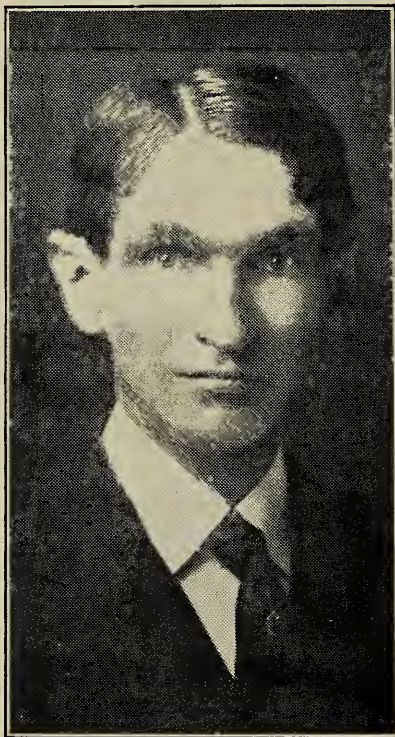
Before his words were fairly uttered *it happened!* A sound, deafening and stunning, burst upon our ears. It was an instant before either of us recovered from the violent perception.

"*The bell!*" gasped the President.

A second sound pealed forth still louder than the first one. Instinctively our hands went over our ears. I turned from the President towards the Capitol building. It was in-

visible. Everything seemed to grow misty; my entire view became as blank, even, as a plastered wall. I began to shiver. The air seemed to have changed suddenly. I turned back to where the President was standing, when behold; *The President had disappeared!*

In his place stood my roommate. He pulled the cover from over me, as he said: "Get up, 'old lady.' What d'you hope? The Dean'll be callin' you up again. That's the second chapel bell."



WILLIAM FRANCIS GILL

BORN OCTOBER 5, 1874
DIED OCTOBER 18, 1917

A DEVOTED SON OF TRINITY, FOR TWENTY YEARS ONE OF HER
FAITHFUL AND RESPECTED TEACHERS, LOVED AND
HONORED BY HER FACULTY AND GEN-
ERATIONS OF STUDENTS

To William Francis Gill—Gentleman and Scholar

D. W. NEWSOM

So quietly hast thou slipped from our midst
That each new morn we look for thee as did'st
Each gathered class in yonder listening room.
But, ah, how soon did fall the hush of gloom
Upon thy friends! no more the master bell
Shall call thee to the task thou did'st so well.
Thy country's flag which thou did'st honor so
Gathers her folds and bids us, weeping low,
To pause and bring a flower to thy bier
And to thy side the warmth of mem'ry's tear.
A score of years through campus paths and halls
We saw thee move, and memory recalls
Thy manly step, thy gallant courtesy,
Thy kindly smile and inborn honesty,
Thy frank and friendly heart, fearless and true,
Too big to cherish selfish ends, which knew
The ways of royal kindness and did bear
A gracious mercy and forgiveness rare,—
A heart immune from age, unhurt by wrongs,
That moulded blood which to a prince belongs,
Yet all too tender e'er to give a wound
To friend or stranger. None hath ever found
Thy heart closed to a human need or call,
But rather would thy generous heart give all,
And even more.

Thou hast taught well, good friend,
And thy last laboured page was not the end;
Well did'st thou love the friendship of thy book,
But more of life dwelt in thy kindly look;

In every toil thy youthful zeal did wake
To glorify all thou did'st undertake.
We scarce appraised thy sterling, manly worth
E'er thou did'st close thy book and quit the earth.
It were unmeasured gift to feel and share
The presence of a life so strong and fair.
Sweet blessing to have toiled and talked with thee
Whose life hath known such chaste, high company
As Vergil, with his fluent epic tongue
And Horace, who with lyric beauty sung
For thy delight; and thou did'st love and know
The stately heart of grand old Cicero.
How often hast thou followed Tacitus
Or listened well to wise Lucretius;
Keen Seneca did talk with thee and store
Thy mind with serious and tragic lore
Till thy friend Plautus, seeing thou wert sad,
Would laughing come and bid thy heart be glad.
Such were thy friends amid the templed hills
Of fair Italia.

So mem'ry fills

The hour with silent grief and speechless pain
That none shall know thy comradeship again.
We miss thy courtly mien, the youthful eye,
Thy bounding fellowship and honor high.
Thou wert a man, a gentleman, and none
E'er knew thee but to love; a noble son,
True to a worthy name, a father's pride,
Faithful to home did'st thou always abide.
None loved his friends with prouder love or zeal
Or laboured more to serve their wish and weal.
The old boys of thy happy college days
Hold thee in dear esteem; thy manly ways,

Upright and clean, are mem'ry's treasured gift.
 To those of younger days thou did'st uplift
 The cordial teacher heart, the scholar's fame,—
 True reverence, the worth of wisdom's name.
 And little children felt, at sight of thee,
 A kinship in thy cheer and sympathy.
 Thy heart humane did know and love full well
 The dog and horse; though speechless could they tell
 To thee their tale of injury or woe;
 Intuitively did'st thou feel and know
 Their thoughts and needs, and lavishly bestow
 Thy praise and providence, did'st ever throw
 About their life a friendly hand and word
 They understood, and answered when they heard.
 Thy petted steed loved well his gentle friend
 And happy did he seem could he but spend
 An evening with out with thee. Poor speechless thing,
 With none to know his language or to bring
 His master home!

The master heart hath fled,
 His Latin tongue is still, the master dead!
 The voice that made thy little home is stilled,
 The cherished dream of love lies unfulfilled;
 About thy home doth mourn the nestling pine
 And crave in vain the homeward step of thine.
 Too soon thou goest to thy well-earned rest
 And leavest all the pathways thou hast blessed.
 Rest on! deep in the wildwood shalt thou dwell
 'Mid sunshine and the birds thou loved'st well.
 Thy Master kind hath led thee to thy sleep,
 But in our lives thy name is planted deep;
 Thy mother college raises o'er thy grave
 For all the fond devotion which you gave
 The mother words, "Here lies an honored son;
 He laboured well, his faithful work is done."

Editorials

THE FINANCING OF COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

Again this year, as in former years, the question as to how the various publications are to be financed confronts us, and this year it looms up in an even more serious perspective because of the diminished number of students and the heavy financial demands in general that are being made on all.

On the face of the proposition, it would seem imperative that something be done if these publications are to be continued in the future. For several years the *Chanticleer* has gone in debt. Last year a mass meeting was called and the back debts were paid off, but we are now again confronted with another heavy debt on last year's book. The *Chronicle* and the ARCHIVE usually are self-supporting, although the *Chronicle* is now in debt on account of unavoidable circumstances. But even with these periodicals it is oftentimes a long and hard struggle.

Several remedies have been proposed to alleviate the evil. The measure that has probably been advocated most is that of a publication fee. It is true that some colleges have resorted to this means of supporting college publications, but does this plan really afford a solution to the problem? These periodicals are primarily student publications, published for and by the students. Thus, if the College should assume the financial responsibilities of them, their purpose in a measure would be defeated. The students would feel that the periodicals are going to exist whether they support them or not, and consequently they would not feel that it is incumbent upon them to manifest their college's spirit by lending their financial support. As a result, there would be evident a noticeable lack of interest and subsequently indifference.

As a matter of fact, the publications should be made so

attractive by the different editors and managers that they will be self-supporting. No condition should exist or be created whereby any editor or business manager could ever reach the point where they feel that they can relax their efforts at any time to attain the highest degree of efficiency.

The remedy that is needed, then, is one that will not relieve the students of the responsibility as regards the success of the publication but will place the publications on a solid financial basis. The most feasible measure seems to be that of having the business managers bonded. It is obvious that this method is fair and just to all parties concerned. In the first place, it guarantees to the college authorities that the periodicals will be self-supporting and thus relieve them of serious embarrassment incurred by receiving annoying bills from engraving and printing houses for delinquencies. The plan is fair to the business manager because it simply places his business on a business basis. Although it is generally assumed that a business manager will do the best he can, yet is logical to think that greater effort will be put forth if the responsibility is made an individual one. The bond system, too, while guaranteeing that the publications will not leave heavy indebtedness for the next generation of students to pay, at the same time does not relieve the students of the direct responsibility of lending their financial support. Is not this plan, then, the logical one to adopt?

RECREATION FOR COLLEGE MEN

In giving advice to a group of college men, a prominent member of one of the leading colleges of the South gave them as two-thirds of a formula for making the greatest possible success of their college career the following: "Keep a stiff upper-lip and cultivate a funny-bone." And he was eternally right. Especially necessary is it in these days of stress and strain that care be taken that young men do not become

long-faced or pessimistic. This is a time, to be sure, for serious thought and vigorous action, but too much emphasis placed on the serious aspect of life is conducive of unfortunate results. Just as the rushing mountain stream may be held in check to a limited extent, so may the youthful feelings and expressions of college men be suppressed for awhile. On the other hand, just as this mountain stream must have an outlet; so will the natural and legitimate feelings of vigorous young manhood find expression.

The question we are approaching is this: What provisions are made here on the campus to give the students something to develop the "funny-bone?" We are compelled to answer that students are left to seek their amusements off the campus. There are, of course, a few noisy Victrolas, several squeaking "fiddles," and a guitar or two in the dormitories, but these frequently annoy more students than they amuse. Then, too, there are the different branches of athletics for those who will engage in them; but quite a large percentage of the students stand aloof from them. As facts now are, students spend a great part of their spare time and of their parents' money at the movies or at the cigar stores.

Might not these conditions be altered? A well organized glee club, we are of the opinion, would help change this situation. And what of a dramatic club? If a dramatic club should prepare and present periodically entertainments to the college community, it too would make a considerable contribution to the development of the "funny-bone" and at the same time incidentally assist in keeping a "stiff upper-lip."

What seems to come nearer to a solution for this important proposition is an amusement center, a room or building maintained at some convenient place on the campus and equipped with provisions for such games and amusements as checkers, bowling, and perhaps billiards. In other words, let the center be a place where college men may congregate and

spend their spare time under wholesome surroundings. In connection with the provisions for games might be maintained a reading room kept open at all times. It is true that the gymnasium furnishes an opportunity for exercise of a certain mechanical sort, but experience has shown that attendance at gymnasium classes is not at all popular; compulsion is necessary, in many instances, to secure a "quorum." It is likewise true that the college library is well equipped and furnishes excellent reading facilities; but its use is not accessible at all times, and its general atmosphere is rightly one of serious work rather than of playful recreation.

To establish such an amusement center would, it is true, cost something in money and in effort. To allow the old scheme to run on costs much in money, in time, and, frequently, in character. Is it not better, therefore, to provide the necessary means of amusement and recreation, in so far as it is possible, here on the campus than to leave it to the students to find their amusements where they may?

Wayside Wares

THE BLOODY SOPHS

ADAM NUTT

Did you ever hear of that youthful race
 That is known as the Sophomore?
 Then listen a while as I relate
 A few of their manners galore.

Their favorite garb is a pinch-back suit,
 With a derby half over their face;
 A costume in which (I'm sure you'll agree)
 They resemble the pawnbroker's race.

But they indeed are a wonderful set
 Possessing some powers most rare;
 Red stars appear in the heavens above
 Where before was but thin air.

Numerals grow out of walls and of walks,
 Where numbers n'er grew before,
 All this is due to their magical art,
 Paint-brush wielding Sophomore.

Their favorite sport is to go on the hunt,
 For Freshmen they 'specially care,
 And many a victim is dragged down below
 To the shower-bath under the stair.

Their favorite food is candy and "dope."
 What more I have never been told;
 Perhaps I shall learn at some early date,
 When all of the "dopes" have been sold.

Their war cry is fierce and terrible,
 As it strikes upon the ear,
 "Oh bloody Sophs! O bloody Sophs!
 Come over here! Come over here!"

And now my tale draws to its close,
 Oh, may it be instructive;
 And sometimes in the coming years
 The Sophs be less destructive.

ROUGH HOUSE CLUB REORGANIZES AND ELECTS OFFICERS

SIR RAH MAHRUD

The surviving members of the General Rough House Section of the Old South Dormitory assembled recently for the purpose of extending bids of membership to all eligibles. Those accepting bids immediately transferred their abode to the proper dormitory section. Accordingly, the full membership met upon Wednesday morning last, for the purpose of reorganizing for the year, and electing officers for the first term. The meeting was held in the regular rendezvous, and convened shortly after the lights were turned off. After the performance of the opening rituals, the following offices were declared vacant and the meeting open for nominations:

Chief Grand Cuspidor Rolleur.
 Assistant Chief Cuspidor Rolleur.
 High Chief Chair Shoveur.
 Assistant Chief Chair Shoveur.
 First Floor Return Cuspidorist.
 Second Floor Return Cuspidorist.
 First Floor Return Chairist.
 Second Floor Return Chairist.
 Grand Master Profanitist.

High Chief Rough House Leader.
Chief Grand Bed Upsetteur.
Leading Past Grand Clog Dancist.
First Chief Tenor Melodist.
Master Melodious Bass Warblist.
Chief Astounding Accordeonist.
Grand Blooming Banjoist.
First Grand Chief Fiddleur.
Chief Catch-as-you-can Refereeist.
All Bout and Stair Race Timekeeper.
Grand Chief "O. T." Watcheur.

Quite a spirited election ensued. By special request, however, the names of the officers will not at present be published. Immediately after the election, an impromptu program was carried out. As an added part of the initiatory procedure, each officer-elect was required to go through a brief performance of the duties incumbent upon his office. The skill displayed by numerous members was indicative of the fitting selections made for the various offices.

The next order of business brought before the meeting was a short report from the executive committee. This committee presented the following recommendations which received unanimous approval: That in hiding shoes, henceforth only those belonging to freshmen should be removed; that all radiator plugs be returned to the respective rooms until the weather becomes colder; that the breaking of more than one window light of the same room each week will be considered an unnecessary waste; that all lengthy and continued readings be confined to the rooms and hallways *only*; that in all contests wherein water is used each side shall be equally divided; that sufficient warning be given before quartet practice begins in order that the windows and doors of occupied rooms may be closed; that care be exercised to

see that all trunks are closed securely before their precipitation down the stairways; and that no lavatories shall be broken off except upon the second and third floors, since first floor breakings are not considered worthy of the resultant effects.

Under the head of general business a number of matters received consideration. In order to avoid suspicion and official investigation it was authorized that some senior member make occasional reports to the Dean of unnecessary noise. Another member was likewise instructed to appear before the Dean with suitable excuses in defense of these charges.

Upon suggestion, the presiding officer made the request that several members cease unnecessary activities around the electric switchboard. On account of threats from Electrician Graham, it was deemed the part of wisdom not to necessitate his services more than three or four times each week during the immediate future.

It was brought to the attention of the assembly that two members had not been awakened on the night previous when a trio of celebrants came in and retired around the quartet hour. Those persons accustomed to returning at such hours were requested to take due notice and act accordingly hereafter. Mention was also made that a third-floor occupant had recently lowered the former record of descending two flights of stairs by means of a chair. As suitable recognition for this accomplished feat, the Club presented him with a handsome corn cob pipe.

In behalf of his promptness in smashing all hall lights forthwith upon their reinstallation, another worthy was awarded an El-Reeso. His perceptive act makes him eligible for appointment to this office permanently.

Several matters of finance were brought before the meeting. A collection amounting to thirty cents was taken for Janitor Jonathan Woods Love. His co-operation in the mat-

ter of slightly disordered rooms received favorable comment. By unanimous vote the treasurer was instructed to purchase a "John B." derby for each member of the Club enrolled in the Sophomore class. This reward—it goes almost without saying—was for their recent accomplishments in upholding so admirably the meritorious record of second year classes. For the carrying out an ingenious plan proposed, a suitable sum was appropriated for the purchase of a number of lanterns and other equipment for "red lighting" purposes.

After the general business session, several matters of a secret nature were transacted. Upon the conclusion of all business, an informal double course feed was enjoyed. The first course consisted of crackers, *a la salte*, and the second of Prince Albert. The hearty conviviality of the occasion was well evidenced in the numerous toasts and speeches.

The report that "O. T." had retired brought a termination to the delightful assemblage. The concluding rituals were performed, and the Club thereupon adjourned until the next meeting.

Editors' Table

EXCHANGES

The *Wake Forest Student* was the first exchange to reach our desk this year. This initial number is a very creditable one. It contains enough verse, and a sufficient number of stories and essays to make the issue well balanced. An inspiring piece of mixed verse under the title "Renaissance," expressed as its themes the awakening of Romance. As the men from all walks of life take their places for duty in France, Romance arises within them, and they follow onward as twentieth century crusaders would follow a modern siren. This subject is handled in a very pleasing way, and contains some real bits of originality. "The Singleton Oaks" is a story that deserves worthy mention; it is undoubtedly the best contribution in the issue. "Various Conceptions of Hell" is a fairly interesting essay. The writer has well familiarized himself (by references, of course) with his subject matter. He traces the various conceptions of hell, beginning from the early tribal ideas, and extending through several nationalities. This essay is not without merit, although it could be improved upon in places by trimming. It might, also, be made more interesting by further development of our modern ideas concerning the "place" in question.

The editorial department of the *Student* shows no dearth in quantity or quality of subject matter. Appropriate space is given to editorials, college and alumni notes, and other departments. Altogether, from the front to the back cover, the *Student* has maintained a creditable standard. We hope that the coming issues will at least uphold, as well as improve upon, the present standard.

The first issue of the *State Normal Magazine* is a very pleasing number. With a pardon for the flattery, we might

quite say, appropriately, that the contents are well in keeping with the appearance of the halftone frontispiece picture of the staff. (Or *vice versa*?) The several editorials of the *Magazine* are snappy and pertinent. Verse is not lacking in quantity, although some of it is only mediocre. "Beyond" is brief but serious as it depicts whether those "in that silent marching line" shall meet death or life—life if they endure "until reason shall rule, barbarity be vanished . . . and the grim, silent marching line breaks up to march no more." The thought is well expressed in this bit of verse. Despite a certain triteness of the plot, "The Dawning" is an unusually well handled story. Business, clubs, and the usual mother-in-law contribute towards keeping a typical tired business man from enjoying those peculiarly charming endearments of his wife. The distance between them is further increased by Lord Algy, the Englishman, who hails as an easy sucker of the husband for watered stock; the Lord desists from purchasing, however, until he has become especially friendly with the wife. The Englishman's bogus check which meant financial ruin to the husband, finally brings him and the wife to that mutual understanding which formerly they had lacked. The ending of this story is below the standard of its general tone and development. "The Come Back" is a story of the baseball diamond. This is an ancient plot, but the story is well written, and by virtue of its familiar setting, is rather interesting.

The *Magazine* contains several essays and sketches. "Engagement Rings" is perhaps best among the sketch material. The lack of more up-to-the-minute stories is the greatest weakness of this first issue.

The *College Message*, of the Greensboro College for Women, is beginning in this issue a new six-part serial. We shall watch with interest this feature, which we are inclined

to believe is somewhat of an innovation in college magazine circles. Their October issue is an all-story number. As is too often the case with women's magazines, these short stories are not of a peculiarly high order. "The Beginning" is marred by its own beginning, and the failure to imbue in the early part of the story the air of mystery which is later developed. "The Clan Makes a Radical Departure" would be much better if it were pruned considerably. The writer makes a stab at realism—or more correctly, vividness—but overdoes the attempt. "The Day That Mrs. Bugg Sewed," from an alumna, assists in making the issue a stronger one.

As an all-story number, we must say that the *Message* could be much improved upon in both subject matter and handling. The various departments and sketches, however, deserve favorable commendation. They show that the staff is putting forth a sincere effort to make their magazine an exponent of the college, and college happenings. The work of the staff deserves better support than they are receiving.

The ARCHIVE wishes to acknowledge also the receipt of the following magazines:

Wofford College Journal.

The Acorn, of Meredith College.

Columbia University Quarterly.

Alumni Department

THE MEN IN SCHOOL THIS YEAR

J. W. CLAYTON

The hand of history writes today,
 Each hour turns a page.
 The fate of nations ebb and sway
 In the furnace of the age.
 We know the fate of those who fight,
 They mark their future clear;
 But what will history have to write
 Of us, in school this year?

Our brothers give their lives to wrest
 From power's gaping jaws
 That boon which free men love the best—
 The right to keep love's laws.
 Their land shall be freedom's repose,
 And Peace their names revere;
 But what will honor say of those
 Who are in school this year?

While Freedom may forget to crown
 Us heroes of the earth,
 Grim future throws a challenge down
 For us to prove our worth,
 And keep the soul within our breast
 Free from all taint and fear;
 The future of the world may rest
 With those in school this year.

THE HYPHEN

JOHN CLINE

"Well, Bill, things are beginning to look pretty serious for you." George Manning, a tall, dark, jovial-faced man of thirty, threw a copy of the Greensboro *News* into his comrade's lap and sat down in his arm-chair before an imposing-looking desk.

The partner, William Vaughan, formerly Wilhelm Vaughn, and now familiarly known among his close friends as Bill, looked up with a pleasant smile. "Yes," he said, his slight guttural intonation telling unmistakably of "the fatherland," "it is getting serious for all of us."

"But, Bill, if that conscription measure goes through, you're goin' to be in a bad mess. You've either got to enlist and fight that home country of yours or you'll get in bad with all the folks around here, and may be taken charge of by the government, to boot."

"I'll haf to go back," said Vaughan slowly, his light blue eyes taking on a steely glint; "I should haf gone alretty."

"But Bill," protested the other, "what do you want to go and do that for? You've been gettin' along all right here, and everybody likes you. Why don't you stay here and let this be your home? You couldn't do much back yonder anyway. Besides, you know we're in the right, and your country has been treating us dirty."

"No, you don't understand." There was a suggestion of fire crackling in Vaughn's tone. "America hat no bissness to fight Germany. It wasn't her war, but she took sides in it. You know I haf alwas intended to go back, but I wasn't quite retty yet. Now I'll go." He had risen to his feet, his large, handsome face set with purpose, his five-feet-seven of bone and muscle held erect and steady.

A gleam of admiration flashed into Manning's eyes as he looked. "Oh, that's all right," he said, turning to his work. "You know your business; and we're not goin' quarrel." He had long since learned how useless it was to argue with Bill when he looked "like that."

William stood for a long time, apparently dead to his surroundings. He was thinking—and thinking deeply. Seven years before he had come over from Germany, like so many others, to seek his fortune in this wonderful Eldorado. Almost by chance he had found his way to North Carolina and settled in the thriving little town of High Point. There among the many lumber mills he had begun his little box factory, and had made good from the start. Though only a youth of eighteen he inspired confidence in all who met him. The men liked him for his honest face and business-like methods; the women liked his steady blue eyes and flaxen hair—vulgarly called sandy; the children liked him because he was never cross with them and always treated them as if they were grown-ups. He had had difficult sailing at first on account of his limited English, but that trouble was gradually overcome. Now, except for his sentiments, he was a full-fledged American. Unlike many, he had not attempted to get naturalization papers. Why should he, when he was going back? In his breast there beat a very patriotic heart; and he never ceased to plan and toil for the day when he would be ready to go back home. But now this war! It was so hard for him to realize it. He had been in a dull, dazed sort of stupor since it began, not knowing just how he felt or what he ought to do. But now it was decided; he would go at once.

Before night he had disposed of his business to Manning, whom he had taken in as a partner two years before, and everything was in readiness for his departure on the morrow. He decided that his proper course was to go to Norfolk, take

ship there for Europe as soon as possible, and run the risk of getting through somehow to the homeland and the German front. He didn't suppose it could be done easily; he was used to difficulty.

The rumor ran quickly over the town that William Vaughn was going back to Germany to fight. Little knots of men in the public gathering spots discussed it from every angle. In the mills they talked about it; in the stores the clerks greeted their customers with the news; down at the depot it was the sole topic of conversation. The women talked it over across their back fences with many grave looks and graver predictions. The girls gathered on the different front porches and wondered about it with nervous, excited giggles. One pretty, black-eyed maiden actually shed tears, but she stoutly denied that they were serious. "He is such a nice, good fellow," she said; "it is such a pity for him to go back over there."

Two or three of Vaughn's friends called around that night for a farewell chat. He received them with awkward constraint, and spoke scarcely more than a dozen words during their stay. The young fellows tried to cheer him up, but meeting with little success, they left him, with many hearty handshakes and good wishes, accompanied by joking remarks. "They seem glad to get rit of me," thought Vaughn rather bitterly; "but that is natural. I am one of the enemy now," and with a moody smile he sat down again to think.

It seemed to Vaughn walking down to the station the next morning that the whole town was rejoicing at his departure. Friends waved gay goodbyes from their porches; some of them with cheery smiles fluttered little stars and stripes in their hands. It was a beautiful, sunshiny morning, and the flags on the porch-columns and house-tops danced gaily in the soft May breeze. He had not noticed them so much before. They were very beautiful, but somehow their bright colors

irritated him. The houses had never looked prettier or more inviting than they did that morning; and he was glad that it was so, for it was his last look. He swung his heavy suitcase with ease as he strode steadily down the street. "He'll make a good soldier," they whispered behind closed shutters; "look how he walks."

A large, interested crowd had gathered at the station to see him off, and they all must shake his hand and wish him good luck. He was assailed with cheerful American humor on all sides. They joked him about his soldierly bearing and about his chances of dodging the shells. Even the little children shouted remarks to him about his going to fight "Uncle Sam." Vaughn forced a smile to his face as he shook hands with the grinning crowd, but he grew still moodier inside.

"He'll make a cheerful lookin' corpse," laughed a big, heavy-jowled butcher.

"O yes, you can depend on Bill," replied a dapper little grocery clerk; "he's full weight. He'll be at home anywhere they put him."

When Vaughn was finally aboard the train, the crowd gave a noisy cheer for "Private Bill Vaughn." He leaned out of the window as the train pulled out. They were still smiling and waving at him. Many of them had flags, and those beautiful, sunlit stripes again strangely irritated him. It was a wonderfully attractive scene—men, women, children, and flags, and sunshine and joy; but, strange to say, it did not please William Vaughn. His feelings were hard and grim and bitter. Some of the women and girls looked as if they were about to cry, he decided as his train rounded a curve and shut the picture from his sight; and somehow the thought brought a warm ray of gladness into his soul. Why should he feel bitter toward those people, he asked himself as he sank back into his seat. No, that was not it; he had not bitterness for them. They were all his friends. They had

been only kind and good to him, and he loved them everyone. They had all given him a glad hand when he was in need of encouragement; they had welcomed him into their town and into their homes; they had all rejoiced at his prosperity and congratulated him on his success. They had tried to make him feel that he was one of them; and now that he was leaving for good, they had tried to cheer him up, and he had refused to be cheered. They had given him a glad, friendly send-off, and he ought to rejoice because of it. He smoothed his brow and began looking out at the passing landscape. The farmers were plowing slowly through rich, mellow fields, now faintly tinged with green. The waving seas of wheat were beginning to turn to gold—that would help to feed the soldiers, he reflected. The dark green of the woods was broken here and there by sprays of blossoms, white and red. How beautiful it was! Never had the woods appeared so attractive to him, never had the fields been so beautiful. What a splendid country it was, and what a great people! But, he was one of the enemy now. Occasionally on a distant house-top he could see a flag fluttering in the sunshine. Why must that always be a part of the thing, he asked himself irritably.

“Yes,” a harsh voice broke in on his reverie, “Woodrow Wilson will have it all to answer for. He’s a throwin’ us into this war for his own gain; and he’ll be responsible for all the men that’s killed. He could a kept us out of this, but he’s a dirty politician.”

Vaughn turned around and looked at the speaker, a long, vinegar-faced man, who was talking to a small, uneasy-looking companion. Vaughn’s mouth was open for a stinging rebuke, but he slowly closed it again and sank back. He was one of the enemy now. What right had he to defend President Wilson? He felt sure that Wilson was a good man and a great president. Why, he had kept his people out of war as long as he could; he had gone into it only when it was forced

on him. Yes, it was forced on him—that must be admitted. And yet there were people so ignorant and narrow and selfish as to criticize a man like that—his own people, too, who ought to love him and support him! But, they were not all slackers! Most of these cheerful, good-humored people were whole-heartedly behind their president, ready to follow him and fight to the last ditch. And what wonderful fighters they would make; they would n't know when they were beaten—they couldn't be beaten! But, he was only an outsider; he was one of the . . . Vaughn jerked his head up, irritably again. Glancing through the window, his eyes rested on some tall, white buildings in the distance—some college or something. Over the tops of the buildings, fluttering and dancing in the sunshine floated a large, beautiful United States flag. The light from its broad stripes and bright stars gleamed down with entrancing softness and sympathy into the eyes of this troubled enemy. Something rose up in William Vaughn's breast and then dropped with a thump. He rose to his feet with clenched hands, and then slowly and steadily sank back once more. The other passengers stared curiously at this big, sandy-haired, good-looking traveller.

“He seems to be excited about something,” a little woman whispered to her companion; “his eyes looked just like blue flames of fire.”

* * * * *

When the ten-thirty train rolled into High Point the next morning, William Vaughn was the first passenger to alight.

“I haf come back,” he stated simply to his excited questioners. “This iss my home, for which I will fight.”

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once*, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1917

Miserere Domine

H. E. SPENCE

God pity hearts like these:

These tender hearts of orphan girls and boys,
Who had a few short years of Christmas joys;
This Christmas night above new mounds they weep
Where o'er their loved ones angels vigil keep.
But pity most the waifs to whom there comes
No dream of pretty dolls and little drums;
To whom no mem'ry comes of childish joys;
God pity most these little girls and boys;
God pity hearts like these!

God pity hearts like these:

These aged hearts of men and women gray,
Who see through tear-dimmed eyes the far away,
And tiny stockings hanging in a row;
Whose children left them in the long ago.
But pity most the hearts that never knew
The magic music of a baby's coo,
God pity homes in which no Christmas toys
Brought Christmas cheer to merry girls and boys.
God pity hearts like these!

God pity hearts like these:

These barren hearts of men who blindly grope
In dreary darkness with no Christmas hope,

Who glimpse no radiance from the starry fire,
Who hear no anthems from the angel choir,
Who scorn the wise men as they gladly bring
Their costly gifts unto the Christmas-King.
God pity these who wait no Christmas dawn,
Whose superstition and whose faith are gone.
God pity hearts like these!

Mary's April Escapade

GLADYS V. PRICE

It was a beautiful April morning. All nature was in her glory, and even in the heart of the city the birds were singing their spring anthems. The Rabbi alone of all his household was out of tune, for this morning his hands, which had been severely burned, were paining him without ceasing. It was while he was in this condition that his wife, Mrs. Raiff, began discussing with him arrangements for the Feast of the Passover. Now, the old Rabbi was not blessed with kindness of speech, especially when talking to his wife. She, however, was his equal, and not until after a long argument did she finally agree to his proposal.

"Well, Mr. Raiff, if you will haf it that vay, vy, of course, I can do nuddings else."

With that she hurried out of the room, leaving the Rabbi pacing the floor and the little trained nurse apparently thinking only of her work.

"Mr. Raiff," she said, "if your wife objects to my presence at the feast, don't you think your son could perform your duties for you?"

"No, Miss Allen. I want you, and I will have you, too, unless you yourself object."

Thus it was decided that Miss Mary Allen should assist the Rabbi at the feast, though it was almost an unheard of thing for a gentile to be present at the most sacred of the Jewish ceremonies.

At about eight o'clock that evening the invited guests arrived. Then for the first time Mary began to realize the peculiarity of her situation. Everyone, however, did all in his power to keep her from being embarrassed, for well-known by all was the Rabbi's attitude toward his nurse, and well-

known was the fury of his temper when once irritated. For this reason and also because of her natural wit, Mary succeeded in gracefully carrying to completion all the Rabbi's duties at the feast. When finally Dr. Raiff pronounced the blessing in Hebrew, and the ceremony was thus ended, Mary felt very much relieved. Yet the most exciting of that evening's experience was still to come.

The ceremonies were over, but the banquet was just beginning. At the request of the Rabbi, wine was served again and again. Finally, Mary suggested to the old man that he had had enough excitement for one day. He agreed and willingly left the hilarious crowd. As they started up stairs together, Sam Raiff called:

"Miss Allen, won't you come down as soon as possible? I would like very much to have a little chat with you."

Accordingly Mary again was down in the hall after a very short time. Just as she was about to step into the banquet hall, her attention was arrested by suspicious sounding words.

"The dynamite came today. Everything is ready now. I'm only waiting for orders from Bernstorff. By the way, mother, where are the plans of the fort?"

Mary stopped behind the door and listened anxiously.

"They were in the safe in your father's room, Sam," said Mrs. Raiff.

"Well, let's have another drink or two first, and then I'll get them. So here's to you, my mother."

As Mary looked through the crack in the door, she saw the people grouped around the table just raising their glasses for the toast. What could they have been doing? Like a flash she started up the stairs and into the Rabbi's room. Noiselessly she crept over to the safe and, by applying the combination she had seen the Rabbi use, she easily opened it. Then she understood the situation fully, for the papers she

took out she found to be maps of the fort. She was frightened by the mere thought of being in the house of German spies. She knew that she must not arouse their suspicion. Quickly she put the papers in her handbag, and then lost no time in getting down stairs. When she entered the hall, the people were again in the midst of a toast, which seemed to be very funny, judging from the laughter. No one noticed Mary's arrival, or at least no one paid any attention to her. All talked to her as if she had been one of their own set. After a while Sam Raiff left the room, staggering badly. Mary shuddered, but she remained quiet. In another second the door bell rang, and the servant announced:

"Dr. Wood is here."

Mary's heart gave an easy beat once more. Excusing herself, she left the room and went with the doctor to the patient. When she opened the door, she was startled, for there was Sam Raiff at the safe.

"Wait," she whispered to the doctor. "Let's hide here until he leaves. I'll explain later."

Though greatly astonished, the young doctor obeyed. They did not have long to wait. Five minutes later Sam Raiff came out of the room, using rather strong language. After he started down the stairs, Dr. Wood asked Mary for an explanation.

"O, Dr. Wood, the Raiffs are spies. I found it out to-night. I have their principal papers already. You can take them away with you, but you'll have to be quick."

Just as she finished these words, Sam Raiff burst into the room, his eyes blazing with a fiendish wrath as he saw the papers in Mary's hands.

"Give me those papers, you dev—"

He stopped when he saw the doctor. By this time everyone had crowded into the room, all in the wildest excitement. Dr. Wood stepped up before Sam defiantly.

"What do you mean, Mr. Raiff, by addressing a lady in such a manner?"

"Fool! You know what I mean. How dare you question me?" And with his strength increased by his anger, he gave the doctor a severe blow on the head. The doctor fell. The drunken on-lookers as best they could held Sam away. The women rushed to the doctor. Mrs. Raiff, terrified and crazed, yelled at Miss Allen to get some water. Mary hurried out, but she had in mind another way of bringing assistance to Dr. Wood. Down the stairs she dashed, out the front door, and into the doctor's car. She turned to the chauffeur.

"Quick, to the police station. The doctor needs help."

The chauffeur, though bewildered, obeyed, for he knew that Miss Allen was the doctor's favorite nurse, and that she was a woman of extraordinary intelligence. In less than five minutes, they were at the police station. Almost before the car stopped, Mary was out of it and in the building.

"Captain Snibben," she began hastily, "may I speak to you privately, please?" And in a second they were in the next office.

"The Raiffs are German spies. I have evidence here," she said, handing him the papers, which she had been holding to with a death-like grip. "They are all drunk now, and they're in an awful brawl. Sam Raiff struck Dr. Wood, and when I left he was on the floor with all those Jews cursing and raving around him."

"Why, Miss Allen, this sounds rather improbable. The Rabbi a spy?"

"Oh, yes, captain. Hurry. Send some men up there. Dr. Wood will be killed."

With that Mary turned toward the door.

"Let some of the police come with me in the car. About twenty will be needed, and those quick," she urged.

The captain rang the bell. Instantly two officers stepped in.

"Twenty-five to the Rabbi's immediately. Arrest all except Dr. Wood."

In another five minutes they were at the Raiff's home.

"Up-stairs," Mary directed.

Sam Raiff alone had any sense left when he heard the police. He dashed down the back steps only to be stopped by two officers at the bottom. It was the work of only a few minutes then to get handcuffs on the others and to get them out of the house.

Some of the officers remained with Mary. The doctor was still in a stupor, but Mary's first aid soon brought him to consciousness. The police assisted her in getting him into his machine, which took him and Miss Allen to his home. And the next day found Mary Allen nursing, not the Rabbi, but the Rabbi's doctor.

A few days later he was able to sit up, and Mary had him wheeled in a rolling chair out into the garden. They spent some time in silence, enjoying the glorious sunshine.

"Miss Allen," said Dr. Wood gently, "Your experience the other night was a terrible one—one far too terrible to be endured by you again. I want this to be your last experience in nursing. Wouldn't you like to knock off?"

An Evaluation of Modern Work in Heredity

ANNIE T. SMITH

Until the opening of the present century the theory of descent and heredity was practically where Darwin left it in 1859, the year in which appeared his *Origin of Species*. The biologists believed that biological evolution, like geological, is a very gradual process in which agencies acting over long periods of time gradually produce changes in existing species through natural selection. Organisms began simple, but as time went on they became more complex. Yet, in any species of plant or animal the reproductive capacity tends to outrun the available food supply, and as conditions of the environment are not always ideal, the resulting competition leads to an inevitable struggle for existence. It seems that positive variations toward greater complexity were usually advantageous, and individuals showing such variations were enabled to survive more successfully the existing conditions of environment.

As offspring tend to resemble their parents more than other members of the species, it is natural to think that parents possessing a favorable variation tends to transmit that variation to their offspring. The individual inheriting the variation in a greater degree will have a better chance of survival than his less favored brother, and will in turn transmit it in even greater degree to some of his offspring. This competitive struggle for existence working in combination with certain principles of variation and heredity, and resulting in a slow and continuous transformation of species, Darwin called natural selection.

This theory was enthusiastically received by the majority of biologists, and the problem of the relation of species at last appeared to be solved.

In 1900, however, a change of opinion set in due to the rediscovery of the unpretentious studies of an Austrian monk, Johann Gregor Mendel, who, although a contemporary of Darwin, was probably unknown to him. Born in 1822 of Austro-Silesian parentage, he early entered the monastery of Brünn. For eight years in the seclusion of his cloister garden he carried on with the common pea those original experiments which have since become so famous. He sent the results of his work to a former teacher, Karl Nägeli, of the University of Vienna, who somehow failed to see the significance of his old pupil's work. In 1866 Mendel's results appeared in Transactions of the Natural History Society of Brünn, in a brief paper of some forty pages. There they lay buried until rediscovered independently and almost simultaneously by three eminent botanists, de Vries of Holland, von Tschermak of Austria, and Correns of Germany.

Concerning Mendel, Castle has well said, "Mendel had an analytical mind of the first order which enabled him to plan and carry through successfully the most original and instructive series of studies in heredity ever executed." It is to this monk that the credit of founding the modern science of heredity belongs.

Mendel's method differed from that of earlier students of heredity in that he concentrated his attention upon the behavior of a single pair of alternative characters. Thus in one series of experiments he focused his attention on the transmission of the characters of tallness and dwarfness, neglecting in so far as these experiments were concerned any other characters in which the parent plants might differ from one another. He found that when peas of a tall variety are artificially crossed with those of a dwarf variety, all the resulting offspring are tall like the first parent. It made no difference which was the tall plant. Mendel called the char-

acter which became apparent in the hybrid offspring, the dominant character, and the latent character which receded from view, in this case dwarfness, the recessive.

Now when the hybrids were interbred, three kinds of offspring were produced and in fairly definite proportions, one-fourth were dwarfs and true breeding. The remaining three-fourths were tall and looked alike, though behaving differently in reproduction. One of the fourths was tall and true breeding, the other two-fourths were also tall but not true breeding. If interbred, they again produced the same ratio—25 per cent true breeding tall, 25 per cent true breeding dwarf, and 50 per cent tall but not true breeding.

This ratio 3:1 has become known as the Mendelian ratio or the law of Mendel, the essentials of which are that hereditary characters are usually independent units which segregate out upon crossing regardless of temporary dominance.

This law may be further illustrated by an experiment by W. E. Castle. If a black guinea pig of pure race be mated with a pure white one, the offspring will all be black, black being the dominant character and white the recessive. If two of the cross-bred black individuals be mated with each other, the recessive white character reappears on the average in one in four of the offspring.

Its reappearance in that particular portion of the offspring may be explained thus: The gametes which united in the original cross were one black and the other white in character. Both characters were then associated together in the offspring; but black from its nature dominated, white in this case being due merely to the lack of some constituent supplied by the black gamete. When the cross-bred black individuals on reaching maturity form gametes, the black and the white characters separate from each other and pass into different cells since the gametes are simplex.¹

¹ When a cell carries only one determiner for a character, as in the case of a sperm or of an unfertilized egg, the cell is said to be simplex.

Therefore, of the eggs formed by a female cross-bred black guinea pig one-half of them carry the hereditary substance for black and half of them the hereditary substance for white, the same being true of the sperms formed by the male cross-bred black. The combination of egg and sperm which would naturally be produced are, therefore, 1 B B : B W : 1 W W², or three combinations containing black to one containing only white, which is the ratio observed in Castle's experiment.

Now since the white individual contains only the white character, it must necessarily transmit only the white character and never the black. This has also been tested experimentally. If the white guinea pigs resulting from the experiment just described are mated with each other, the offspring will all be white. But the black individuals are of two sorts, B B and B W in character. The B B guinea pig is a true breeding black animal, but the B W is a hybrid and produces offspring according to the Mendelian ratio, 3 blacks : 1 white.

Morgan found another case where one of the contrasted characters is dominant as shown by the cross of *Drosophila* (the fruit fly), with vestigial wings to the wild type with long wings. The F₁ flies have long wings not differing from those of the wild fly, so far as can be observed. But when two such flies are inbred, there result three with long wings to one with vestigial wings, the long wing being the dominant character.

There are cases in which imperfect dominance occurs, and the Mendelian ratio, 1:2:1, is obtained. One of the best known examples of this is the beautiful Andalusian fowl. Poultry breeders know that these blue birds do not breed true, but produce white, black, and blue off-

² B B—true breeding black.
B. W—hybrid with black dominating white.
W W—true breeding white.

spring in the proportion of 1:2:1. The failure to produce a pure race of Andalusians is due to the fact that they are a hybrid type formed by the meeting of the white and black germ cells. If the whites produced by the Andalusians are bred to the blacks (both being pure strains), all the offspring will be blue; if these blues are inbred the offspring will be one white: 2 blues: 1 black.

Resembling the breeding of the blue Andalusian fowls is the breeding of English rabbits. When the standard bred English rabbits are mated together, they produce young of three sorts. About half the young are fairly good "standard" English, extensively marked with colored spots. About one-fourth are much whiter than the standard demands, their spots being fewer and smaller. The remaining fourth are without spots,—that is, self-colored.

Cases like these show that a character may be extracted in a pure state from a hybrid even when it is completely masked by a dominant. Thus Mendelism enables the experimenters to test the hereditary constitution of living organisms, and it also enables breeders to eliminate undesirable characters from a chosen race and even bring in new ones extracted from many sources.

In reducing any body of facts to a science it is first necessary to determine the underlying units of which the facts are composed. There was no histology until the cell theory brought forward "cells" as the units of tissues. Neither could there be a science of genetics until the conception was developed that the individual is a bundle of unit characters rather than a unit in itself. So now we speak of heredity in terms of unit characters rather than of the individual whole.

A species consists of "subsidiary groups of individuals," which groups differ from each other in average size, structure, color, and other unit-characters, which in heredity are supposed to be unchangeable. The progeny of individuals

belonging to one such group constitute, what is known as the "pure line."

A question which is arousing keen interest among the scientists of today is: Is selection within a pure line effective? At once Johannsen and Morgan would answer most emphatically, "No." Castle, on the other hand, contends that selection within a pure line is effective. The momentous importance of this question is self-evident. Darwin firmly believed that the characters of organisms can be modified by selection, and he made this the foundation stone of the theory of evolution.

Johannsen, the distinguished Danish botanist, experimenting with beans, separated the progeny of 19 single beans, which, being self-fertilized, each constituted a single hereditary line. Johannsen found that the progeny of each of these pure lines of beans varied around its own mean, which was different in each of the nineteen cases. When he selected and bred from the extremes of a line, the offspring were not extremes like their parents but reverted back to the type of the entire pure line from which they were selected. Thus from the results of Johannsen's experiments selection within a pure line is without effect.

Jennings in his work on the protozoan *Paramecium* arrived at the same conclusion as Johannsen. He found that *paramecia* differ from each other in size, structure, physical character, and rate of multiplication, and these differences, in an hereditary sense, are "as rigid as iron." According to Ackhert, in 1908 Jennings reported on the effect of selection in *Paramecia* as follows:

"Thus we come uniformly to the result in all our experiments that selection has no effect within a pure line (progeny of a single individual); the size is determined by the line to which the animals belong, and individual variations among the parents have no effect on the progeny."

An experiment similar to Jennings' was carried out by James E. Ackert in which he came to the conclusion that variations in size in *Paramecia* were due to the environment and to growth. In these experiments in which nearly six thousand animals were measured, the results indicate that selection within the progeny of a single *Paramecium* is without effect.

"Even when one of the animals selected was twice as long as the other, diverse groups failed to develop, each of the grounds under comparison either having the same mean lengths, or the progeny of the longest *Paramecium* having the smallest mean length."

Ackert, like Jennings, was careful to eliminate every possible source of error from his experiment, special care being taken to keep fresh culture media and to keep the cultures from getting mixed. The abundance of these animals and the rapidity with which they multiply make them good subjects for study.

That the experiments just mentioned are important is not to be denied. But they all give negative results. Even though the men who have performed these experiments are authorities on the subject of heredity, "authority does not count in science. Majorities do not decide what is true."

According to Morgan, selection has not produced anything new, but only more of certain kinds of individuals. But "Evolution, however, means producing new things, not more of what already exists."

Yet there are a few men who do believe that selection within a pure line is effective and that selection can produce something new. Most prominent among these is W. E. Castle. In his paper on "The Inconstancy of Unit-Characters," Castle says:

"For several years I have been engaged in attempts to

modify unit-characters of various sorts by selection, and in every case I have met with success."

Castle has worked extensively with a variety of hooded rat which shows a particular black and white coat-pattern. This pattern has been found to behave as a simple Mendelian unit-character alternative to the self-condition of all black or of wild gray rats, by the independent investigations of Doncaster, MacCurdy, and Castle. The pigmentation, however, in the most carefully selected race fluctuates in extent precisely as it does in Holstein or in Dutch Belted cattle.

Castle had made selections through twelve successive generations without a single out-cross. In one series selection has been made for an increase in the extent of the pigmented areas; in the other series the attempt has been made to decrease the pigmented areas. The result is that the average pigmentation steadily decreased in one and increased in the other series.

"With each selection the amount of regression has grown less, i. e., the effects of selection have become more permanent; advance in the upper limit of variation has been attended by a like recession of the lower limit; the total range of variation has, therefore, not been materially affected, but a progressive change has been made in the mode about which variation takes place."

In these experiments the series of animals studied includes more than 10,000 individuals. The character studied is one that is possessed by both sexes; it is fully developed within a week after birth, therefore not affected by growth or environment. The variation in each generation can be ascertained with completeness and accuracy. "On the completeness of one's knowledge of the character and extent of variation depends one's ability to take advantage of that variation by systematic selection."

Sometimes the choice of material is largely responsible

for one's success or failure. To test a theory the material chosen must be suited to the purpose, and there must be an abundance of material. In one of Castle's experiments on rats 33,249 rats were observed, offering selection through seventeen generations.

Since working on *Paramecium*, Jennings has carried out a series of very interesting experiments with *Diffugia*. These experiments are of special interest, for, as will be remembered, Jennings formerly held the view that selection within a pure line was not effective. But the results of his experiments in *diffugia* have caused a change of opinion.

The *Diffugia*, a protozoan which secretes a shell about itself, is admirably adapted for selection, for it multiplies vegetatively, has definite structural characters that can be counted and measured, these characters being unchanged by growth; unaffected by the environment during the life of the individual; heritable and yet variable. After experimenting with this protozoan for a time, he arrived at the conclusion that selection within a pure line is effective—a conclusion just opposite to the one reached from his experiments on *Paramecia*.

Producing something new by selection is, at its best, a very slow and tedious process. Yet Castle in his experiments undoubtedly produced something new when he bred a race of polydactylous guinea pigs. A polydactylous race of guinea pigs was unknown until Castle created one by selection from among the descendants of a single abnormal individual which had a rudimentary fourth-toe on one hind foot. For several generations in succession those individuals were selected for parents which had the best developed extra toe, and thus was obtained a good 4-toed race.

If selection does not produce changes within a pure line, how do these changes occur, for it is quite evident that they

do occur. Some have attributed these changes to the appearance of so-called mutations.

The mutation theory is the life work of Hugo de Vries, of Holland, who worked in silence for twenty years before he gave to the world the theory which has made him famous. A mutation, or sport as it is sometimes called, is something qualitatively new that appears abruptly without transitions and which breeds true from the very first, such for instance, as a white English sparrow, which has been noted by numerous observers.

Another instance of a mutation is that of a New England sheep. In 1791 a farmer found in his flock of sheep a male lamb, with a long, sagging back and short, bent legs—somewhat like a German dachshund. This farmer thought it would be much easier to get together a flock of short, bow-legged sheep which could jump only very low fences, than to work hard at building high fences. Therefore this mutating lamb became the ancestor of the Ancon breed of sheep.

This theory of mutations became very popular for a time. The fact that mutants breed true from the very beginning furnished a basis for the view that new species are produced all at once by the sudden appearance of "full-fledged new characters which sharply distinguish them from the parent species."

But the very fact that mutants appear as fully developed characters and breed true from the very beginning lead to the supposition that they are only the result of hybridization. The English geneticist, Bateson, suggested that Lamarck's evening primrose was a hybrid. Many experiments have now been performed with so-called mutants to determine whether they are hybrids.

Probably the most important of these experiments is that of Davis, Professor of Botany at Pennsylvania, who tried by crossing to produce a complex type which in reproduction

would behave like Lamarck's evening primrose. He did succeed in producing fairly constant hybrid races which sometimes throw off mutants much as does de Vries' example.

Jeffrey, of the Harvard Botanical Laboratory, has also made very important investigations to determine whether Lamarck's primroses are hybrids. Jeffrey maintains that "the group as a whole is much contaminated by hybridization and that no such important theory as mutation should rest upon so dubious a foundation."

Since the tendency of recent investigations is to deprive the mutation theory of any real significance in the study of heredity or evolution, the attention of scientists is turned to the question of acquired characters.

Whether acquired characters are inherited or not constitutes for biologists a seemingly eternal question. It is also of vital interest to the layman as well as to the scientist—to the breeder who is trying to improve a particular strain of animals; to the physician who is seeking to "substitute an ounce of prevention for a pound of cure"; to the sociologist who wants to better permanently human conditions; to the parent who hopes that his own efforts may give his children a better biological start in life; all these ask: Can acquired characters be inherited?

One point greatly discussed is the heritability of mutilations. On every side of us there is evidence for the negative side of this question. For centuries the feet of Chinese women have been mutilated by bandaging, but this deformity has not become an acquired character. Dogs that had had their ears trimmed produce never young having the parental deformity. Weismann's classic experiment with mice is additional evidence upon this same point.

Weismann bred mice whose tails had been cut off short at birth. He continued cutting off tails through twenty-two

generations with absolutely no effect on the tail length of the new-born mice.

With regard to mutilations Conklin has very aptly said, "Wooden legs are not inherited, but wooden heads are."

W. E. Castle has made some very beautiful experiments in the hope of solving the problem of the heritability of acquired characters.

A female albino guinea pig just attaining sexual maturity had her ovaries removed by an operation and for them were substituted the ovaries of a young black guinea pig not yet sexually mature, just about three weeks old. The grafted animal was now mated with a male albino guinea pig. Normal albinos mated together, without exception, produce only albino young, and the presumption is strong, therefore, that had this female not been operated upon, she would have done the same.

She produced, however, the albino male three litters of young, all black. The first litter of young was produced about six months after the operation, the last one about a year. The transplanted ovarian tissue must have remained in its new environment from four to ten months before the eggs attained full growth, ample time, it would seem, for the influence of a foreign body upon the inheritance to show itself were such influence possible.

The germ substance is usually early set apart in the development of each animal from egg to adult. Weismann contended that once so set apart, the germ cells could not be influenced by the tissue cells, a thing which must happen if a character impressed upon the body cells is to become hereditary.

Rignano cites an instance of an acquired character brought forward by Spencer: It is that of the Punjabi of India, who have certain muscle imprints on the bones of the leg and certain facets in the articulations of the hip, knee,

and foot, which are produced by their habit of squatting upon the ground. These peculiarities are hereditary as is demonstrated by the fact that they show themselves even in the foetus.

Weismann attempts to demonstrate that they are only the continuation in man of certain peculiarities in the articulations of Antropoid apes which natural selection had already fixed in ancient times because they were useful then.

But, still, Weismann does not explain why these peculiarities are found only in the Punjabi, who are also the only ones of all the tribes of the same family who are accustomed to squat in this way.

It seems natural to expect any acquired character which affects the germ plasm to be inherited. Stockard and Papanicolaou performed beautiful experiments on the guinea pig while studying the heredity transmission of degeneracy and deformities, by the descendants of alcoholized guinea pigs.

The experiments have now been continued for more than five years, and a number of animals have been used, over seven hundred, which cover the behavior of four generations and supply data of sufficient extent to allow a very thorough analytical consideration of the heredity problem concerned.

Experiments of this nature are rather difficult on account of the slowness of breeding, small size of litters, and difficulty of handling. Yet such material offers one very great advantage in that the quality of the offspring and generation studied is of such a complex nature that one is enabled to detect indications of rather slight injuries or changes in the material carriers of heredity which would not become evident on lower forms with less diversity in their methods of behavior and structural appearance. The method of this experiment was to subject the guinea pigs to the fumes of alcohol and then breed them. Two entirely different

stocks from different sources were obtained one and one-half years apart. The response of the two stocks to the experimental treatment has been identical. Every animal was tested by one or more normal matings before being introduced into the experiment, and only those producing strong, vigorous, offspring were used. There was also a constant mating of normal untreated animals of both stocks under identical cage conditions with the experimental animals.

The treated animals are little changed or injured so far as their behavior or structure goes. But the effects are most emphatically shown by the type of offspring to which the treated animals give rise, whether they be mated together or with normal individuals. A further significance of the nature of the effects is indicated by the quality of the subsequent generations descended from such an ancestry.

The table shows the records of 571 matings which which produced 682 full-term young and 189 early abortions or negative results. These numbers are now of considerable magnitude in spite of the fact that the experiment is conducted on mammals which produce only small litters and breed slowly as compared with lower animal forms.

In the first horizontal line the record of pairing alcoholized male guinea pigs with normal females is given. This combination could produce defective or subnormal young only as a result of the injured male germ cells, since the ova are normal and develop in a normal untreated mother. This, then, is a definite test of the influence of the alcohol treatment on the germ cells.

Almost all of the offspring were very excitable, nervous animals, and three of them showed gross deformities of the eyes, though no such conditions were found among any of the offspring of normal animals bred under the same conditions.

The second horizontal line of the table shows the result

TABLE SHOWING THE RESULTS OF THE ALCOHOL TREATMENT ON GUINEA PIGS

Condition of the Animals	Number of Matings	Negative Result of Early Abortion	Stillborn Litters	No. of Stillborn Young	Living Litters	Young Dying Soon After Birth	Total Dead	Surviving Young
Alcoholic ♂ × norm. ♀	90	37	10	20	43	35, 1 c.e.	55	47, 2 e.e.
Norm. ♂ × alcoholic ♀	33	7	4	12	22	23	35	21
Alcoholic ♂ × alcoholic ♀	41	20	4	8	17	12	20	14
Summary	164	64	18	40	82	70	110	82
Control norm. ♂ × norm. ♀	90	22	2	8	66	19	27	99
♀ treated during pregnancy	4	0	0	0	4	1	1	7
Second generation × norm.	46	10	3	8, 6 e.e.	33	29, 2 par.	37	25, 3 c.e.
Second gener. × alcoholic	53	16	8	17, 1 d.e.	29	22, 3 d.e.	39	28
Second gener. × second gener.	95	29	7	16	59	43, 2 par., 6 d.e.	59	52, 3 d.e., 1 one
Third gener. × third gener.	48	20	7	14, 1 d. legs	21	19, 1 par., 6 d.e., 2 eyeless	33	13 e, 1 eyeless
Third gener. × second gener.	33	15	4	8	14	16, 1 par., 1 e.e.	24	7
Third gener. × normal	17	3	4	8	10	5	13	7
Third gener. × alcoholic	3	1	0	0	2	2	2	1
2nd, 3d gener. × 2nd, 3d gener.	18	9	2	6	7	6	12	4

FIGURE 8—FROM STOCKARD

when alcoholic female guinea pigs are paired with normal males.

In this case there is a double chance to injure the offspring; first, through the influence of the treatment on the oocytes or the unfertilized ovarian egg, a direct effect on the germ cells comparable to the injury of the germ cells in the case of the treated male cells; second, the developing embryo in the uterus of an alcoholized female may be directly affected by the strange substances contained in the blood and body fluids of the mother. Thus a defective individual may be produced as a result of development in an unfavorable environment or as a result of being derived from an injured or defective egg cell.

But further results show that treatment during pregnancy does not have any affect on the developing embryo. As is shown by the sixth line, four normal females were mated and then treated with alcohol throughout their periods of pregnancy. Yet from the records it is seen that such a treatment was not at all injurious in these particular cases. It actually happened that some of these young were unusually vigorous. It is true that the numbers are small, but this is a direct test, and if such treatment were really decidedly effective in its action on the developing embryo, these eight young animals should have at least shown some response.

The third horizontal line indicates results obtained when alcoholized males are paired with alcoholized females. Here there is every chance for the treatment to show its effect.

The fifth line shows the outcome of ninety control matings which have been scattered through the entire progress of the experiment under exactly the same conditions and from the same animal stocks as the experimental mating. In not one instance do the surviving offspring show an indication

of nervous degeneracy or any type of recognizable structural deformity.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth lines give data resulting from the matings in various combinations of the F_1 animals,³ that is, offspring from alcoholic parentage, but which are not themselves treated with alcohol. Sometimes a fourth generation is obtained in the experiment, but at this stage of the experiment the alcoholic race dies out, though the normal control lines from the original stocks have passed far beyond this generation, continuing to breed normally and showing no signs of degeneracy, and never in any case giving rise to a grossly deformed animal.

The last line of the table gives the records of mixed combinations of F_1 and F_2 individuals. Here the data are closely similar to those obtained from other combinations of these animals; only about 25 per cent of the full-term young born are capable of surviving, while 78.5 per cent of the control young are living.

The defects caused by the alcohol treatment seem to be largely confined to the central nervous system and organs of special sense. Paralysis agitans is very common among the F_1 , F_2 , F_3 animals. Paralyzed limbs are often observed, the animals being unable to stand or walk. The eye is also peculiarly sensitive indicator.

These experiments have demonstrated pretty clearly that parental germ cells may be so modified by chemical treatment that they are rendered incapable of giving rise to a perfectly normal offspring. The parents themselves are practically unaffected by the treatment. But the F_1 generation shows marked effects from the treatment, and these F_1 animals, though themselves not treated, had the power to transmit the defective conditions to their offspring, and such F_2 young were equally if not more defective than the immediate off-

³ F_1 generation—first generation resulting from a cross.

spring of the treated animals, while the few F_3 individuals which have survived are generally weak and in many instances appear to be quite sterile even though paired with vigorous, prolific, normal mates.

It seems that this degeneracy might be justly called an acquired character. It is true that it is a defective condition that is inherited in this case, but would not the shortened tails of Weismann's rats have been a defective condition if they had been inherited? It likewise seems that no acquired characters can be inherited that does not affect the germ plasm. In this case the acquired character affects the germ plasm and, consequently, is inherited.

An evolutionary progress has been made in the world. Darwin brought this fact out very clearly in his *Origin of Species*. The theory that he advanced for his progress was that a new species was formed by the selection of infinitesimally small variations, a process which he termed natural selection. Sometimes there occurred large variations, or sports as they were called, but Darwin did not consider these of much importance. It was only the small variations which could be changed by selection that he considered of importance in evolution.

Darwin did not have the modern methods of carrying out experiments. Mendel's law was unknown to him, and he was unable to test out his experiments with the accuracy of the modern investigation. He knew that a new species was formed by the summing up of minute variations, and that sometimes characters appeared which were not the result of selection yet he could not explain just how these changes took place.

About the time that the theory of evolution was generally accepted by scientists two theories were introduced which were in opposition to Darwin's theory. The first of these was the mutation theory presented to the world by de Vries,

and it seemed for a time that this theory would overthrow the Darwin theory. De Vries maintained that new species were produced, not by the selection of minute variations, but by the sudden appearance in an organism of full-fledged, true-breeding characters. This theory was very ably presented by de Vries, and brilliant experiments were performed by others in the support of it. Darwin had occasionally observed mutations, but he did not attach any particular importance to them.

The mutation theory was not destined to supplant the Darwinian theory. Bateson, Davis, and Jeffrey have offered experimental evidence from their extensive investigations which have shown that the mutation theory is of little significance in the theory of evolution. In fact, about the only true mutant which is found in any organism in which character has been lost as, for instance, in the albino guinea pig. But dropping out a character is not a step forward, but rather a step backward. Evolution must go forward always.

A second concept which for a time seemed to threaten the validity of Darwin's theory was that of the pure line. Believers in the pure line maintained that selection within a pure line was ineffective, that a variation could not be made to go farther than it had previously gone at some time in the history of that species; in other words a character was surrounded by a boundary line beyond which it could not go. Yet Castle has completely disproved the pure line theory, for in his experiments with the color pattern of rats, he has been able to select minute variations until he has so changed the pattern that a new species is produced.

Even Johannsen, the most noted of the pure line believers, has found instances in which a variation was inherited and did continue to change in some direction. Yet he would not admit that this was a variation which could be changed by selection, but called it a mutation. The pure

line theory is further weakened by the fact that one of its former followers, H. S. Jennings, has recently changed his opinion about the effectiveness of selection within a pure line.

The brilliant experiments which have been performed by Castle and others in disproving the pure line theory would not have been possible if it had not been for Mendel's law. Mendel's law does not in itself offer an explanation of the theory of evolution, but it does offer the investigator a tool with which to perform his difficult experiments. It is to the student of heredity what the microscope is to the botanist, what the atomic theory is to the chemist.

Another phase of the theory of evolution which has been attacked is the question of the inheritance of acquired characters or the affect of the environment upon the germ plasm. Darwin believed that somehow or other the environment did have some effect upon the germ plasm, but just how he could not tell.

Weismann and Castle, it would seem, have effectively proved that acquired characters can not be inherited. A weak point in Weismann's and Castle's experiments is that the acquired character does not affect the germ plasm. Castle's experiment, with the white guinea pig is really a remarkable piece of work, but when the ovary of the black guinea pig was grafted in the albino guinea pig, the eggs were already formed; therefore their heredity substance was not changed.

Stockard, on the other hand, did succeed in bringing about an environmental effect upon the germ plasm. Since in this case the acquired character did affect the germ plasm, the effect was transmitted to the next generation. This experiment is of infinite value because it shows that the environment can affect the germ plasm. It is true that the results obtained were all defects, but it is a great achievement to

prove that acquired characters can be inherited. With this knowledge at hand it will be possible to perform even greater experiments in the study of heredity.

Since the mutation and pure line theories are being discredited, and such splendid positive results in selection and acquired characters are being obtained, the Darwinian theory is being accepted with even greater assurance than ever before.

Song of Trinity

N. I. WHITE, '13

(TUNE—*Gaudeamus Igitur*)

Groves of oak and halls of learning,
Lanes of pleasance, fields of play—
Trinity, for you are burning
All of our loyal hopes to-day;
Trinity, for you are yearning
Hearts of deepest loyalty,
Hearts that beat for Trinity,
Hearts that beat for Trinity.

Lo, the air is full of motion;
Briny winds from off the sea
Bear the strong and deep devotion
Of thine absent sons to thee;
Mountain winds that seek the ocean
Swell the loyal symphony
Of our love for Trinity,
Of our love for Trinity.

Alma mater, proud defender
Of the right, unswerving, sure;
Make us firm against surrender
To the momentary lure;
Give us strength, O mother tender,
Give us strength that we may be
Worthy sons of Trinity,
Worthy sons of Trinity.

Caesar's Head--The Famous Rock and its Legend

EMID FLAH

Perhaps there is no surprise that tricky nature offers which brings to the traveller more thrilling pleasure than to come, unexpectedly, at the hour of sunrise, to the edge of that far-famed cliff in the Blue Ridge mountains, known as Caesar's Head, and there to watch the wondrous transformation effected by the magic fingers of the great King of Day, as they pin back the curtains of night and drive the ghostly shadows into the cavernous bowels of the hills.

Hoping to experience that rapt sensation, which had already been so vividly described to me by other visitors, I mounted early one morning in May, to the summit of the cliff. At first, I was unable to see the beautiful landscape of the valleys below, for as yet they were nestled in peaceful slumber beneath the fleecy canopy of clouds; but as the little glittering rays of sunshine succeeded in penetrating through that sea of cloud, innumerable islands became visible, appearing as an archipelago in the fog-formed Aegean, until finally, what was an all-pervading fog, now appeared as thousands of little shining seas running among the islands. It seemed that, by the wondrous vision, all the emotions of my mind and heart were awakened into songs of gladness and my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy. For a time all sense of location was eclipsed by the beauty of the panorama before me; but then, realizing that I stood on the crown of the rock, which because of its strange likeness to the human face, had by some chance become known as Caesar's Head, it occurred to me that neither Caesar in all his glory, nay, nor Solomon in all his wisdom, could ever have contrived such grandeur

as this, and I questioned, "Why, then, does it bear the name of that immortal citizen of Rome?"

While I was thus musing, my fancy was attracted by the strains of a melodious voice arising from one corner of the rock; and, upon turning my attention in that direction, I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd. He was, or seemed to be, an old man, indeed, but one made old by care and sorrow rather than by weight of years. When he had attracted my attention, he beckoned to me, and by a wave of his hand directed me to approach the place where he was sitting. Eagerly desiring further acquaintance with this mysterious stranger, yet being not so eager that I was unmindful of the reverence due a manifestly superior nature, I drew near to him. The mystery of his appearance awakened awe, but all my fears were readily dispelled by the affability of his gentle countenance, and the confusion which had marked my approach was immediately calmed when he said, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquy."

Gracefully gliding among the protruding crags, he conducted me into the "mouth" of this head-shaped mountain of rock and after allowing me only a few moments in which to recline in a comfortable position, he began.

"Return, kind friend, on the wings of your imagination back to the early days of Imperial Rome when that illustrious statesman, warrior, and consul, Gaius Julius Caesar, was at the zenith of his power and glory. So wonderful had been his achievements both in relieving the condition of anarchy into which Rome had been plunged by civil war and in establishing a stable centralized government, and so far-reaching was his popularity among both the nobility and the proletariat that envy and displeasure had been awakened in the hearts of a few who were equally ambitious but less talented. Blinded by a jealous impulse, these men formed a conspiracy and were joined by Marcus Brutus, a man whom

Caesar had considered a most intimate friend and upon whom he had conferred many honors and favors. Accordingly, these men gathered on an appointed day in the entrance hall of Pompey's theatre to give vent to their jealous passions, and at a given signal they rushed upon this defenseless favorite of the gods, each desiring to dip the dagger of hate into his blood. When Caesar beheld Brutus with upraised hand, he said, 'And thou too, Brutus?' and valiantly drawing his mantle close about him, he fell, but in a manner conformable to the dignity of so great a hero."

"And were the gods not angry with the sinful conspirators?" I asked.

"Yes. Many manifestations of their wrath became visible. The most remarkable instance was that in which the gods dispatched a spirit messenger to Brutus on the eve of the Battle of Philippi to reproach him for his connection with the assassination of Caesar. The phantom approached Brutus in the likeness of Caesar's spirit, and dispensing with all ceremony, he began, 'Brutus, I am the spirit of him whom thou hast lately deprived of life and by whose death thou has justly invoked the divine wrath of the gods against thee. Tomorrow thou shalt die, but the glory of dying in battle has been denied thee. By that perfidious hand with which thou hast consummated this dark deed thou shalt fall; even this, however, does not fulfill thy destiny. On a far distant land, yet unknown, the gods have erected a monument—yea, a worthy monument—environed by the most gorgeous splendor of nature, to the memory of their fallen hero. Beneath that memorial thou shall keep sentinel from day to day, from year to year through the subsequent centuries, until an opportunity is afforded thee of revealing to some generation of Caesar's race that it is the will of the gods that this shrine, enveloped in majestic splendor, shall receive honor through all time and live in the minds of the people

forever. This Brutus, is thy doom; until it is fulfilled thou shalt know no peace. With these words the spirit disappeared, and Brutus was made to realize that the evil we do, as well as the good, lives on and harasses our weary spirits until we have made restitution for the evil we have done.' ”

“History records that Brutus, perceiving that defeat was inevitable in the Battle of Phillippi, fell upon his own sword, but what evidence have we to confirm the fact that his spirit was condemned to its lonely watch until it should make known the will of the gods?” I asked.

“Our evidence establishes the truth: fourteen centuries sped their winged flight without offering an opportunity to this spirit to extricate itself from that celestial sentence of condemnation; when the fifteenth century dawned upon the stage of history, the long awaited opportunity arrived.

“Among the early settlers of the Carolinas there was a young Spanish nobleman, Cardenza da Alvarado, a man of great prowess and clear-visioned loyalty to his country, but because of circumstantial evidence he had been banished from his native land on the accusation of a crime of which he was entirely innocent. With heart torn by the sense of unjust punishment, he often grew reckless and undertook dangerous adventures to divert his thoughts and to win honor for his country, hoping that he might thus be restored to the favor of his king and be reinstated in his social position at home.

“This disposition influenced him to join an expedition which proposed to explore the mountains now known as the Blue Ridge. In the course of their explorations they came upon a band of Indians who had taken refuge in these mountains. Maddened by the encroachments which they had lately suffered at the hands of the whites, the Indian warriors attacked the band, killing all but Cardenza, whose momentary ‘freedom’ was procured by the intercessions of a

beautiful Indian maiden, Moneta, who, because of her godly talents, was considered a favorite of the Great Spirit and who was respected and revered by each member of the tribe.

“Cardenza’s ‘freedom’ extended through two days, a period characterized by the most bitter agony that suspense could produce. The only condition that encouraged him to keep up the fight for life was the sweet converse which he held with Moneta through kind and loving looks, for he knew not the language in which she spoke. She displayed her affection for him in many little deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness for his comfort. Why wonder, then, that into the nobleman’s heart there crept a deep gratitude, followed by love? Inspired by his responsiveness to her love, Moneta resolved to save his life at all hazards, for well she knew that on the morrow her cruel people intended singing and dancing their war songs around his burning body.

“Unconscious of the dreadful sentence that had that day been passed upon him, Cardenza retired early in the evening and refreshing sleep was yielding the sweetest dreams of his fair Moneta, when he was suddenly awakened by a gentle touch upon his forehead. A shiver of dread ran through his body, for he thought it was the touch of one of the cruel Indians, but as he opened his eyes, he beheld the living image of Moneta, and grasping her little hand, he pressed it to his lips and kissed it passionately. She withdrew it immediately, and pointing to a sleeping guard, she drew a knife from her belt and cut the cords that held him in bondage. In a few moments he was free. Free! How sweet the thought! But was freedom possible in separation from his beloved Moneta? No. Never! He cast a searching glance into her face, so flushed with fears and apprehensions of their discovery, a look which betokened his unwillingness to separate from her and his desire that she accompany him; and with outstretched arms he implored her to flee with him.

Moneta understood; she was mindful of the premature death that awaited him at the dawn of the next day, of the strong bond of affection that bound them together, and the unhappiness of life were he absent from her. She allowed her head to fall upon his breast, a fact which signified her assent to his unspoken requests, and they rode off together on the horse which she had secured for his flight.

“Well knowing that a life far dearer to him than his own depended upon the success of their flight, Cardenza urged his steed forward, not with cruel lashes but with kind words. The animal seemed to understand what depended upon him, and he exerted every effort to comply to the earnest requests, dashing as one mad over hills, cross dales, and through dark forests. The difficulty which the hourse experienced in escaping the rocks that obstructed his progress gave rise to a spirit of anxiety in the breasts of the young lovers lest they be overtaken on their dash for freedom. As they thus continued forward, they were startled by a sudden rearing of their horse, and gazing intently ahead of them, they saw to their astonishment, a weird figure grasping the reins of the bridle with all his might. A few moments elapsed before Cardenza regained normal control of himself, when he asked, ‘Who are you, and what mission could have prompted you thus to halt my advance?’

“‘I am the spirit of Brutus,’ he replied, ‘and thou shalt hear my story.’ With these words he assisted them to dismount, and conducting them to a retreat near by, he began at once to relate the circumstances connected with his seclusion in this beautiful place. Upon completing the familiar story, he added, ‘Had your horse taken two steps forward he would have plunged you down an abyss fifteen hundred feet deep, a leap few lovers desire to take. Henceforth, to commemorate the manner in which I made known the will of the gods and thereby disengaged myself from the interdic-

tion placed upon me by them, this portion of the rock shall be known as Lovers' Leap, and because this shrine was erected in honor of Julius Caesar and because of its strange resemblance to a human head, it shall be known as Caesar's Head throughout the ages.'

"When the next day dawned upon these lovers—a day so different from the one which had awaited Cardenza upon his awakening at the camp of the Indians—they stood upon the brink of this renowned precipice and solemnly promised themselves to familiarize others with the 'will of the gods.'"

"And how does our evidence establish the truth of this legendary sojourn of the spirit of Brutus in the memorial erected by the gods?" I asked musingly.

"I am his spirit. Although I had thus rendered myself meritorious of entrance into the seat of the gods, yet not desiring to go there empty-handed and wishing to enjoy the beauty of the sublime scenery spread out as the garden of the Lord before this monument, I implored permission to remain here until all souls are required to ascend to their noble habitation."

Some Aspects of the Work at Camp Greene

W. K. CARR, EX-'18, *Sergeant, First Class, Q. M. C.*

Already rich in historical lore, Charlotte and Mecklenburg County in future years will look back with pride and satisfaction to the days when the soldier boys pitched their tents at Camp Greene. Camp Greene is so wide in area, and the immensity of the whole undertaking is so astounding that one hardly knows how to tell about it in a satisfactory manner. An automobile ride through the reservation is very unsatisfactory so far as actually seeing anything is concerned. Mile after mile are mess halls, nothing but mess halls it seems; until one gets the impression that the principle occupation of the soldiers must be that of eating? All of these structures are fashioned alike. It is an "inspiring" sight to see the boys lined up for "chow." The helpings are bountiful, but still some come back for "seconds." In real cold weather some of the men after getting their mess kits filled, beat a hasty retreat to their tents nearby, where the Sibley stove (shaped like an inverted ice cream cone), located exactly in the center of the tent, throws out a goodly supply of warmth. The tents which are floored, and boxed in to a height of 36 inches, are very snug and cozy. A bountiful supply of wood awaits all comers at the head of each company street. The American soldier, without a doubt, is the best fighter in the world. The good treatment which he receives at the hands of his government is largely responsible for his reputation. The Camp Greene boys are fast getting into shape to "go across," and then "over the top."

Like many things in civil life, the most important phase of camp life is the least spectacular. Feeding, clothing and equipping a division of troops is no small task. It is not

spectacular work but a difficult job of immense importance. This task falls to the Quartermaster Corps. The most important divisions of the Quartermaster Corps are: Subsistence, Property and Clothing, Forage and Fuel, Finance, and Transportation. At Camp Greene the offices of the officials who have these phases of the Quartermaster Corps work in hand are as busy as the Germans getting out of General Byng's way. Each department has its duties clearly defined. No one department intrudes on the duties of another. When the Regimental Supply Sergeant wants food for his men, he goes to the Subsistence Office and makes his needs known; if he has no transportation of his own and wants a truck to haul his supplies he looks up the Transportation officer. When the time comes for the men to get their pay, the company officials turn in their muster rolls to the lieutenant in charge of the Finance Branch. If the horses need hay or grain, or if the wood pile is getting low, the man in charge of Forage and Fuel is the man in demand. If the men need clothing, or if tents, wagons, cots, garbage cans, lanterns, field ranges, harnesses, brooms, etc., etc., are needed, the "Property and Clothing" office is the proper place to apply. And so it goes on—practically everything an army needs is furnished by the Quartermaster Corps. Just as in civil life one goes to the grocer, the hardware store, the clothing store, the fuel company, and buys what he needs, so in the army these various branches of the Quartermaster Corps take the place of the stores which supply the civil population. About the only difference is that Uncle Sam pays the bill. The Quartermaster Corps, the business end of the army, just as the fighting forces, is wonderfully systematized.

One of the most interesting phases of the Quartermaster Corps' work is that of feeding the troops. The amount of interest which this phase of the work creates is exceeded

only by the gigantic proportions of the task. Here at Camp Greene rations are issued to thousands of troops every week without unnecessary delay. A ration is "food for one man for one day." Each man has the same allowance, and since some eat more than others and since appetites vary from day to day, each man has the greatest plenty. The allowance however, is held in trust by the government. A soldier never sees the cash. If there is any discrepancy or surplus, it is carried over to the following month. Systematic and careful figuring assures a balanced account at the end of the ration month, which always falls on the twenty-fifth. A visit to the subsistence storerooms after a return from a trip over the camp where mess halls predominate will surely convince one that the most important part of a soldier life is "subsisting." These storerooms are filled to overflowing with good things to eat. Everything from the humble Irish potato to the sturdy sack of beans, and on up to the artistocratic flour sack, greets the eye. A step across the threshold of these places of pleasing anticipations immediately causes visions of steaming "spuds," tempting beans, and satisfying portions of army bread. Never a day passes but that a constant stream of wagons and motor trucks are gliding past the food warehouses to get their loads and then wend their way slowly to the camps where the precious burdens are turned into appetizing dishes for the men who are to fight our battles. The facilities at Camp Greene for furnishing food are complete. Three large storerooms, each one hundred feet wide and three hundred feet long are used for storage purposes. A sergeant is in charge of each one of these storerooms. And since they are conveniently situated both as regards the camp as a whole and as to each other, the food is issued with a minimum of delay and trouble. As each sergeant issues the articles needed from his storeroom, he places a check mark opposite the item issued and sends

the slip on to the next storeroom by a personal messenger, where the same process is gone through. The man who issues the last item returns it to the Quartermaster Sergeant at the point of origination, and here the items are abstracted and entered against the organization drawing the food. Abstracting consists only in making a record of each unit, one pound, one can, one bottle, according to the nature of the article. (Dry measure is not used, the pound is used instead.) The abstract sheet is used in taking inventory which is required once a month.

A successful undertaking requires co-operation and organization on the part of the participants. The success of Camp Greene is a splendid illustration of both organization and co-operation. The people of the city of Charlotte are working with authorized forces at the camp in making the soldiers' stay as pleasant as possible. The government regulations place no obstacles in the way of those who desire to give the men in camp harmless amusements and wholesome diversion. Every plan which tends to develop the soldier morally, physically, or mentally is encouraged. Foremost among the organized forces which are helping to give the soldiers a good time is the Young Men's Christian Association, or as the boys call it the "Y" or the "Y. M." To illustrate how the different factions have united for the good of the cause and to give a concrete example of the spirit of co-operation existing in our camps, one only has to visit Camp No. 1 at Camp Greene and there he sees the Knights of Columbus Hall, a Roman Catholic agent, standing within a few feet of the Y. M. C. A. building. Both are open to white or negro, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Romanist. The Y. M. C. A. is a powerful force for good in the camp. The secret of its success is found in the one sentence: "It gives the boys something to do." Practically every personal letter mailed at camp bears the red triangle. Letter writing is

a splendid way to help keep one straight; because when one sits down to write and tell about his daily life, he mentally takes stock of himself. The Camp Greene Y. M. C. A. huts offer free writing material to all comers. In addition to the wholesome surrounding of the Y. M. C. A. buildings themselves which are equipped with pianos, moving picture machines, Victrolas, telephones and a profuse supply of periodicals, there are trained officials of this organization who are the leaders in all kinds of outdoor sports, games, and entertainments. Just as the policy of the government is to hold back the troops from active service until they are thoroughly trained, so in the Y. M. C. A. each man in charge of some particular phase is a trained man, a specialist in his line of work. The religious phase of the Y. M. C. A. work in camp is carried on in a quiet, unassuming but thorough way. Religious bigotry, or narrow-minded intolerance, finds no place in our democratic army. The association takes it for granted that a soldier is a man capable of having convictions and manly will power. To direct his line of thought in wholesome channels, to surround him with the "home touches," and to help and encourage him to "hold fast to that which is good" is the mission of the Y. M. C. A.

The mothers and fathers who have sons at Camp Greene need have no fear that they are not receiving the best of treatment. The people of Charlotte, located just a few miles away, appreciate and are taking advantage of the privilege which is theirs. Their homes are open to the boys who "hold the destiny of the world in their grasp." Nothing is too good for these noble sons of America who in their fight for all that is right and sacred to the hearts of men will be willing and ready to make the supreme sacrifice. Camp Greene is an ideal place for the training of the best which America has to offer.

The Bells of Trinity

PLATO DURHAM

(TUNE—*Watch on the Rhine*)

When weary on the storm-swept hills
 I hush the climber's challenge song,
 And yearn toward the light that fills
 The lotus-blooming vales of Wrong,
 A warning song rings out to me—
 The deep, stern bells of Trinity.

When bleeding on the battlefield
 Where Right's uplifting banners go,
 My coward soul would cry, "I yield,"
 And bend before the ancient foe,
 A bugle song enheartens me—
 The clear, brave bells of Trinity.

When standing where the bravest die
 And scorning Falsehood's hissing whips,
 I dare to own my soul and cry
 The truth' e'en though with bleeding lips,
 A song of triumph rings to me—
 The proud, free bells of Trinity.

When kneeling desolate and lone
 Within the ancient garden dim,
 I pay the price, to them unknown
 Who have not dared to watch with him,
 A benediction breathes to me—
 The sweet, brave bells of Trinity.

When far my pathway lies along
 The moorland of the after years.
When life sings low her evensong,
 And all the west a glory wears,
Then ring your vesper song to me,
 Oh sunset bells of Trinity.

The History of the Dividing Line

P. MAC ROBERTS

Since we Americans are very proud of our forefathers, it is often refreshing to study them at close range. Especially is this true when the picture is drawn for us by a participant in the events chronicled. It is for this reason that the charming story of *The History of the Dividing Line*, by Colonel William Byrd, is of interest today. This work is an account, or diary, of the expedition which in 1728 ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. It must be taken as authority for the journey, because it is written by one of the commissioners who actually took part in running the line.

As a production of literature, Colonel Byrd's history is indeed interesting. It is a diary, and as such is written in a peculiar, though not altogether unpleasant style. It is a chronological account of the adventures of the party which ran the line, but the monotony is broken by the dashing, witty style in which it is written. There is many a digression as a result of the writer's attempt to relieve the dryness of a diary. These show us that Col. Byrd is a good storyteller and that he likes to tell a tale no matter if it be impossible. For instance, he says in speaking of the inhabitants of the lands near the Dismal Swamp:

"He told us a Canterbury tale of a North Briton, whose curiosity spurred him a long way into this desert, as he calls it, near twenty years ago, but he having no compass, nor seeing the sun for several days together, wandered about till he was almost famished; but at last he bethought himself of a secret his countrymen made use of to pilot themselves in a dark day. He took a fat louse out of his collar, and exposed it to the open day on a piece of white paper, which he

brought with him for his journal. The poor insect, having no eyelids, turned himself about till he found the darkest part of the heavens, and so made the best of his way to the north. By this direction he steered himself safe out, and gave such a frightful account of the monsters he saw, and the distresses he underwent that no mortal since has been hardy enough to go upon the like dangerous discovery."

Such digressions as this revive our flagging interest and keep our attention. Plainly, this story was written for the author's own personal pleasure and that of his family, or he would never have been so informal in his treatment of the journey. Its freedom from restraint and the carelessness in mode of expression are due to the fact that he did not write for a critical public. This work is made all the more valuable because of its free and easy style, and interests us when a more formal work written for our applause would never do so.

Then, too, the story has an element of adventure in it which makes it as fascinating as any of the cheaper modern works of this kind and is far more instructive. We wonder what difficulties the party will encounter next, how they will overcome these, and what the outcome of the whole will be. But the story has the added interest of being true. It differs in this respect from the common adventure story, which has little or no foundation of truth.

But the work has a far greater interest than as a story of adventure. Coming at a time when the efforts of the colonies were directed toward establishing permanent governments, it proves that the art of *belles lettres* was not wholly forgotten. If men could turn from the controversial works of the great theologians of the day to write an amusing story of a surveying party, there was hope for the future. This work shows that men *could* write American literature which would be worth reading. It makes clear to us that there is

ahead a literature which shall be distinctly American in spirit and tone. Bronson in his *American Literature* expresses this idea in these words:

“Here and elsewhere Byrd has a lightness of touch, a gayety, a lively fancy, a sparkling wit, a dash and gusto which make his pages delightful reading. They show the literary polish of the England of Addison and Pope; but they show something more. In Col. Byrd the Virginian aristocracy of the earlier day came to full flower; and his writings contain the very essence of that careless, sunny, free-limbed life of the English cavalier transplanted to the fresher air and wider spaces of the New World.”

But the work has a value apart from its literary merit in that it is worth preserving as history. It records the division of the two colonies of North Carolina and Virginia and the definite establishment of authority over hitherto disputed territory. It tells exactly why such and such land came to be in North Carolina or Virginia, and can be used as proof of the authority of these states over the land claimed by them in this section.

Besides this feature, it is an interesting commentary on the life and customs of the people of that day. The book has a brief summary of all the habits of the people bordering the line, of their hospitality, of their hopes and aspirations, of their attitude toward government, education, and religion,—in short, of their whole life. It is true, however, that Colonel Byrd is writing from the point of view of a Virginian and is liable to exaggerate the faults of North Carolinians. In fact, he often speaks of them in a sarcastic manner. Especially is this true when he is writing of their lack of industrious habits. For instance, in describing the inhabitants of the region near the Dismal Swamp, he says:

“The men, for their parts, just like the Indians, impose all the work upon the poor women. They make their wives

rise out of their beds early in the morning, at the same time that they lie and snore, till the sun has risen one-third of his course and dispersed all the unwholesome damps. Then, after stretching and yawning for half an hour, they light their pipes, and, under the protection of a cloud of smoke, venture out into the open air; though if it happens to be never so little cold, they quickly return shivering into the chimney corner. When the weather is mild, they stand leaning with both their arms upon the corn-field fence, and gravely consider whether they had best go and take a small heat at the hoe; but generally find reasons to put it off till another time. Thus they loiter away their lives, like Solomon's sluggard, with their arms crossed, and at the winding up of the year have scarcely bread to eat. To speak the truth, it is a thorough aversion to labor that makes people file off to North Carolina, where plenty and a warm sun confirm them in their disposition to laziness for their whole lives."

Concerning their opinion of governors, Colonel Byrd said:

"They are rarely guilty of flattering or making any court to their governors, but treat them with all the excesses of freedom and familiarity. They are of the opinion their rulers would be apt to grow insolent, if they grew rich, and for that reason, take care to keep them poorer, and more dependent, if possible, than the saints in New England use to do their governors."

In respect to their religion he is especially sarcastic. For instance, he reports that "We passed by no less than two Quaker meeting houses, one of which had an awkward ornament on the west end of it, that seemed to ape a steeple. I must own I expected no such piece of foppery from a sect of so much outside simplicity. That persuasion prevails

much in the lower end of the Nansemond county, for want of ministers to pilot the people a decenter way to heaven."

And again he remarks in regard to religion:

"In these sad circumstances, the kindest thing we could do for our suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain, for his part, did his office, and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland."

Although in general his story his true, yet in details he often makes slips as in the instance above and in his description of Edenton. Here he declares that:

"I believe this is the only metropolis in the Christian or Mohameton world, where there is neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue, or any other place of public worship of any sect or religion whatsoever. What little devotion there may happen to be is much more private than their vices. The people seem easy without a minister, as long as they are exempted from paying him. Sometimes the Society for Propagating the Gospel has had the charity to send over missionaries to this country; but unfortunately the priest has been too lewd for the people, or, which often happens, they too lewd for the priest. For these reasons these reverend gentlemen have always left their flocks as arrant heathen as they found them."

No doubt in these and other instances, Colonel Byrd intends to make a humorous overstatement of facts for the amusement afforded thereby. Surely he could not have sincerely believed those sentiments quoted above.

As natural history also, Colonel Byrd's work is of great importance. A briefer and yet more comprehensive description of the flora and fauna of any region could hardly be imagined. From his account we know all about the na-

ture of the soil, the waterways, and vegetation, and the animals of the region traversed. The completeness of his account is astonishing because of its briefness. In a few sentences he sketches what others could never have told in volumes. If the work had no literary merit whatever, it would still be of some worth because of this feature. But it does have literary value as the earliest of American productions distinctively American, and as such deserves to be remembered.

Editorials

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

Christmas with all of its sacred memories is here with us again. But how different a Christmas it is from that of last year. Let us take a brief resume. The happy Trinity family was yet unbroken. We went about our daily tasks in our accustomed way. But this year it is different. Far from us was the thought that this Christmas would find some of our number on the bloody battle fields of Europe. What does it all mean? Is the world mad? Are the boys in the trenches fittingly celebrating this the happiest of all occasions? We celebrate Christmas day because that was the day the Saviour of the world was born. It is a day of happiness that marks the salvation of the world. It is a time when there should be "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Does it seem right, then, for us to be engaged in so bloody a conflict at a time like this?

The answer comes back a thousand times "Yes." Christ died that men might be free. We are fighting for liberty, for the freedom of the world, and in order that all of those high and finer feelings of emotion and sentiment of life may be preserved to us untarnished; for if we do not come out victors, the world will be thrust into bondage, the darkness of which is blacker than the bottomless pits of hell. Christ brought peace to the world. We are fighting for peace, perpetual peace. We are struggling that peace may ever reign supreme.

So those of our family who are serving the cause have our best wishes. We are thinking about them on this occasion; we know that they are fighting for the very thing that Christmas symbolizes; and we extend to them the true Christmas greetings.

THE CO-ED'S PART

For many years Trinity College has been styled a co-educational institution. But heretofore this has been the case only in a limited sense. It is true that the student-body has been composed of both sexes, but the male has been greatly in the majority and consequently has played the leading role in all college activities.

This year, however, has marked the dawn of a new era in the woman's realm at Trinity. She has awakened, as it were, to her opportunities. This has been evidenced in the first place by the organization of the Young Women's Christian Association. Formerly the young women did not participate in the religious life of the College at all. Occasionally they would attend the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, but here they felt out of place and hence they did not often attend the meetings. They have long felt the need of some medium that would afford a more intimate religious association and this feeling has wisely culminated in the organization of the Y. W. C. A. The meetings are held at the Woman's Building and already the success of the movement is assured.

Another stride toward progress that has been launched by the co-eds this year is that of regular attendance at the gymnasium. It is a lamentable fact that up to this time the women of the College have had practically no opportunity to take physical culture. It is true that last year a sort of gymnasium was made out of the attic at the Woman's Building, but on account of inferior equipment this proved totally inadequate. Now regular classes for the young women are held three times a week and the average attendance and the interest manifested has far exceeded the hopes of even the most optimistic.

The co-eds have further evidenced their desire for active participation in college activities by challenging the Hes-

perian and Columbian literary societies to an inter-society debate. Although it has been found unwise to accept this challenge, yet the spirit which prompted this action should be commended. There is, in fact, no reason at all why the women should not take part in forensic contests with some woman's college.

So Trinity is becoming every day more and more a truly co-educational institution. The women are already represented on the various publications and now with the additional responsibilities which they have assumed they are an essential and more potent force in shaping the affairs of the College.

TRINITY SONGS

It is an undisputed fact that there is nothing that will give rise to feelings of patriotism and loyalty to one's alma mater more than the singing of college songs. For years some of the more aggressive members of the alumni have recognized Trinity's need for a collection of traditional college songs. In this issue there appears a song composed by Professor N. I. White, '13, Professor of English at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, now on leave of absence at Harvard University, and also one by Dr. Plato Durham, '95, of Emory University.

The importance of a collection of college songs for Trinity cannot be better emphasized than by quoting the following from a recent letter from Professor White to Dr. Few.

"The present letter gives me an opportunity of mentioning that I have never forgotten our conversation of the spring of 1914, during which you asked me to work on a college song for Trinity. I have been thinking about the matter at various times ever since. The tune is of course the biggest point to be considered, and it was that that gave me most difficulty. It seems to me that Trinity is badly in

need of several tunes, one or two of the more rollicking type (e. g., *Here's to Good Old Yale*, *The Son of a Gambolier*, etc.), and one or two of the serious, impressive kind (e. g., *Fair Harvard*, *Carolina*, etc.). The latter is the more important and the one on which I have put more thought. Between good tunes that were difficult for congregational singing and good tunes that were too familiar ever to bear an exclusively Trinity association, I have found the tune question quite a difficult one. At length I have hit upon two tunes that seem to me to combine impressiveness, simplicity and ease with sufficient unfamiliarity to allow of their becoming in time an exclusive expression of Trinity spirit. I am fairly sure about the first, at least, but the second may be just a little too well known. The tunes are those of the old songs *Gaudeamus Igitur* and *Integer Vitae*. I have composed three stanzas to the *Gaudeamus Igitur* tune. The whole question is a difficult one, but one of tremendous importance to every college, it seems to me. Trinity needs a number of songs both light and grave. We need a Trinity song-book. Think of the "pep" that a rollicking song about Cap. Card's knot-hole home-run would infuse into a ball game or rally, and the impressiveness that a really Trinity song of the graver type would aid to the ceremony of lowering the flag. The launching of any song or group of songs would have to be rather carefully handled, perhaps a little artificial encouragement would be necessary at first, but once a body of real Trinity songs took root on the campus they would constitute a sentimental connection between college and alumni that could be created in no other way."

Of course the greatest difficulty lies in the selection of proper airs. Most of the songs that have been written up to this time have been composed of tunes that are too commonplace to give the songs a distinct individualistic Trinity atmosphere. What is needed are tunes that are fairly familiar

and easily sung but not too familiar to be associated with anything else than Trinity. The question of proper tunes is really equally or more important than that of the words. The words to *Old Nassau*, the Princeton song, which is one of the most popular college songs in the country, are not within themselves so extraordinary but it is the music to which they are set and the traditions with which they are connected that makes the song so dear to Princeton men.

The ARCHIVE is very much interested in this movement and earnestly solicits song contributions from students and alumni. Now especially is the time to compose the inevitable song. Trinity greatly needs a song-book similar to the *Harvard Song Book* or *Songs of Dartmouth College*. ✕ Many good Trinity songs have already been composed and reprints of these together with new ones have been printed in pamphlet forms on several commencement occasions. The movement was started by Dr. Few about ten years ago. Of course it is a matter that will require time to develop. ✕ It would be an excellent idea for the Glee Club or the College Band and Orchestra to take the question up and help make the tunes to the various songs familiar to the student body. Efforts are now being made to secure the music to *Gaudeamus Igitur*, the tune to which Professor White's song is composed. The ARCHIVE hopes to publish soon some songs of the more rollicking type also. Let's all work hard and contribute our part to the composition of a book of Trinity songs that will express the true Trinity spirit and will stand the test of time.

Wayside Wares

IN BEHALF OF THE "HOT WEENIE"

G. E. POWELL

It has been the custom of men from time immemorial to address mighty and high-sounding words of praise to particular persons and objects which have seemed worthy of such elaborate commemoration. Numerous and diversified are the themes upon which men have tried to mount to the lofty pinnacles of eloquence, but, strange to say, among this vast number does not appear that most delicious of all delicacies, that most nutritious of all nutriments, that most harmonious of all coglomerations—the "Hot Weenie."

How so noble a subject as this has so far been neglected by orators or why so glorious a thing as this has not long ago been adorned with the gorgeous phrases of modern vernacular is beyond my comprehension. Why, just think of it! Here we have in our midst the most miraculous invention ever conceived in the mind of mortal man, the most marvelous concoction ever produced by human ingenuity and its praises still unlauded, its glory still unproclaimed!

Can it be possible that man with his puny powers of perception has failed to appreciate the significance, the sublime qualities of this mysterious contrivance, termed by the vulgar—"Hot Dog?" I shudder at the thought! I ask you, is it not marvelous that so vast a number of such widely diversified substances can be so welded together as to form such a conglomerate harmonious whole? Picture in your mind cats, dogs, chips of wood, old punctured automobile tires, rats, banana peelings, little pieces of hog, donkey feet, goat tongues, old worn out rubber heels, et cetera (we will not go into detail), all thrown together in one great mass, so skillfully chopped up and seasoned with pepper, onions,

mustard, garlic, and so forth, that when it is all consummated in a nice little string of weenies, you have the most delectable, the most gratifying, the most satiating of all masticatable products. Yes, and if we only knew one-tenth of the various substances that go into the composition of one little weenie, ministers of the gospel, lawyers, statesmen, college professors, and all the rest of us would throw up our hands in awe-stricken, dumb-founded amazement and cry out—wonderful!

Why, then, have men not long ago exalted this most marvelous of creations upon a lofty throne of praise? Can it be that man in his littleness has classified the weenie as a thing too low and base to be recognized in the ranks of honor, or is it possible that in his lamentable blindness he has failed to realize the enormous part that this article of food is playing in the drama of life? Pray tell me what form of recreation could the cottonmill "tack" indulge in on Saturday night if the weenie shops were closed and he could not sit there with his pals, smelling the grease, the garlic, and the dish-water, listening to the sizzling of frying dogs, the stewing of little cats, the cussing of his comrades, bantering jokes with the Greek behind the counter. Or again, how could the big negro buck on the Liggett & Myers tobacco truck show his generosity and love for his Ethiopian sweetheart in the stemmery department if, at the lunch hour, he could not propose that they saunter down to Steve's to get a "Hot Dog."

Yes, indeed, it is as plain as freckles on a guinea egg that the weenie is playing a role in the world that can be performed by nothing else under the dazzling rays of the luminiferous sun. Why then, once more I ask, has man neglected to show the proper appreciation and to pay the befitting respect to so praiseworthy an object?

Can it be that man in his dulness and stupidity has

failed to see the romantic side of the "hot weenie" or to perceive the element of pathos so intimately associated with it? Surely his thickness has not reached such exorbitant proportions as this!

The other day, while passing Five Points, I happened to glance across the street and there my eyes beheld a pitiable scene indeed, one which caused my heart to palpitate with sympathy. A little poodle dog was standing there on the corner in front of the weenie shop, copiously weeping, and ever and anon he would lift his little head and glance appealingly up into the burly face of that savage looking Greek, who was bending over a pan, busily frying—ah, who knows?—maybe it was his little brother or possibly his parent or perhaps it was his own dear little playmate whom he loved with a true poodle's affection. What could be more romantic? What could express more forcibly the tone of true pathos than this? How, dear reader, would you like to see one of your cousins or one of your dear friends—but we will drop the comparison.

Oh yes, it is far too mild to say that man is committing the most deplorable blunder ever charged against him on the record of his existence when he refuses to realize that the "Hot Weenie" is the most miraculous concoction mortal man has ever contrived, when he fails to comprehend the glorious part this wonderful invention has in working out the destiny of the human race, and when he neglects to appreciate that romantic touch, that supreme element of pathos which pervades the "Hot Dog."

So let us brush the dusty cowbews from our sense of appreciation; let us trim our flickering lamps of intelligent perception; let us come and lay garlands of adoration at the feet of this, the greatest of all wonders; let us lift the weenie out of the sordid realm of the commonplace and place it upon the pinnacle of honor and admiration it so truly deserves!

CHAPEL

'ATETEEN

Time was when things were different. Even chapel was dull and monotonous. Seniors were permitted to attend only semi-occasionally. Just about two-thirds of the other students attended—by force of compulsion. The remainder seldom gave chapel a thought. Certain instructors, it was rumored, had missed once, yes, often twice, during the same month. Trusty monitors developed through practice into expert record keepers. Many were the summonses and responses from and to the Dean's office. All because chapel exercises were a bore. But few announcements of interest were made, the music was not above mediocre, and the singing amounted to nothing more than practice for the ministerial band. Unlike the gymnasium and other departments of the college, chapel was, supposedly, limited strictly to male attendance; although this rule similar to certain other ones, was occasionally breached by a few nervy co-eds. The young gentlemen merely dropped laggardly by on their return from breakfast. Their universal distaste was seen constantly from the stampede with which they egressed—sometimes, sad to state, ahead of the young women, if perchance any were present.

Time is when things are different. Upon the head of somebody praise should be bestowed lavishly. For who has not beheld the vast improvement? Every student is in his or her seat each morning; a golden record was made for the second month; less than half a dozen absences were recorded the third month. Wonderful! Perfectly marvelous! And why the change do you ask? Well, numerous factors have contributed: there is the five-minute general tete-a-tete held outside before the exercises begin; music with such charms as that made by a siren on an Aeolian lyre; chorus singing

that rivals that of any operetta of the season; the daily announcement of the theatre programs, of the various class games, and of other happenings of interest at home and abroad; then, too, there is the five-minute breezy, pungent sermonette upon pertinent and topical subjects. Do you wonder then that not a down-town co-ed has been late, that not a senior seat has been vacant, and that after dismissal the departing is with such reluctance that the young women *sometimes* precede the gentlemen in making their exit?

Exchanges

The editors of the *Hollins Magazine*, of Hollins College, deserve to be congratulated upon their November issue. The two stories are good, "Sentimental Fools" being perhaps the better of the two. This is a story of a western ranch girl who has her own ideas of humanity and justice. The manner in which she differentiates these ideas from her sympathy is the keynote of her character. Plenty of local color is distributed throughout the story. In "Tiaras and Traditions" the servant dialect of 'Cindy is fairly good, and the spinister Aunt Susan approaches a true to life character. In places, however, the story is too exact and mechanical; it is, nevertheless, interesting. The editorials of this magazine are pertinent, and show that the Hollins young women are practicing the true spirit of 1917.

The November *Tattler*, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, contains several contributions that may be given creditable mention. The account of observations at Chickamauga Park is interesting and very cleverly written. The plot of "When Love Goes to War" is rather typical of the usual soldier-nurse stories; that is, the reader is able almost constantly to divine what is to follow. Although originality is hard to reach in an article of this nature, the author succeeds fairly well in developing a vivid, well told story of the tender passion. "Names" has the common fault of too many college magazine stories—that of underdevelopment. The story would be much improved by enough additional development to make it more plausible and realistic. The other departments of the *Tattler* are not below an estimable standard.

To the *Transylvanian*: Your orations are splendid and well deserve publication. But why devote all space to ora-

tions to the exclusion of other matter? It makes your magazine less readable.

To the *Emory-Phoenix*: You truly have a commendable combination in the November issue. The poems, stories and essays are all very good, and plenty in number.

To the *Radiant*: We regret to see such a lack of contributions in your Thanksgiving issue. "It Was Ever Thus" is pretty good in technique. One or two essays in place of the various locals would give you a better balanced magazine.

The ARCHIVE wishes to acknowledge also the receipt of the following magazines:

Wofford College Journal.

The Acorn, Meredith College.

The Wake Forest Student.

State Normal Magazine.

The Roanoke Collegian, Roanoke College.

The Richmond College Messenger.

The Limestone Star, Limestone College.

Alumni Department

THE PRIMAL INSTINCT

JOHN CLINE

"Say, Jack, have you heard what's a comin' off tonight?" The speaker, a dark, well-built young man just entering his twenties, pulled his big bay horse to a standstill and leaned easily back in the saddle as he spoke.

"Why, hello, Harry. No, I haven't heard anything. What's a doin'?" Jack Roberts, a freckle-faced, good-natured giant of twenty-two, straightened up, leaned on his hoe, with which he had been "thinning out" the field of rapidly-growing corn, and waited expectantly for the reply.

"Bob Hooker's a goin' to fix that city gink."

"Who, that Hill fellow?"

"Yes. You know there's a goin' to be a party down at Squire Bost's tonight. Well, Bob got it up, and I know from the way he talked today over at Cloninger's Store that he's stood all he's goin' to stand. He didn't let on, but I could see that he was mighty sore, and he told me to be sure to come down there tonight and to bring you along."

"It's enough to make a man sore to have a white-faced city dude a runnin' around with his girl everywhere she goes and a makin' a fool out of her. I tell you, Harry, I don't think much of that fellow. He's been a spoilin' everything he goes to around here with his smartness and clatter."

"I'm no fool about him myself," replied Harry, "and I don't think Rose is a treatin' Bob right. She's not been the same since she stayed in Newton that week at her Aunt Nancy's and got to know this fellow Hill. If we could only make him stay away from down here, she might think better of Bob."

"I don't know," returned Jack; "girls are such fools. Here comes Bob now."

A dark, handsome young man of twenty-five was coming down the road on a gray horse. A pair of broad shoulders, a deep chest, and in fact, his whole frame gave him the appearance of possessing immense strength. "He certainly can whip the town fellow if he wants to," whispered Harry. The newcomer spoke in a friendly tone as he passed the two boys by the roadside, and then, turning in his saddle, he looked back.

"I reckon you fellows are coming down to the social to-night, are you?" he called.

"We'll be there for sure," they both replied. "Don't worry."

Bob Hooker flushed slightly at the meaning implied in the last words and rode on with a moody expression on his face. He felt sure that his trouble was common talk all over the community. He had known Rose Mullins ever since he had known anybody. As a small boy he had carried her, a little blue-eyed chit, across the brook on their way to school, and it seemed to him now that he must have loved her even then. Rose had long been considered by the whole Jacob's Fork neighborhood as belonging to him, and indeed she had seemed to think so herself until a month ago. Although Bob had never spoken to her of marriage, yet he had fondly believed that she loved him, and for the past year or more they had been looked upon by the Jacob's Fork people as a certainly engaged couple. And now this Rupert Hill, with his light, curly hair, girl-like voice, and bold, winning manners had broken into Bob's happiness and thrown him into the deepest, most inexpressible misery. He became surly and morose. He felt that he must be the laughing-stock of the country, but he was too broken-up to try to appear cheerful. The hardest thing about it was that he couldn't say anything.

He knew that he had no right to forbid Rose's going about with Hill, and he knew also that he had no right to quarrel with the Newton fellow for doing just what he himself was longing to do. He was naturally slow of speech, and the city-bred man could out-talk him and out-general him in every way. He believed that the fellow was only trifling with Rose for his own amusement; but he had no proof, and Rose had ceased to speak to him after he tried to communicate his belief to her. He had seen city-fellows in the Jacob's Fork neighborhood before, however, and he held a very low estimate both of their strength and of their courage. He was going to do something tonight, or he would give up and quit—but he hardly knew even what he hoped to do.

* * * * *

Squire Bost's house was all aglow with light when Bob arrived, and issuing from the large parlor could be heard a busy hum of voices broken occasionally by a merry laugh or a snatch of singing. Bob could see flitting before the lighted windows and leaning against the columns and banisters of the porch a number of chatting couples—well-dressed, handsome young men and women, for the Jacob's Fork young people were by no means low-bred or shabby, and they took great pride in their picnics and socials. Milly Bost, a plump, jolly girl of twenty, was receiving her guests at the door.

"Oh, you've come at last," she said when she saw Bob. "Come in and don't look so sad. Rose'll be along after a little while."

Bob's face took on a deeper frown at this sally, and she laughingly pushed him into the parlor, where he was soon surrounded by a crowd of merry, jesting girls. As Bob was cheering up a little and making sharp retorts to some of the teasing remarks directed at him, suddenly a new arrival appeared at the door. One was a girl, a glorious vision in pink and white, crowned with wavy golden hair, below

which glowed a pair of blue eyes—wonderfully blue. Bob's heart beat faster; the girls began calling out, "Rose!" and gathering around her. Behind her followed the dainty Hill, bubbling over with smiles and flattering greetings to the girls, who surrounded him,—for he seemed to be a general favorite among the Jacob's Fork girls though few of the boys liked him at all. With a dull ache in his breast Bob slowly squeezed his way into a corner and sat down. His pleasure was spoiled for the evening.

"I don't see why Bob Hooker wants to look so sour at Rose," said Susie Morrow, a slender, black-eyed witch of nineteen; "he doesn't need to think that he is the only good-looking man."

"Hush, Susie," begged grave-faced Alice Jones in a low voice, "he'll hear you. Besides, you know Bob's worth a lot more than that town fellow."

Bob had indeed heard the slighting remark, and he tried to look more pleasant. Most of the guests having arrived, the festivities of the evening were now begun. Old-fashioned country games—"Weave the Thimble," "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers," "Fruit Basket," "Laugh and Go Foot," "Quaker Meeting," "Fishin'," and "Winkin' on the Sly," were played one after the other. The young people entered into the games heartily, and the room was filled with shouts of laughter from all but Bob. He became more silent and morose as the fun increased. Hill, as usual, was acting as master of ceremonies, and it irritated Bob beyond endurance to see the airs and self-complacence of the city dude. Jack and Harry watched Bob closely. They knew that he was likely to act rashly, for they had some acquaintance with his hot temper, and they knew about how he was feeling.

A game of forfeits was being played. Hill had given each person a number, and now, whirling a tin plate on the carpet, he called for first one number and then another.

Those who failed to catch the plate before it fell were forced by the rule to pay a forfeit—these forfeits later to be sold back to the owners. Suddenly Hill called out the number which he had assigned to Bob. Bob sat perfectly still until the plate stopped. With a light laugh Hill called on him to pay his forfeit, and when Bob still sat silent, the city master-of-ceremonies came up to him and caught him by the shoulder. The jealousy and wrongs and slights of the past month welled up in Bob's heart and almost stifled him. He rose slowly to his feet.

"What have you got to do with the thing anyway? Who asked you to come here?" he blurted out in a hoarse, strained voice, choking with anger.

A sudden hush ran through the room. Everyone knew that Rose had invited Hill on her own responsibility, knowing that Bob would never have invited him. Hill flushed slightly and looked queer. He saw that the affair was becoming serious, and he tried to smooth things over.

"Oh, that's all right," he said soothingly, as if Bob were a child; "I got a regular invitation."

Bob's wrath boiled over. "That's a lie!" he snarled.

Poor Bob. He knew that he was wrong—very wrong. He could see that he was making a plain fool of himself by getting angry about nothing; he felt rather than saw the scorn that was flashing in Rose's eyes, but he miserably and stubbornly persisted it was now or never.

"Bob, don't spoil the party by this foolishness," pleaded Milly.

Jack Roberts and Harry Blake came forward. "You girls stay in here," said Harry; "we'll attend to this little business. Now, Mr. City Guy, you're not afraid, are you?"

Hill saw that he was caught. He could not avoid a fight without being branded as a coward and becoming an object of contempt to the boys and many of the girls as well. Pro-

testing that he did not want any trouble with anyone, he followed the three boys out into the yard. All the play and laughter had ceased, and the crowd surged out into the porch and yard to see the fight. A ring of boys quickly formed around the two belligerents, who now had their coats off and stood ready. The ladies on the porch were faintly protesting, but they knew from past experience all objection was useless. Squire Bost stood looking grimly on. He did not seriously object to seeing the city fellow licked. In fact, he thought it would be a rather good thing to see, if the fellow could thereby be made to stay away from the Jacob's Fork neighborhood. Rose stood by one of her girl friends and looked at the two fighters with a strange mixture of emotions. She had never cared very seriously for Bob, and she was angry because he had insulted her friend. On the other hand, she was not at all sure that she loved Hill, though she had been pleased by his attentions and very much fascinated by his gallant manners and soft, flattering talk. She could see the light, careless smile on his face now, and somehow it irritated her. It seemed to her, she thought, that Hill was forever laughing—laughing at the Jacob's Fork parties, and the Jacob's Fork people, laughing at Bob's devotion, laughing at her own ideas, laughing at everything. She had known Bob a long time, and he had always been her slave. She couldn't recall anything she had ever asked of him that he had not tried to accomplish for her. She wondered if Rupert Hill would have done as much if he had had the chance. He seemed never to do anything for anybody but himself, she thought. She could see the look of misery and anger—mostly anger now—on Bob's handsome face, and somehow it thrilled her. How fine looking and handsome he was! After all, the Jacob's Fork boys were the finest fellows in the world, and Bob was the best and bravest one of them. The Newton fellow was only an outsider, and she found herself actually

hating him for his smiling self-confidence—Bob would soon change his smile! She clenched her pretty hands and waited.

It soon became evident that the despised city fellow had learned to fight somewhere, and learned to fight well. Poor Bob did not have a chance. Strike as hard and as furiously as he might, it seemed that he could not land his blows or worry his opponent in the least. A hopeless rage possessed him and made him weak. Suddenly he receive a clout on the chin which stunned him and caused him to fall, and then a strange thing happened. A flying pink-and-white figure burst through the ring, and a pair of pretty arms were thrown around Bob's neck.

"Bob," sobbed Rose, "Bob, are you hurt?" Suddenly she stood up and turned on Hill, her small fists tightly clenched. "You go away out of here!" she snapped, almost choking with wrath. "You had no business to hit him that way. Nobody wants you here. Go!"

Hill turned, still smiling, and moved toward his buggy. It was easy for him to see how things were going. The crowd melted away and left Rose and Bob together.

"Girls are strange things," chuckled Jack Roberts to Harry, "but sometimes they can see something."

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year.* The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1918

An Old-Time Valentine

H. E. SPENCE

I want an old-time valentine;
I'm tired of pretty posies fine,
With cunning Cupids, mating birds,
Sly hints of love and wooing words;
Where graceful love-knots interwine—
I want an old-time valentine.

“As sure as grass grows 'round the vine
I will be yours if you'll be mine”—
A thousand little dots like this
Each one intended for a kiss;
“The hand is yours that penned this line,”
Such was my old-time valentine.
And when the hour was growing late
She met me by the garden gate
Where heart to heart in love did beat,
And lips in tranquil bliss did meet;
In envy did the moon-man shine
On that old-fashioned valentine.

Lady Fingers at Riverside Inn

RAYMOND A. SMITH

In the foothills of the mountains of Western North Carolina, by the quiet little South Yadkin River, lies the sleepy little town of Horeshoe Bend. On the west side of the village, overlooking the mill pond and the tumbling cataract, stands picturesque old Riverside Inn. If one should chance to pass there on a summer day, he could see old Jeremiah Coley, the proprietor, sitting on the wide veranda, playing checkers with his guests, or, if guests were few, with any of his fellow townsmen. He still wears the old grey hat of Civil War times, and his moustache would also be grey, were it not dyed with the tobacco juice which, at regular intervals, issues from his mouth. His steel-blue eyes sparkle as he relates the tales which characterized his term of service in the army. "Yes, boys," I can now hear him say, "I saw four years of it, and hard ones they were, too."

The old inn is a two-story structure, with a wide veranda running half way around. It was once painted white, but now it stands grey and sombre in the grove of tall oak trees. On the door one can see the coat-of-arms carved on a brass plate, a feature of the house which old Jeremiah never failed to show to the most disinterested guest. The front of the house is graced with tall white columns, which by numerous crevices show signs of many years' service.

Bill Harper, Ned Allen, and Jim Stunders were three young surveyors who had been sent by the government to do some work in the vicinity of Horeshoe Bend. They arrived late one afternoon and, after inquiring about a place to stay, were naturally referred to the Riverside Inn. This was the week for the Farmers' Union Meeting, and the town was crowded with visitors. Having reached the Inn and intro-

duced themselves to the proprietor, the young fellows asked whether or not they could obtain rooms for the night. "Well," said Jeremiah, "I can accommodate two of you, but the other will have to look out somewhere else."

A general murmur of protest arose and Ned Allen, leader of the trio, said, "Isn't there any possible chance to give us rooms?"

"There's nothing left but the old southwest room, which no one has slept in for years," said old Jeremiah.

"Why not?" eagerly asked Ned.

"Well," said old Jeremiah, "That's a long story, but if you young bucks want to know, just sit down and I'll tell you."

After putting in a fresh chew of tobacco and moving nearer the fire, old Jerry began.

"It was away back in '93, when one cold night a carriage rolled up to the door and a young couple got out and came in. The young man was tall and dark, and had a coal-black mustache. He had black, keen eyes and shaggy eyebrows, and he just looked like a fellow that wouldn't do. And, boys, the gal he had with him was a reg'lar little angel. Right soft blue eyes and curly hair—wa'n't much bigger than a kitten. Every time she looked at him a sort of scary look came over her face. I suppose the young lady had retired when, about ten o'clock, the dark-looking chap came down in the lobby and asked me where the saloon was, and went out. I thinks to myself as I went to bed, 'Something bad's going to happen afore morning.' Sure enough, about two o'clock in the morning I heard a terrible noise up in the southwest room, where I had put them. I was afraid the brute might do some violence, and so I crept softly up the stairs and hid behind a curtain. In a few moments I heard her cry, 'Oh, Harry, you're so cruel!—please let me alone!' And boys, them's the last words I ever heard her say. While she was

a-trying to get out of his way, she fell out of the window, but managed to catch on to the ledge. Then her brute of a husband drew a long knife from his pocket, and cut her fingers off, and she dropped to the ground and crushed her head on a rock.

“Several weeks afterwards, when the Democratic convention met, the Inn was crowded. I put a fellow named Oscar Mahaley in that room. Oscar was a nervous fellow anyway, and I didn’t tell him the thing I’ve just told you fellers about. I guess it was along about one o’clock, when I heard the most unearthly scream from the direction of the old southwest room. I knew what had happened. I rushed into Oscar’s room, and found him standing in the farthest corner from the window and saying in a squeaky voice, ‘For God’s sake, can’t you see them ten fingers on the window ledge? They’re a woman’s fingers, shore as hell!’ After giving him a smell of hartshorn and a few drinks of liquor, I managed to quiet him, but from that hour till this no one has dared sleep in that room.”

The faces of Jim and Bill were serious, but Ned only laughed and said, “Give me the room.”

When bedtime came, we saw him mount the stairs, armed with an automatic revolver that would shoot six times in succession. The night was breathlessly still; and the moonlight shining upon the little river presented a scene of perfect tranquility. About one o’clock one would have thought a small battle was in progress up stairs. Out rang the shots, one, two, three. When Jim and Bill entered Ned’s room, blood was scattered all over the foot of the bed. Ned’s toes had got out from under the cover, and since the bed faced the window, the moonlight had transformed them into fingers on the ledge, and he had deliberately shot off three of his toes.

“Our Times are in Thy Hands”

D. W. NEWSOM

Great God, the nations of the earth
 Are met in hellish clash,
 And only Thou in heaven dost know
 Where next their furies flash!
 The brave young blood of modern pride
 Lies filt'ring through the sands,
 But sweet to feel through storm of steel—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

High in Thy heaven flies winged death
 With deadly thunder clad
 And herds of shuddering men look up
 With desperate eyes and sad.
 The thunder roars, the smoke-clouds rise
 But out from trench-gashed lands
 A dream-built might shall yield to right—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

Civilization stands aghast,
 Awe-stricken, breathless, dumb,
 To see her proud steel-pillared world
 To desolation come.
 The ground which ancient armies trod
 Again in terror stands,
 Heart-sick at spoil of ancient toil—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

What dread catastrophe is this,
 What cataclysm wild?
 Doth Sodom's hardness hold the world
 From God's great love exiled?

Doth God call nations to their knees?
 No seer understands,
 But in this night we grope for light—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

The nation that forgetteth God
 Shall perish from the earth;
 So warns the ancient Book that points
 A nation’s fall or birth.
 Adown the highways of the past
 Have sounded God’s commands,
 But greed and ease man’s senses seize—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

We know above the dismal din
 Of cannon, shell and blood
 A Master General views the fields
 Where ancient armies stood.
 He knows man’s strength, He knows the end,
 He knows man’s battle plans,
 In patience waits to judge his hates—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

Forgive where nations in their pride
 Unsheathed a guilty sword!
 Forgive where men in fateful haste
 Forgot their nation’s Lord!
 And if this be Thy chastening rod
 To wayward, sin-cursed lands
 Where nations trod lost from their God—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

Religious and Educational Training of the Slaves

ROBERT W. SANDERS

Before going into the subject of the religious and educational training of the slaves, it might be well to consider the status of the slave in North Carolina. The Fundamental Constitution for the Government of Carolina by John Locke stated:

“110th. Every Freeman of Carolina shall have absolute power and authority over his negro slaves, of what opinion or religion soever.”

On June 26, 1760, Mr. James Reed, a missionary of the Established Church, wrote from Newbern that the larger part of the negroes in the whole county might be accounted heathens. He said that it was impossible for ministers to instruct the negroes in the principles of Christian religion because of the extensive territory of the county. Then, too, masters would not take any pains to give Christian instruction to their slaves. In 1754 the Board of Trade advised Governor Dobbs to use his influence in having a law passed which would prevent inhuman treatment to slaves by masters or their overseers and which would provide that the willful killing of slaves be punished by death.

There were several reasons why the above could be said about the treatment of the slaves. In the first place America was a new country. In most parts of the State the whites did not have regular preachers and were not as much concerned over religion as they might have been. If the masters were not religious themselves, it could hardly be expected that they take much trouble to have their slaves given religious training.

Then there was an economic reason why masters did not do much to convert their slaves to Christianity. If a slave

became converted, he would take part of his master's time in attending church and religious meetings, and he might become haughty and dissatisfied with his lot.

Still another reason why masters did not concern themselves much in having their slaves converted was that they did not want to associate with them in the churches. There were hardly enough preachers for the whites; therefore, the blacks were not preached to as much as they ought to have been.

But the masters or preachers must not bear all the blame for the lack of religious training given to slaves. Not all the slaves were capable or willing to become Christians. The negro did not know the English language. He had been raised in such a way that it was hard for him to understand the teachings of Christianity. The environment of the negro did not tend to make his conversion easy. The opportunities for the slaves to meet were also limited. There seems to have been few Christian slaves prior to the Revolution.

Prior to 1737 Brickell travelled in the Province of North Carolina and observed the slaves. He said that the negroes born in North Carolina were more industrious, honest, and better slaves than those brought from Guinea. He thought they were polished and refined by their education among the Christians and that they lost their barbarous and stubborn natures. He was of the opinion that the negroes were of a very harsh and stubborn disposition.

Harsh laws had to be used to keep the negroes in check. The slaves brought in from Guinea were rebellious and hard to control. Unless incited to do so by the imported slaves, the slaves born in the colony, according to Brickell, did not rebel. Slaves born in the colony were sometimes given their freedom for warning their masters of threatened rebellions.

We can thus see that the masters were not all to blame

for the poor showing among the slaves in a religious way, since the slaves brought in were hard to control and had to be watched constantly and since the slaves were hardly removed from a barbarous condition.

Brickell further says that the slave children were carefully brought up and provided for until they were able to work. Yet he states that the slaves stole from each other and from their masters. According to him, several of the blacks who had been born in the colony could read and write and others were taught trades and became good artists in many of them. Other slaves were industrious in other lines of work.

In the early days of the colony there was some question as to whether a slave would become free if he were baptized. Many of the early settlers did not know the provision of the Fundamental Constitution, drawn up in 1669:

“107th. Since charity obliges us to wish well to the souls of all men, and religion ought to alter nothing in any man’s civil estate or right, it shall be lawful for the slaves as well as others, to enter themselves and be of what church or profession any of them shall think best, and thereof be as freely memmbers as any freeman. But yet no slave shall here by be exempted from that civil dominion his master hath over him, but be in all things in the same state and condition he was in before.”

According to Brickell there were some Christians who had their slaves baptized and instructed in the Christian faith in their infancy. The slaves so baptized were better in temper and practice than those brought from Guinea. On June 26, 1760, Mr. James Reed said in a letter that he baptized all slaves for whom the masters would stand surety, but he did not baptize any negro infants or children on any other terms.

In a letter written from Perquimans Precinct April 23,

1719, Mr. Taylor, a missionary of the Established Church, said that he baptized two slaves belonging to Esquire Duckenfield. Before baptizing these slaves, Mr. Taylor explained to them what they were about to undertake. He had them also to memorize the church catechism and repeat it before a large audience.

Mr. Taylor said that the slaves in the province were civil, sensible and inclined to Christianity. He has a very different report than Brickell or Mr. Reed. He was convinced that many of the slaves would be baptized and had hoped of converting all of Squire Duckenfield's slaves. He was preparing four of them for baptism when some person who did not believe in slaves becoming Christians spread the report that all slaves who were baptized would become free. This report so frightened Mr. Duckenfield that he forbade Mr. Taylor to do any more religious work among his slaves. In his letter to the Secretary, Mr. Taylor asked that a law be passed and sent to the colony which would prevent slaves from becoming free when they were baptized. There was a provision in the Fundamental Constitution, which we have already noted, which prevented slaves from becoming free when they were baptized, but judging from their conduct neither Mr. Taylor nor Squire Duckenfield knew of the provision.

On October 4, 1709, Mr. James Adams wrote to the Secretary of London that in the Precinct of Pasquotank there were 211 negroes, some few of whom were instructed in the principles of Christian religion, but that masters would by no means allow them to be baptized since they had the false idea that a slave would become free when he was baptized.

In their work among the slaves "the religious denominations were confronted with such problems as the following: the right of a church member to hold a slave; the endowment of churches with slaves; active efforts towards their conver-

sion; formal religious instruction; church attendance; attitude toward baptism; admission as communicants in full standing; conduct after admission; grants of other privileges incident to church membership; and the relative responsibility of clergy and masters with respect to many of these particulars. The attitude of the principal religious denominations shows a considerable variety of beliefs and practices on such questions."

The Church of England was the first church to do active work toward giving the slaves religious training. The church did not undertake to free the slaves when they were baptized, but it did make efforts to convert them, favored formal religious instruction for them, wanted them to attend church, baptized them and admitted them as communicants.

The Bishop of London was interested in the conversion of the slaves. In 1701 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was organized and did work among the slaves in the colonies until 1785. The Society distributed literature and established schools to help convert the negroes. In 1741 the Society's funds amounted to 2,500 pounds.

On July 7, 1735, Richard Marsden wrote to the Bishop of London that he had baptized in this government about thirteen hundred men, women, and children, besides some negro slaves.

In a letter written to the Society on February 9, 1760, Mr. McDowell stated that since his last letter to the Society he had baptized in one day thirty-two children and adults, among whom were five free mulattoes. On June 15, 1762, he wrote from Brunswick that in 1760 he had visited the parishes of St. Martin's, Bladen, and St. John's, Onslow, and he said that in those two parishes he had baptized fifty-five children, of whom nine were negroes, and one white and one black adult by immersion. In his own parish he had

baptized nine white and four mulatto children, one adult mulatto woman belonging to Colonel Dry and four adult negro women belonging to the honorable Mr. Hassell. In the year 1761 he baptized in his own parish in Bladen and in St. James, Wilmington, thirty-five children and one adult negro man. In 1762 he baptized thirty three children and two adults, one a free negro man who after proper instruction had become a constant communicant. Mr. McDowell stated that the reason he baptized so many in 1762 was because his parish joined South Carolina and his congregation came from both provinces. He only baptized one free negro man that year.

On April 8, 1760, Rev. James Moir wrote from Edgecombe that since his last letter of October 16, 1759, he had baptized three blacks. On October 30, 1760, he wrote from Edgecombe that they had had a sickly season and that he had been much indisposed and had baptized only seventy-four whites and five blacks. He said this poor showing was made because there was no vestry in the parish. On August 7, 1761, he wrote that since his last letter in April he had baptized one hundred and eight white children and fifteen black.

On May 20, 1760, Rev. Alexander Stewart wrote from Bath that during the previous half year he had baptized twenty-six black infants and nine black adults. It is interesting to note that during the same period he baptized only two white adults, although he baptized one hundred and twenty-one white infants. On October 10, 1760, he wrote from Bath that since his last letter, 20th May, he had baptized thirteen black infants and five negro adults. During that same period he baptized eighty-two white infants and two white adults. Here again we see that there were more negro adults baptized during the same length of time than white. Nine black infants were baptized in Hyde County. On May 22, 1761, he wrote from Bath that the General Assem-

bly had cut off Pitt County from Beaufort and that as a result there were only about 1,000 whites and 400 taxable negroes in St. Thomas' Parish or Beaufort County. In the same letter he said he had visited Altamuskeet in Hyde County, where he had baptized fifty-two white and seven negro children and four adult negroes. No white adults were baptized at this time. It may be interesting to note that Mr. Stewart baptized two men, three women, and two children from the Altamuskeet, Hatteras, and Roanoke Indians at this time.

The Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, and Presbyterian churches did much religious work among the slaves, but the length of this paper makes it impossible to discuss the work done by these churches.

The Quakers made many efforts in this State to have laws passed which would allow them to free their own slaves, but they did not have much success in this respect. The slaves did not appreciate the work which the Quakers were doing for them. The greatest setback, however, to the work of the Quakers came from other states. About 1831 Indiana and Illinois became alarmed over the fact that the Friends were going to carry so many negroes to those States. They passed laws "forbidding masters to carry slaves there for the purpose of giving them freedom, and also forbidding negroes already free to migrate thither." It seems that there was as much prejudice among the people of Indiana against negroes as there was in North Carolina. The people of Indiana wanted the slaves to be free, but they did not want the free slaves to go to Indiana. On May 21, 1832, Edward Bettle wrote from Philadelphia that he advised that no more slaves be sent to Pennsylvania. He said that there was a bill before their legislature similar to the one passed in Indiana. He said that the law would impose restrictions on the free negroes in the State if it were passed. He was

afraid that if a large number of the negroes from North Carolina were sent there at once, the event would cause the legislature to pass the law mentioned. He had the good of the slave in mind when he advocated that no more of them be sent to Pennsylvania then. The agitation then before the people, he thought, had been caused by some fugitives from Southampton County, Virginia, after the massacre there.

According to Brickell, planters had been granting freedom to slaves in their wills, but there was a law established which stated that if the slaves did not leave to province in about eleven days after they were set free anyone could claim them as property. The slaves, however, left the Province or sold themselves to Christians. Later laws were passed by the State Legislature which restricted the right of masters to free their slaves. These later laws gave the Quakers much trouble, as has already been seen. As early as 1750 the question of appointing patrollers had come up several times in the Legislature. In 1753 a law was enacted which did provide for patrollers.

For a time slaves were not excluded by law from getting an education. But on December 1, 1830, Wm. B. Meares, chairman of a select joint committee on Slavery and Free Persons of Color, of which William Montgomery, Orange; Richard D. Speight, Craven; Marshall Dickinson, Pitt; Louis D. Wilson, Edgecombe, from the Senate; Thomas Hill, New Hanover; Robert McAfee, Rutherford; William Wadsworth, Moore; Josiah Holder, Johnston; and D. M. Barringer, Cabarrus, from the House were members, reported that they found that there existed "an extensive combination to excite in the minds of the slaves and colored persons of this and other slave-holding states feelings and opinions subversive of good order, and utterly incompatible with the relation in which we stand towards that class of our population." The committee reported that one source of evil was

the slaves might be able to change their condition, and it reported a bill which would make it unlawful to teach them to read and write, and a bill to prevent the circulation of seditious pamphlets and other publications among the slaves. The committee desired that intercourse between free negroes from other states and slaves be prohibited.

When the bill was in the senate, Mr. Dick moved that the following amendment be added: "That the provisions of this act shall not extend to the County of Guilford." The amendment was lost. It is well to remember that Guilford County was a Quaker stronghold. The bill passed the third reading in the Senate on December 9, 1830, by a vote of 36 to 22. The bill passed third reading in the House without division. The act provides:

"That any free person, who shall hereafter teach or attempt to teach, any slave within this State to read or write, the use of figures excepted, or shall give or sell to such slave or slaves any books or pamphlets, shall be liable to indictment in any court of record in this State having jurisdiction thereof; and, upon conviction, shall, at the discretion of the court, if a white man or woman, be fined not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than two hundred dollars, or imprisoned; and if a free person of color, shall be fined, imprisoned or whipped, at the discretion of the court, not exceeding thirty-nine lashes, nor less than twenty lashes.

"II. Be it further enacted, That if any slave shall hereafter teach, or attempt to teach, any other slave to read or write, the use of figures excepted, he or she may be carried before any justice of the peace, and on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on his or her bare back."

On November 22, 1831, Governor Stokes stated in his message that something must be done about keeping the

slaves in check. He advocated a closer police guard over them.

The session of 1831-32 of the Legislature passed a law which forbade free negroes, slaves or free persons of color to preach, hold prayer meetings, or officiate at religious services where slaves of more than one family were assembled. The same law forbade a slave to go at will or keep house or conduct himself as a free person. In 1831 the committee reported that stricter laws be passed regarding the slaves.

In 1834 the Friends sent a memorial to the General Assembly in which they expressed a hope that the Legislature would be disposed to consider seriously any subject connected with principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, affecting every class of citizens. The memorial asked that the laws passed by previous legislatures which made it unlawful for slaves to be taught to read, be repealed and that the law recently passed, which made it unlawful for negroes, bond or free, to preach, be repealed. The Friends stated in their memorial that they thought slaves ought to be obedient to their master, but that masters should be kind to their slaves. The memorial asked that laws be passed for genuine instruction of the slaves in the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion and in so much literary education as would enable them at least to read the Holy Scriptures. The Friends believed this much education would lessen if not remove the apprehension of danger from them. The memorial was signed by Jeremiah Hubbard, clerk.

The first Methodist church built in Wilmington was built by aid from the negroes and for both whites and negroes. The church was started by William Meredith about the end of the eighteenth century as an independent church, but on the death of Meredith it was turned over to the Methodists. In 1807 a majority of the members were negroes.

The first Methodist church in Fayetteville was organized

late in the eighteenth century by Henry Evans, a full-blooded negro shoemaker who was going from Stokes County, North Carolina, to Charleston, South Carolina. Evans is thought to have been born free. He moved from Virginia to the vicinity of Doub's Chapel, now in Forsythe County, where he was licensed to preach by the Methodists. On reaching Fayetteville he found that the colored people had never heard any preaching; therefore, he decided to settle there and do work among them. Before long the whites passed an ordinance forbidding him to preach within the city limits. He then preached at different places in the country. He moved his church because he feared violence from the white people. He was so respectful to the whites that finally public sentiment changed. Prominent white people began to go to his meetings. Later he was invited to preach in town again. In the church which was built, seats were reserved for the whites. After awhile the whites filled the main body of the church and additions were built for the negroes. Later a white preacher took charge of the work and Fayetteville was put on a circuit. A room was built in the rear of the pulpit for Evans; he lived in it until he died in 1810. In all his dealings with the whites, Evans was respectful and humble. On the last Sunday before his death, Evans preached a short sermon to the congregation of the church he had founded.

Perhaps the best educated negro in North Carolina before the war was John Chavis. Chavis was probably born near Oxford. He was a private pupil of Dr. Witherspoon at Princeton. He proved that a negro could get an education. Chavis came back to North Carolina about 1805. Before returning to this State, he became connected with the Presbyterian church in Virginia. In 1809 he joined the Orange Presbytery. He worked in Orange, Wake, and Granville counties, although it is not certain that he ever had complete charge of a church. The late George Wortham, of Oxford,

speaking of Chavis, said that he had heard him read and explain the Scriptures, both to his father's family and to his slaves. His English was good. He was a good preacher without any affected manners. He was a good Latin student and a fair Greek scholar. He had a good general knowledge and conversed well.

Chavis taught a classical school in Granville, Wake, and Chatham counties. Many distinguished men of the State went to school to him, among whom were Willie P. Mangum, Priestly Hinton Mangum, Archibald E. and John L. Henderson, sons of Chief Justice Henderson, Governor Charles Manly, Reverend Williams Harris, Dr. James L. Wortham, the Edwardses, the Erlowes, and the Hargroves.

Professor J. H. Horner said of Chavis: "He had a well attended classical school in Wake County. My father not only went to school to him, but boarded in his family," and "The school was the best at that time to be found in the State."

By an act of the Legislature already mentioned, Chavis was prevented from preaching. The following is part of the records of the Orange Presbytery held in Raleigh April 21, 1832:

"A letter was received from Mr. John Chavis, a free man of color, and a licentiate under the care of the Presbytery, stating his difficulties and embarrassments in consequence of an act passed at the last session of the Legislature of this State, forbidding free people of color to preach: Whereupon *Resolved*, That presbytery, in view of all circumstances of the case, recommend to their licentiate to acquiesce in the decision of the Legislature referred to until God in His providence shall open to him the path of duty in regard to the exercise of his ministry."

The Presbytery supported Chavis until his death in 1838. In 1838 "Presbytery resolved to continue the support of

the widow of John Chavis." In 1842 it appeared that she no longer needed pecuniary aid from Presbytery and the matter was dropped.

After Chavis was prohibited from preaching he prepared *The Extent of the Atonement*. This sermon was sold for his benefit.

Chavis had no white blood in his veins. He visited some of the best white people in the State, who had been his pupils, and his reception astonished the slaves of the place. Chavis seems to have known how to behave in society, but he was not assuming. He lived a plain, simple life and won the respect of the people who knew him.

To Edgar Allan Poe

W. K. CARR, '18

As I search out the truth within thy life,
Delve deep into the secrets of thy thought,
My soul with melancholy gloom is fraught,
And fanciful imaginings run rife.
And as I contemplate the strenuous strife
Of mind, the price at which renown was bought,
It seems to me that scoffing critics ought
To read thee more and truly learn thy life.
Thy tales, indeed, are full of dreadful things,
Of murder's ghastly scenes and deeds so drear,
Which instigate the soul's recoil in fright;
But still thy sensuous voice sweet solace brings,
Dispels the artificial sense of fear,
And substitutes a maze of fancies light.

The Mysterious Woman: A Ghost Story

ROBERT A. WALKER, JR.

There are many people who tell you that they do not believe in ghosts. They may think they do not, but I venture to say that if they had been subjected to the experience of three of my friends in the south central portion of this state, they would alter their opinions slightly. This incident, or rather series of incidents, took place some years ago, and I can vouch for its veracity because I was living in the neighborhood at the time.

Just about a mile from my home, there lived a wealthy farmer named George Jester. He had come from Union County many years before and by industrious habits had secured a large and fertile farm. This farm lay some distance back from the public road, but not far enough to render it difficult of access. It was known far and wide for the excellent quality of its products and the geniality of its owner. Many were the blue ribbons and prizes he had won at the county fair, and once or twice he had been successful at the State Fair. Not the least of his possessions was a couple of beautiful daughters. Their mother had been dead for a number of years, but one could hardly have found a better managed household than George Jester's. The beauty of these two girls was as famous as the wheat grown in his wide-spreading fields, or as the rich milk and butter from his well-kept dairy. There was a great contest among the young men of the neighborhood for the favor of these charming young ladies, and the other girls often complained of neglect. There were three or four young men, though, who seemed to be their favorites, and as time passed this select few came more and more often to visit the Misses Jester.

One Saturday night early in May, Julius Ralston called

on Alice and stayed later than he was accustomed. When he bade his dear one good night, the moon was now in the western sky and cast long shadows about him. Anxious to get to the public road before the moon finally set, he hastened on as fast as he could. Suddenly, a large dog emerged from some woods on his left and started toward him. The beast trotted out in front of him, stopped, and growled. Ralston had no time to think of dogs and tried to pass without noticing this one. The beast snarled again and stayed in front of the boy. Nettled at this refusal to move out of the way, Ralston kicked at the dog. Imagine his surprise when his foot passed completely through the creature! Immediately it changed its form and assumed the shape of a woman. Terrified now, Ralston started to run, but the figure blocked his path and stopped him.

"Stay, young man. I wish to speak a few words to you," came from the lips of the female.

"Wh-wh-what d-d-d-o you w-w-w-want?" stammered the terrified boy.

"I have a great secret to confide to you, and I give you warning now that you must heed all my words. You must never tell anything you hear tonight, except such parts as I give you permission. You are the first of four in this community to whom I shall appear and tell this secret. Not a word of it may pass your lips until all have seen me and heard it, on pain of death within ninety days after you divulge the secret. When the fourth has seen me, I shall disappear forever. You may then meet together, and tell what you have heard if you think it wise. Obey my words, and all is well; transgress, and you are doomed."

Then the apparition told the wonderful secret to the trembling Ralston. At its conclusion, she said to him:

"As a pledge of your oath to preserve silence, show me.

your handkerchief. Take one corner of it and give me another."

Julius obeyed, and she murmured a few unintelligible words and vanished. When he looked at the handkerchief, the corner which the woman had held was burnt off. His tale the next day set all the neighborhood to wondering. Some scoffed, others laughed, but some of the more superstitious shook their heads in silence. In a few days, however, the incident was regarded by nearly every one as an idle tale from Ralston's fertile brain.

The next Saturday Peter Wall called to see Claire, the younger daughter. Peter was one of those fellows who never stay late anywhere, and true to this habit, he left the Jesters' when it was yet early. When he came to the patch of woods at which Ralston had had his interview with the mysterious woman, he involuntarily quickened his steps. As he approached the middle of the woods, a large white rock by the road suddenly changed and stood before him in the form of a person. The hair rose on Peter's head, and his knees shook. Timorously, he inquired, "Wh-wh-what is your b-b-b-business, madam?"

"Be not afraid; I will do you no harm. You must pause a few moments and listen to me. You are the second of the four chosen ones who are to hear my secret. You, too, must not tell the message until the others have heard it. Guard your lips carefully, for they are likely to betray you. Listen carefully and heed well my words."

Again at the end of her talk she bade the boy pledge her with his handkerchief.

"By this token," said she, "remember your vow of silence and fail not to keep that vow. Remember that your grave will be ready for you in ninety days if you do forget your oath and tell the secret."

If the community had been puzzled by the tale of Ral-

ston, it was doubly affected by Peter's account of his experience. Whispers began to go the rounds of the gossips. Everyone began to wonder who this mysterious lady was and what her mission might be. Young men feared lest they be the next to hear the message. The girls of the neighborhood began to think that all the boys had turned to misogynists. The men shook their heads and puckered their brows in wonderment. Whispers of "witches" floated around the neighborhood, and all the ugly old women were eyed with suspicion. Nothing tangible could be found against any of them, however, and the suspicions gradually died away.

After a few weeks, however, bold young Ernest Heath determined to call on Alice Jester. He had lately come into the community with a party of civil engineers who were locating a route for a new railroad and was not filled with the superstitions of the simple-minded folk there. Early one Saturday evening when the day's work at the engineers' camp was finished, he dressed in his best and set out on his splendid coal-black horse, Don, to visit the fair Alice. His call was most pleasant and he stayed late, unable to tear himself from the endearing charms of the maiden. When he did leave after a lingering farewell, the moon had sunk almost below the tree tops, and the midnight air was still and calm. The stars, which had been almost eclipsed by the moon began to appear once more and were twinkling brightly overhead. Heath's thoughts were among them as he rode along, and he fancied he could see Alice's pretty face up there. Never before had youth's fancy built castles in Spain so magnificent nor so rapidly, and each new creation was far more magnificent than the last.

Suddenly, as he entered the fateful woods, he was aroused from his reverie. A cold, damp mist enveloped him and condensed into human shape. The mysterious lady stood scarcely ten feet in front of his trembling horse. Striking

the beast with his riding whip, Ernest tried to urge him forward, saying as he did so, "Come on, Don, we've seen worse things before."

"Nay, my good friend," spake the apparition, "you cannot pass until you have heard my message, for you are the third who must receive it. Only tell it to none until the last shall have heard it, and no harm will come to you."

"Woman, if you are a woman, I have no time to waste hearing your infernal messages tonight. Kindly let me pass on my way and go your own."

"But I tell you that you must hear me. If you do not, you will lie in your grave within ten days. I will detain you but a moment, and then you may proceed."

"Out of my way, I tell you! On, Don!"

He struck the animal heavily with his whip, kicking its flanks with his heels as he did so. Thus urged, the horse jumped forward, swerving to one side in order to pass the ghostly lady. The spirit quickly placed herself in front of the creature, but Heath was using his whip and heels vigorously. Don reared on his hind feet, pawed the air viciously a moment or two, and plunged forward, striking the apparition with both hoofs. Immediately it vanished, and the animal tore along the road at full speed. Trembling from head to foot, Heath urged the horse on until he arrived at camp. Next day the whole community was stirred; people shook their heads and muttered to themselves that terrible things would happen to Heath. He and his companions examined every nook and corner of the woods to see if they could find any clue to the mystery. Their search was fruitless, for the ghost had left no mark behind it. Jester was no where to be seen, and his girls reported that they had just heard that he had dropped dead at his brother's in Vir-

ginia where he had gone a day or so before to see about some land. He was taken to his old home and buried, and the girls went to live with their aunt in Baltimore. The excitement died down in time, but swains in that neighborhood are still cautious when they visit their loved ones, for the fear of the mysterious woman and her fourth appearance linger even now.

Lusitania

H. M. ELLIS

There is a little hamlet near the Rhine,
A peasant village, nestled snugly down
Between two overtowering mountain sides
That shut off all the noisy outside world,
A peaceful little village, all alone,
Peopled with kindly neighbor-folk, that seems
Sacred to quiet friendliness and peace.
And down its long street, one bright afternoon
When all the world was bursting into May,
A throng of laughing, shouting girls and boys,
Let out of school to make a holiday,
With song and dancing filled the air with sound,
Decked out in flowers and flags and boughs of green,
Chanting with clear young voices as they came—
While mothers left their indoor tasks to see
With eyes made dim by tears of pride and joy,
And gray old veterans of ancient wars
With wet eyes too, thought back to other days,
And young men thrilled with fierce and eager pride
And untried valor for their country's cause—
“Victory! Glorious victory at sea!
Victory for our fatherland! Victory!”

A little old New Hampshire town there is,
Set by the ocean, gray with age and mist—
Gray walls, gray streets, gray houses, straggling down
The long gray lane that leads down to the sea.
Beside the church there stands a modest house—
The preacher's widow's—from the street set back,
Its quaint unloveliness obscured by age,

Screened with its hedge of lilacs, half in bloom,
With rambler bushes climbing to the eaves.
Inside, the parlor, dark on brightest days,
Is darker now, because there lies stretched out
A woman's form, thin, frail, its slender limbs
Neatly arrayed in death, the pale white face
Though faded, still so full of character,
Crowned with its woman's halo of white hair—
All trace of suffering gone but that one scar
Where she had fallen. And there a tall, strong man
Stands mad and helpless, gripping his strong hands,
Unclenching and upclenching them again,
And paces back and forth, with head thrown back
As if a demon clutched him by the throat
That he would fain throw off. Beside the lamp
A crumpled piece of yellow paper lies
That all the village people know by heart—
That deadly telegram: "Your daughter dead
The second morning after ship torpedoed,
Starved and frozen to death, in open boat.
They buried her at sea." There she had stopped,
And from the nerveless, tired hands had fallen
The uncomprehended message. With one word,
"Mary!" she had fallen and was dead.

Why should one choose—how may one dare describe
Scenes such as these in two successive breaths—
The cowardly deed of murder undersea,
The venomous reptile lurking in the waves
For its defenseless prey; the pirate crew—
Unlike their fearless sailor ancestors—
Hid and themselves secure, but striking out
A sudden savage blow of lust and hate
At women, men, and children—that, and then

The German children's triumph song, to praise
The valor of their heroes who had fought
As heroes fought of old, in deadly fight,
Hurling their foemen back and with their lives,
Shielding their fatherland from wrong and shame,
For which the children in their honor sang
Their victory, and danced away the day?

Why join these two? Oh, Kindly God! because
This murder *was* the German victory!

Poe's Contribution to Southern Literature

CONN O'MYER

Regardless of the fact that Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston and the claim made by some, he was a citizen of the South and a Southern writer.

Poe was born of parents who were followers of the stage life and who appeared in the principal cities along the Atlantic Seaboard from Maine to South Carolina, visiting most frequently and receiving greatest patronage at Richmond. Soon after Poe's birth his mother returned to Richmond where she died in December, 1811, and left the two-year old boy to be adopted and reared by Mr. John Allan, a tobacco merchant of that city.

The education of young Poe, excepting about six months at West Point, was received in the South. He attended grammar school and high school in Richmond and spent one year in the University of Virginia, entering in February, 1826.

Although most of Poe's works were neither sectional or national, being of such a nature as not to betray even on what continent they were written, the South has the only claim of this kind that can be made on his writings. A few of his productions show a distinct favor for using Southern settings for his themes. A good example of this partiality is the *Gold-Bug*, the scene of which is on a small island near Charleston, South Carolina.

Also Poe's works have been read more extensively in the South than in any other section. Hence it is evident that the South has the only claim and a just claim that Poe should be classed as a Southern writer.

The contributions Poe made to Southern literature may be classified under three heads; namely, the building up of

a literary magazine, the writing of America's most artistic verse, and the inventing of a world model for the short story.

Previous to the year 1834 there was no recognized literary magazine review published in the South. During this year T. W. White, who had established the *Literary Messenger* in Richmond, applied to J. P. Kennedy, of Baltimore, a good friend of Poe, for a contribution. Kennedy recommended Poe to White as "a remarkable young man," and one who was capable of producing worthy literary articles for the *Messenger*. An engagement was soon effected, and Poe's first contribution to this magazine appeared in the August number of 1834. In the number for March, 1835, appeared *Berenice*, one of Poe's *Tales of the Folio Club*. This article attracted wide attention and won fame both for Poe and for the magazine. During that year Poe moved to Richmond and in December, 1835, became literary editor of the *Messenger*, which position he ably filled until January, 1837.

During his editorship of this magazine Poe successfully played the role of a literary critic and contributor of masterpieces, both of prose and of poetry. He reviewed such works as Bryant's *Poems*, Irving's *Astoria*, and Anthon's *Cicero*. Some of his most noted prose pieces which did much to make the *Messenger* famous during Poe's association with it were his *A MS. Found in a Bottle*, *Morella*, *Shadow*, *A Tale of Jerusalem*, and *Duc de l'Omelette*. His metrical contributions included some of our rarest pieces of verse. Some of these were: *The Coliseum*, *Israfil*, and *The Valley of Nis*.

Through Poe's scholarly criticisms and his select contributions the *Southern Literary Messenger* was brought into the limelight as a literary periodical. This was the first time a Southern publication had received recognition in the classic and literary world. This work of Poe served as a great stimulus both to the production of a high type literature and to the work of criticism and review in the South.

The writers of American verse have, in the main, written for didactic purposes. In this attainment Bryant, Longfellow, and others have fairly succeeded. One will find in *Thanatopsis*, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, and many other well known American poems, good thoughts and some rather poetic lines occasionally. Other American writers have used verse as an instrument in which to clothe their political views; especially was this done, while the slavery question was being agitated. But Edgar Allan Poe is the only American poet who wrote poetry for the sake of poetry.

Poe loved art and was filled with music and rhythm. He was a literary artist. He would write poetry because he loved the work, because he was overflowing with melody. One of his biographers has said, "The one point about Poe that has never been questioned is his ability to produce almost perfect verse form." He stands along with Burns as a writer of fine verse. There is to be found, possibly, nowhere in the English language more musical lines than the following stanza from *Al Aaraaf*:

"Ligeia! Ligeia!
 My beautiful one!
 Whose harshest idea
 Will to melody run,
 O! is it thy will
 On the breezes to toss?
 Or, capriciously still,
 Like the lone albatross,
 Incumbent on the night
 (As she is on the air)
 To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there?"

It was at this point that while reading this poem himself one evening in Boston, Poe seemed to control the large audience before him as if it were under the spell of a wizard. Poe also approached perfection in the detail and technique of his works. "He has yet to be convicted of a technical error

in his finished work," says Harrison in his *Life of Edgar Allan Poe*. As a result of his musical rhythm and perfect verse form, this man, who was truly a poet, has left some of the most artistic verse in the English language to be recorded as Southern literature.

Possibly the greatest contribution, however, by Poe to literature is his invention of a short story model. Poe's short stories are of three types; namely, those of mystery and terror, those of ingenuity, and the imaginary or those of "the other world" type. Of his stories of mystery and terror one will find representative examples in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Pit and the Pendulum*. *The Gold-Bug* and *The Purloined Letter* stand out possibly as the best of Poe's ingenious stories. However, the most pre-eminent of his imaginary stories is unquestionably *Ligeia*. Poe's fertile pen produced more abundantly the mystery and terror type stories, however, than it did the other kinds.

The world has accepted Poe as the inventor of the modern short story. Narratives had been written before Poe's time; but the short story with the modern short story plot is a product of this Southern writer. His short stories are universally accepted as models wherever the short story plays a part in literature. The French people have been the most ardent admirers of Poe's short stories. The short story in the last half century has taken a prominent position in French literature. Guy de Maupassant, a French short story writer, who has excelled especially in the stories of terror and mystery, ranks next to Poe in the list of the world's short story writers. Poe stands at the top. Hence the South can boast the honor of producing the inventor of the short story and the most famed writer of short stories in the person of Edgar Allan Poe, one of the South's makers of literature.

The Legend of Money Island

EUGENE CRAFT

Anyone familiar with the geography of North Carolina will recall a long chain of sand bars or little islands extending along the lower part of the coast. Between these sand bars and the mainland lies a wide expanse of marshland, pierced here and there by innumerable sounds and inlets. At the head of one of these inlets, not far from that dreaded promontory now known as Cape Fear, lies a diminutive island covered by a dense wood of storm-twisted oaks. Extending out from all sides are numerous stretches of oyster beds severed by labyrinthian channels of varying depths. Owing to its close proximity to the Gulf Stream, the island presents a semi-tropical appearance. Small palms and cacti flourish under the protecting shade of the oaks, and long festoons of Spanish grey moss hang veil-like from the trees.

Into this lonely inlet, late one afternoon during the days of the followers of the Spanish Main, a small, peculiar-looking vessel made its way slowly under half sail. Her sides were painted a somber black, and were cut by numerous small openings through which the half-hidden mouths of cannon appeared grimly. Flapping fitfully from her peak, one could discern, if there had been anyone to discern, the dreaded insignia of piracy, the "Jolly Roger," a small black flag bearing a white skull and cross bones. Slowly the vessel passed the bar and at length hove to in the quiet sound. The creaking of a windlass sounded upon the air, as with rattling chain an anchor splashed into the clear water, sending up a shower of white spray.

On the deck of the vessel all seemed to be activity. Men hurried to and fro, and at length a small row-boat was lowered over the sides. In this a large iron-bound chest was

carefully placed by the combined efforts of three husky sailors. To this were added a number of spades and pick-axes. When this task was safely accomplished, three men clambered over the sides of the vessel and seated themselves in the row-boat. Two of them manned the oars and the third took possession of the tiller. Pushing off from the larger boat, they started rowing in the direction of the small island, followed by the curious eyes of the ship's crew.

Impelled by the steady strokes of the oars, the boat cut its way swiftly through the winding channel. Not a word had been spoken by its occupants, each one apparently intent upon the business before them. The man in the stern kept his eye fixed upon the channel in front of him, only shifting his gaze from time to time to steal a furtive look at his companions. His bronzed face bore a fierce and formidable expression. His eyes were black and piercing, and about his mouth were drawn grim lines of determination. His dress was a picturesque combination of gentleman and ruffian, with high topped boots, slouch hat, and scarlet jerkin. At his side hung a brace of silver-mounted pistols with the word "Blue" embossed upon their leather holsters, for their owner was none other than the notorious pirate, Captain Blue, whose name was dreaded by every honest sea-faring man. Fresh from recent conquests in the West Indies, he had arrived off this lonely part of North Carolina coast, with the determination of hiding a portion of his booty until he could dispose of it with some degree of safety. His fancy had been pleased by the appearance of the little island, and he had chosen it for his hiding place. With this idea in view, he had selected his first mate and his chief gunner to accompany him to the island.

After much twisting and turning, the men finally beached the small boat on the shore of the little island. Captain Blue, after a careful survey of the island, at length selected

a spot to bury his treasure. The three men set to work with their tools, and in the course of an hour had dug a hole sufficiently large for their purpose. Then, exerting their utmost strength, they painfully dragged the heavy chest from the boat. It was quickly shoved into the hole and the earth thrown over it. After placing an identifying mark on the trees, they shouldered their implements and hastened for their boat.

It had now become quite late and to the infinite disgust of the pirates it was discovered that the tide had fallen, leaving their boat stranded in the midst of an oyster bed. There was nothing to do but wait for the rising tide. Cursing bitterly at this misfortune, they sought some means to while away time. A fire was built out of the plentiful driftwood, and by its varying light the men were soon intent upon a game of dice. Whiskey flasks were produced, and the ever quarrelsome men were soon in the midst of a drunken brawl. Louder and louder grew their voices as they disputed over the points of their game. At length the enraged captain dashed the dice aside and sprang like some wild beast at the throat of the gunner. With a howl of rage the man met the onslaught and the two were soon rolling in fearful struggle on the ground.

The mate stood stupidly gazing at the scene for a few moments, then frenziedly seizing his cutlass he rushed headlong into the conflict. Blindly he struck several harmless blows at the combatants. Then summoning all of his strength he aimed a mighty blow at the head of the captain. The blow fell true; the sword went crashing through the skull of old Blue, and instantly he lay dying, with the blood oozing from his head.

Terrified into semi-soberness, the mate desperately urged his companion to flee from the island. With the haste of madness, they launched their boat on the incoming tide. What

became of them no one knows. Many people believe that they perished in the marsh, and others that they finally reached their ship in safety.

As for the treasure, no one has ever been able to find it, though many attempts have been made to do so. That Captain Blue buried it here, there is no doubt, for, as many of the fisher-folk of the neighborhood will tell you, on certain stormy nights the ghost of the famous pirate comes back to visit his treasure. A few old patriarchs, whose words are not to be disputed, have actually seen the ghost and their narratives are sufficient to convince the greatest sceptic of the authenticity of the legend of Money Island.

Wayside Wares

AN APOLOGY FOR OLD MAIDS

A. C. JORDAN, JR., '18

If the question, "What are old maids?" were asked me, to be perfectly frank, I should have to say, "Search me." However, I know that in olden times it used to be a fact that if a female arrived at the age of 25, without having acquired a husband, she was dubbed old maid. She was supposed to be a paragon of virtue, to be extremely cleanly as well as Godly, to keep house perfectly, to wear a few cork screw curls, to scream at the sight of a mouse and to be mortally afraid of a man. To this last class there were a few exceptions, who living still in hope and refusing to die in despair, made eyes hopefully at noble bachelors, and sighed at the moon.

In our day the age limit has been stretched. The ladies pass on beyond 25 and 30 and even to 40, smiling, unconscious of the fact. They are bachelor girls or spinisters, and pretend to be extremely indifferent of the male sex, but mind you this is only pretense, for we all know that under this seeming indifference, there is the inborn desire to have a beau. Then why are they here? Why is it that since statistics prove that men are more numerous than women, does not every woman have a man attache? The women themselves tell us that this is an age of independence; that they want equal rights and that they do not wish to give up their free life for one ruled over by a mere man. However, we can not believe this all together, for do we not very often find them yielding their vaunted independence when the presumably right one comes along? Then why do we find old maids? Once at an afternoon tea a few of these blessed

damsels were giving their testimony as to why they continued to drink the cup of "single blessedness." Said one, "My poor dear sweetheart died just before we were to be married." Another remarked, "My intended was killed during the war." Just at this juncture a truthful sister spoke up and shamed the others by saying, "Well, the man I was to marry died while he was teething."

But this brings us to no closer a solution of the problem, "Why are old maids here?" We might argue that if there is a man for every woman, some unhappy female is lonely because others of her sex have two husbands and even three, but this will not work, for since the time of Solomon the man has been allowed to take unto himself even a greater number of wives. So there must be some other solution for this question. You perhaps know that in olden times women were not allowed the privileges they now enjoy. They were meek and lowly, attending quietly to their household duties, and rarely ever daring to assert themselves. They never spoke their minds and only went abroad when some gallant swain condescended to accompany them, and always there was the necessary chaperone. But now see how things have changed. Girls are every day growing more independent. They go abroad at any time of the day or night without asking permission of anyone. If they are asked for a date, they sometimes deign to accept, and if they are not asked, they are sweetly indifferent. And so men are becoming of less and less importance to them every day. They like men fairly well; they will do to flirt with, to go about with, and to designate as suitors, but when it comes to asking one to marry—they have got to know your antecedents, your habits, your prospects, and the size of your bank account. Now you have it in a nut shell. If the proper inducements can be offered, they make take you. If not, they are very well con-

tented to go on drinking the cup of "single blessedness," even to its bitter dregs.

This is a serious matter. Why, I even recently heard a fair damsel speak of men as necessary evils. Now, men, you see how the land lies. They don't want any apology for being old maids. They are free, independent, and absolutely sure of themselves. It is you who have got to get busy—do you want to be humble followers? If not, then arise and go forth; curl your pompadours, persuade the soft down to grow on your upper lip, buy some vanishing cream, and some luster for your eyes, and choose your partner before it is too late. Then let this thought be your slogan: "The world needs wives." Down with independent "bachelor girls" and "spinsters." There is time yet to save the day. Take the advice of Robert Herrick in

"Gather ye rose buds while you may
 Old time is still a flying.
 And this same flower that smiles today
 Tomorrow may be dying.

"Then be not coy, but use your time
 And while you may go marry.
 For having lost but once your prime
 You may forever tarry."

A EULOGY ON "SONG BIRDS"

G. E. POWELL

There is a gang of song birds whose abode is not in the boundless forests and whose playground is not among the vast clouds of the heavens. They are a rare species. Their beauty does not consist of a bright colored plumage, nor is their sleeping place composed of twigs and dried leaves. Instead, they slumber in private boudoirs; they flitter about in the windows of a pine board building; while necklaces,

frills, imagination, and paint take the place of gorgeous feathers. Their habitation is known as the *Southern Conservatory of Music*, while in ordinary college dialect they are themselves designated as "Conservatory Janes."

What eulogy could be too profuse in its praise of these dainty little songsters. Their beauty is beyond the brush of the artist; their songs surpass the pen of the poet; and their virtues defy the skill of the orator. With what fortitude they endure oppression! With what submission they undergo seclusion! With what composure they bear inspection! All praise and honor be to these, the dearest little birds that ever warbled!

Oppressed!—what could be more oppressive than the rules and regulations which bind and curb the will of these airy little creatures? Their wills are not their own; their time is not their own; their beauty is not—but enough; far be it from me to play the tattler. They live in a free country, but real freedom is unknown to them. It is not for these dainty creatures to say where they shall go, what food they shall eat, or how late their suitors shall linger in the evening. Oh, no! All this and much more is decreed by his supreme majesty, the leader and lawful protector of this little musical flock. Nevertheless, in the face of it all, they continue to smile and gladden the air with their melodious twittering. How we long for the day when the shackles, which now they so meekly bear, will be cast aside, and they may roam the streets at will.

Secluded they are, beyond compare. What canary bird is caged more securely than these "Conservatory Songsters?" The Almighty placed plenty of fresh air in the world for every living being to get his fill; yet it seems that the trainer of this little covey has taken under his control the share of fresh air allotted to each of his pupils, which he grudgingly doles out to them, little by little. For a few brief moments

each day they are permitted to flit about the streets, teasing the hungry eyes of onlookers, but strict are the rules that regulate their flitterings. So far may they wander and no farther. Only so long may they revel in the rays of the refreshing sun, the beauty of the fresh landscape, and the admiration of fresh college students, then they are shoo'd back into their cage and left alone with their thoughts of "Freshies" and a refreshing outing. And yet, how patiently they bear the yoke of seclusion, and how submissively they obey the will of their suppressor. Surely all hats should be lifted to them.

But patience, dear reader, the noble virtues of these dear little birds have all not yet been tabulated. Certain beings, creatures, or things, known as students, are continually passing and repassing the habitat of these songsters in question—or questionable songsters—and ever as they pass they gaze and stare upward toward those windows in which the "Song Birds" roost; and these delicate little birds, caged up in the Conservatory, are forced to endure the forwardness, the glances, the stares, and brazen smiles of these gazers from the college. There is no escape, even if they desired it. They are penned up, inclosed, caged in this one building and who would be so mean as to condemn them for coming to the windows now and then to get a little fresh air? With what composure they perch in the windows and glance down at the gaping faces of college students. They look so lovely, so exalted, so supremely happy up there between the curtains—and this in spite of the strict vigilance which is kept over them—that surely it seems as if they must not be mortal. Yet, if you please them, will they not smile? If you flatter them, will they not blush? If you give them candy, will they not love you; but if you become too loving, will they not slap you?—really, I don't know; ask a Freshman who has tried it. Oh, yes, they are human, and yet, how inhumanly treated.

Will the powers that be never have mercy and give these charming little things their freedom?

Let us never cease to laud the praises of the precious little songsters. O student, as you pass the Conservatory, may the glances which you cast up at those windows be tender may your hat be lifted in honor and respect for those perching therein. And O, Freshman, if, peradventure, your grin is not acknowledged, never be guilty of speaking evil of the sweet little things, for when you can sport a mustache, perhaps they will smile at you too.

CAMOUFLAGE

A. C. JORDAN, JR., '18

When Noah Webster concocted his last dictionary he did not include the word "Camouflage," but this is no sign that the word did not then exist, for possibly he wished to camouflage the word itself and for this reason ignored it. On the contrary, it is a known fact that such a word did exist and that such a method of hide and seek was then in vogue; because Eve at the beginning camouflaged herself in fig leaves, probably in order to keep the landlord from seeing her near the "forbidden apple tree." Darwin, evidently, when he wrote his theory of evolution, considered man to be a camouflaged monkey that had abandoned his lofty kingdom for a more lowly estate. And according to "Mark Twain," the devil camouflaged the forbidden apple in the guise of a chestnut when he tempted Eve. Today the weenie vender camouflages 57 varieties (not Heinz's), however, of mince meat and a thin veneer of onions and garlic, all under one innocent looking hunk of bread. Even the barnyard fowls are sometimes guilty of camouflaging, causing one when he wishes to obey Hoover and by eating eggs observe a meatless day, break his food pledge when he finds "Biddy"

coupons to be furnished with the eggs free of charge. Cases have actually occurred where even hydrogen sulphide has been camouflaged in overripe eggs, only to be discovered by a slight fracture of the shell. Again, on many a frosty morning when the thermometer was standing around zero and due to the frozen condition it was rather difficult for the dairyman to compound his lactic substance with the elixir of life, we have found upon examining the depths of the milk container that he succeeded in bringing the contents up to the U. S. gallon requirement by simply camouflaging a little of his surplus real estate in the milk.

Camouflaging has been a familiar practice of the women from the time of Eve to that of the present German Empress. When Eve made her debut to Adam on the eve when he first missed his rib, she, while gazing in the lake of Eden, bedaubed her face with red clay, thereby bestowing upon womankind a priceless gift.

Since that day the women have ever been fond of concealing their blushes beneath a coat of cosmetics, and often one is completely taken aback when he, thinking that he is caressing a Venus, finds that in truth he is slobbering over a camouflaged "Beauty Shop."

Even Noah was acquainted with the use of camouflage because, as we all know, Ham was concealed beneath a coat of "stove pipe brown" and sent as ambassador to Africa, thus making it possible that we might have a "national game," an important factor of which should be the "Ace of Spades." Neither has camouflaging been an unknown science to our Afro-American brethren, but often is it found to be the case that acting after the example of McDuff in "Macbeth," they seek out the shelter of some "Burma Woods" and camouflaged beneath its friendly boughs indulge in their "National Pastime," which is none other than playing "African Golf," and while the bones rattle to the tune of

“Johnny Hicks from the sticks, gimme six,”

OR

“Seven come eleven,”

a passerby gets the impression that it's only the rattle of dry leaves stirred by the winds.

“The devil and his subjects
Have seen a great mirage.
The Kaiser's got 'em guessing
He works in camouflage.

“He's turned hell tops o' tervi
And yet lingers on the job.
He's got old Satan guessing
He works in camouflage.

“Luifer's beaten in his game,
'Bill' runs the fiery lodge.
He'll soon have hell froze over,
He works in camouflage.

“He's thrown out fire and brimstone.
The devil's trust he's to dislodge.
'Kaiser's' his wrong calling,
He's hell in camouflage.”

Editorials

WHAT'S WRONG WITH TRINITY?

This article is not an exposition on college spirit in any sense of the word. This theme has been the subject of editorial comment until it has become extremely hackneyed and trite in every respect.

There is, however, hovering over the whole college campus at Trinity a feeling of resentment or rebellion, and there is evident among some sects a decided lack of enthusiasm for the welfare of the College as a whole. Of course, most of us would stand up for Trinity in the last analysis, but our zeal is decidedly luke-warm and we often border on cynicism. It is probable that this attitude may be unintentional and merely due to a lack of careful and deliberate thought, but to outsiders it looms up in its most detrimental perspective and is calculated to do serious injury to the College.

The question then naturally arises as to the cause of such an attitude on the part of the students. What's wrong with Trinity? To go to the root of the dissatisfaction, it seems to be due to certain restrictions which the College has put on different student activities. Among the more prominent of these are those restrictions placed on the social life of the community. Trinity is a denominational school and as such observes certain regulations and endeavors to set up certain moral standards. Many of the social practices indulged in by neighboring colleges are not tolerated at Trinity. For instance, dancing is regarded by many as a harmless pastime, and because dancing is not endorsed by the college authorities here, the College is made the object of severe criticism. Now, as to whether or not dancing is a good custom does not enter into the proposition at all. The College does not make any demand whatsoever that a student think that this is an evil

custom. It does not in any sense seek by compulsion to regulate a student's thoughts, although it does, of course, endeavor to train and direct these thoughts in the right channel. Even if Trinity were not a Methodist institution, on account of its traditions, it could not afford to endorse various practices. So different regulations have been established in regard to these practices; and the violation of these regulations should be regarded merely as a breach of discipline.

Another phase of student activities with which much fault has been found is that of athletics. Trinity some years ago took the lead in *clean* athletics. It has since endeavored to observe strictly the rules of the different associations with which is affiliated and in his way set a precedent for the other colleges of the State. Thus, when the authorities in conformity with these regulations make certain rulings in specific cases and these rulings interfere seriously with the efficiency of the teams involved, there is a tendency on the part of some in their youthful enthusiasm to speak in bias terms of the action and to accuse the authorities wrongly of a lack of interest and sympathy. Now it is absurd in the extreme to think that the athletic council or any other council would take any action whatsoever, without good and just grounds, that would incapacitate or be detrimental to any varsity team. They, of course, are intensely interested in the make-up of these teams. It is really a gross insult to accuse them of any other attitude.

The crux of the matter, then is this: There is a spirit of rebellion or animosity existing among certain college students instead of a feeling of co-operation. Of course every one can appreciate to the fullest the practical pranks of a Sophomore or the innocent errors of a Freshman, and it is not the purpose of this article to advocate the modeling of the campus into a convent or monastery. But at the

same time, we must realize that we are now men and women and Trinity will to a large extent be judged by the impression we make on the outer world. Nor is this a sermon on dancing and *clean* athletics, written at the instigation of the faculty. If a student wants to dance, let him do so.. As stated before, this is a matter of discipline and one over which the dean has complete jurisdiction. But this particular student should not defame the College because it does not see fit to endorse such a custom. What we want here anyway are less "knockers" and more real men. We want students who are more of the constructive type, although true social agitators are not to be depreciated. If there is anything wrong, try in a legitimate way to correct this wrong. And after this, if you come to the conclusion that the atmosphere here is not conducive to your moral and intellectual development, the thing to do is to get out. If that is the class to which you belong, Trinity neither needs nor wants you, and the sooner you find another haven of rest, the better it will be for all parties concerned. What's wrong with Trinity? What's wrong with you? So, if you cannot get into full harness, the logical thing for you to do is to kick out altogether.

PEACE, WHEN?

It is not the purpose of this article to advocate peace nor to prophesy peace, for it is almost universally desired that we have peace, and it is not humanly known when peace shall come. It is, therefore, unnecessary, on the one hand, to advocate peace, and on the other, futile to prophesy peace.

Still it is interesting to contemplate, even now in the thick and center of the turmoil, what peace will really mean and bring to those of us left to enjoy it. At worst, peace will be a great relief from the fatiguing stress and strain which is now gripping the people of the whole world. From

the greatest to the most insignificant of us, the stench and hellishness of this war with all its nauseating and horrifying effects has reached, and peace, with victory, will be an approach to Paradise. At best, though, peace will bring many monstrous problems, problems which will challenge the best there is in the world, problems which will require devotion and consecration and self-sacrifice, problems which must be met if the world is to remain "safe for democracy." The great problems of reconstruction will be ours and the world's. The problems of reconstruction which shall surely follow this war will not be problems which the world can meet easily. Problems of reconstruction never are. Recall the history of reconstruction in the North and in the South after the Civil War. It took these two sections from 1865 to 1890 or after to reach *status quo ante-bellum*, and it was 1914 before all the evil effects were wiped out, if they ever were wiped out. And this reconstruction was a pigmy in proportion compared with the reconstruction which the world shall face at the close of this war. Not a state, not a half-continent, not a hemisphere, but a world must be rebuilt! And what shall be demanded! The services of all men and all women shall be in demand, but most of all shall there be need for just such men as the colleges are in a position to turn out. Not fops, not pedants, but genuine college men, pillars of church and state to spread the light of wisdom, are now, and will be more, in demand.

It is also interesting to note the indications favorable to peace. Although it is perhaps not good sense to hold out before the people the prospects for an early peace, for they might relax into indifference with disastrous consequences, still there are quite a few hopeful signs and some significant statements with reference to such a peace. Statements of opinion by such men as Sergeant Grubb, who has served under the stars and stripes for twenty or twenty-five years,

and by such men as Sergeant Plaine, who himself has seen battle, and almost death, in Europe, are optimistic and not altogether without weight. Then, too, after making due allowances, there is some significance to the daily newspaper reports which tell of the internal dissensions and dissatisfactions which are brewing in Germany and in Austria, and of the daily trend of friendly feeling at Washington for the Bolsheviki forces in Russia. There is, therefore, some good ground for the belief that peace may not be far distant.

Whether or not it is far or near, as sure as the sunshine follows the rain, peace with all its problems of reconstruction will come. The men and women of America, and especially college men and college women, are being tested and will continue to be tested. We shall be weighed in the balances. Shall we be found wanting?—L. L. G.

Alumni Department

A VICTIM OF TEMPTATION

R. E. PARKER, '17

Thomas Aldridge, a wealthy broker, strutted proudly into his office. He wore a shining silk beaver and a long cutaway coat, on the lapel of which was pinned a white carnation. From one of the pockets of his white-checked vest hung a massive watch charm, set with rare jewels. In his right hand he carried a gold-headed cane, which he twirled conspicuously. From all appearances he seemed contented; but when he saw that one of his bookkeepers, Joe Bryant, was not at his desk, a sour frown came over his face. He said nothing; yet those who saw him knew that he was angry. As he passed into his private office, he did not even return the polite nod of his business manager, Bob Nichols.

Alone in his office, the broker first looked at the stock quotations. Then he lit a cigar, reflected for a while, and summoned Nichols. The ambitious young man immediately appeared.

"Nichols, what's the matter with Bryant? He's been away from his work for over two weeks; I understand that he's sick, but I don't believe that he is. He's simply loafing and drawing his pay. I want you to take him a note. I'll write it now. You needn't call the stenographer."

Bob Nichols stood by his employer without offering a suggestion and saw him write these words: "Dear Mr. Bryant: Unless you return to work this afternoon, you can consider yourself discharged from my service. I'll not tolerate a shirker in my office."

Bob knew, too, that Bryant was sick and unable to work; he realized that his old friend's health was failing. His con-

science rebuked him for not taking the part of the bookkeeper when the boss accused him wrongfully. He hated Aldridge's ingratitude. He wished to tell the broker that Joe had given the prime of his life to his service. In fact, he knew that he should have said something in favor of the exhausted and wornout employee, but thoughts of promotion kept him from speaking out what he felt he should say. A plea in defense of the bookkeeper, he thought, would be a disadvantage to him, for Aldridge hated for anyone to disagree with him.

As Bob left the office, he wondered what Rose Bryant would do should her father lose his job. He was engaged to Rose, and had been for a long time. He intended to marry her some day, but he always put off the wedding. Not because he did not love her, for he did. She was a well educated girl and in many respects his superior. Bob was proud of her, too. He knew he'd never be ashamed to call her his wife. He felt she'd be a help to him socially should he accumulate wealth; yet Bob could not help from dreaming about marrying a rich girl. He longed for money and power. He aspired to become the partner of his employer; should this happen, he believed he might eventually win the hand of Miss Aldridge.

When Nichols came up to Bryant's humble cottage, he was greeted kindly by Rose, who was sitting on the front porch embroidering.

"Why, hello, Bob!" she said, "I'm glad to see you. Come right in. Tell me all the news. Is every thing going well at the office? It's been nearly a week since you called. What have you been doing? Working hard as usual? I sometimes think you work too hard. Don't you let your ambition spoil you."

"I won't; but, Rose, you know why I must keep hard at work. I've got to hammer away in order to gain the esteem

of Mr. Aldridge. I hope to become his partner some day. Then I'll be in a position to make you happy."

"All right, Bob. We'll hope for a bright future. Let's go in the house now, however, and see father. He'll be delighted to see you. He often tells me how good you are to him. Maybe you can cheer him up. He's not like he used to be. I'm very uneasy about him. I'm afraid he'll never get well. He worries too much because he can't be at the office, and that makes him worse."

Bob found Bryant sitting in a rocking chair, bolstered up by pillows. "How can I give him this note?" he thought. "It may make him dangerously ill." But he put aside his feelings, walked up to the sick man, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Bryant? I'm very glad to see you. I hope you'll be able to be with us at the office soon."

"Well, Nichols, I wish I could be at my desk. I'm afraid Aldridge will lose confidence in me, and think I'm trying to neglect my duty."

"By the way," said Bob, as if he were reminded of something, "Mr. Aldridge sent this note to you." He handed the bookkeeper an envelope and then stepped over by the side of Rose. He did not have the nerve to stand by and watch Bryant's countenance as he read the note.

The bookkeeper read the note over and over again; then without saying a word he attempted to rise. His face showed the excruciating agony he went through. By hard effort he arose, pale but determined.

"Why, daddy, what's the matter? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to the office. I know I'm in no condition to work, but I shall try to show Mr. Aldridge that I'm not a shirker."

"Who said you were a shirker? Haven't you worked for Aldridge twenty years without a rest?"

The sad man handed his daughter the note from his employer. As she read the ungenerous missive, tears came in her eyes. Bob looked at her and his heart was touched by the pathetic scene. He took Rose in his arms and said:

"Cheer up, dear, I'm sure everything will come out all right. If your father can't work, I'll see that neither of you want for anything."

"Come on, Nichols, let's go back to the office, I must try to keep my job. Without it I would soon become penniless."

"Oh! you'll keep your job all right, Mr. Bryant. Don't you worry."

Bob spoke encouragingly, but he was sure that the book-keeper would soon have to resign or be discharged.

In spite of Rose's protest, Bryant went back to work with all the energy he could muster. He hoped soon to make up for lost time. He was adding up a long column of figures, when someone knocked on the office door.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened and Dr. Hall wheeled in.

"Where's Aldridge, Bryant? I want to see him at once."

"He is in his private office. I'll take him your card."

"Thank you, but I'll go in and see him unannounced."

Dr. Hall walked quickly to the broker's private office. He opened the door quickly, walked in, and turned the key. The click of the lock aroused Aldridge, who had his back to the door. When he saw the doctor, flushed and angry, he knew that trouble was on hand, but he tried to be composed.

"Have a seat, Doctor, your unexpected entrance frightened me at first."

"Damn you, Aldridge. You know why I came in as I did. You have cheated and robbed me. You invested my money and failed to give me the profit due me. You called for margin money when it was not necessary. You are a thief and a sneaking proud, damn rascal. But I'll fix you."

He took from his pocket a thirty-two Colt revolver and pointed it at the heart of frightened broker. Then he continued, "I'm going to kill you. You don't deserve to live, you yellow-livered hound."

From his desk, Bryant heard a shrill voice say, "I'm not going from this office without revenge." He turned his head and saw through the rough glass windows that separated the two offices, the agitated doctor, who looked as black as camp coffee. He wheeled from his chair, and although agonizing pains shot through his body, he hoisted one of the windows and grabbed the arm of the doctor. A fierce struggle took place, but the bookkeeper managed to wrench the pistol away from the angry physician. Totally exhausted, he went back to his desk and sat down. His heart was already beating fast, and he began to weaken. Entirely deprived of strength, he laid his head on the ledger. Nichols saw him and knew that the hero had exerted himself too much. He had seen him twist the pistol from the doctor. He thought to himself: "Now, if Aldridge could be made to believe that I saved his life, he'd think more of me. Probably he'd take me in as his partner." Going up to Bryant, he said, "Mr. Bryant, give me the pistol." The tired man handed him the weapon without a word. Just about this time the doctor rushed out of the private office. While in the main apartment, he gave one glance at Bryant, who looked as if he were asleep, then he ran into the hall and caught an elevator.

Bob Nichols went into the broker's office with the pistol. He found Aldridge at his desk pale and excited.

"Shall I call the police and have him arrest Hall?"

"No, let him go. I shall drop the matter."

"Say, Nichols," said the broker, "you did me a good turn while ago; I'll not forget your bravery. I am under

obligations to you. You saved my life. How in the world did you get the gun from the doctor?"

"You know he was standing with his right side next to our apartment. I quickly raised the window, gripped his arm tight, and gave his wrist a violent twist and he relaxed his hold on the pistol."

When Nichols went back to his desk, he noticed that Bryant had his head in the ledger. He heard the heavy breathing of the bookkeeper. He knew that the old man had over exerted himself and that the relaxation which had set against him might prove fatal. He did not offer his friend any assistance, however. He thought only of his promotion, which he felt sure would come now.

The shock Aldridge received unnerved him so that he was unable to transact business. He decided that he'd take a ride in his car. As he was leaving the main office he saw that Bryant was not at work. He went up to him and stormed out:

"You are no good. I'm through with you. Consider yourself discharged. I'll not have a drone in my office. Get out at once."

The sick man raised himself up slowly from his chair, hobbled to the vestibule, took his hat down, cast a sorrowful look back at the desk he had held for twenty years, then gulped down a sob, and walked slowly away.

Rose tried to comfort her father. She told him he'd get his job back when he got well.

"Why, dad, you just need a rest. You'll be all right soon. Cheer up. Bob will be promoted before long, and he'll see that you are treated better. You'll even get a better position."

"Well, dear, I don't know how things will turn out. I'm afraid I'm about done for."

Some days after the tragic scene in the office, Aldridge said to Nichols:

"Bob, you have been a good business manager. You've made me a good deal of money, and I'm going to take you in as my partner. I'm not as active as I used to be. I'm beginning to feel a little old, although I don't look it, and I want you to take charge of the business and make it hum."

"Mr. Aldridge, I appreciate your kindness. I'll do all I can to keep things going right."

"I believe you will.

"Say, Bob, my wife and daughter, Ruth, are coming home next week. You know they've been abroad for over six months. Come round to see us. Will be glad to have you call any time."

"Thank you. I'll come around soon."

When Ruth Aldridge came home, Nichols began paying her a great deal of attention. He took her to dances and socials. He bought a new car, and nearly afternoon he motored out to the beach with her. In due time he became engaged to her. He no longer thought of Rose. He had ceased to call on her, after he began to go with the broker's daughter.

Bryant grew worse. His daughter, however, did all she could for his comfort. When their little bank account gave out, she worked late into the night sewing. The constant care of her father and the extra work she did outside of household duties told on her. She became pale and languid. She wore a sad look. No longer was she exuberant and happy. Bob had jilted her, her father was on the verge of death, and she did not have enough money to buy him nourishment. In desperation, she went to Mr. Aldridge and asked him for money. Bob and Ruth were sitting on the veranda chatting gayly as she rang the door bell. A servant answered her summons.

"Can I see Mr. Aldridge?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Rose Bryant."

The broker heard her last remark. He hurried to the door and asked her what she wanted.

"I want you to lend me some money. Father and I haven't a cent. He's very sick and I have to stay with him continually. He'll die unless he can get the proper medicine and nourishment."

"Leave the house. I'll not give you a cent."

He turned on his heel and went back into his luxurious drawing room.

Rose left the house in dazed disappointment. As she walked back home, she met Dr. Hall. He noticed how depressed she looked. He knew Rose, and so he inquired if he might assist her.

"Oh! yes, Dr. Hall, you can. Father is very low, and he needs medical attention. Please come and help him."

"I'll be glad to serve you, Miss Bryant. You should have called on me before now. Let me go home and get my case. I'll be back in a few minutes."

The doctor shook his head when he saw the emaciated, pale countenance of the sick man. He felt his pulse and knew that the man could not live much longer. He gave him an antidote and the wornout man brightened a little. He opened his eyes and smiled up into the doctor's face.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I can't live much longer. Let me thank you though for coming to see me."

The next afternoon, Hall met Aldridge and his family going for a ride. Bob Nichols was with them. "That man has no heart, he said, "but I am going to tell him of his ingratitude." He waved his handkerchief and told the chauffeur to stop.

"What do you want?" said Aldridge.

"I want to tell you that the man who saved your miserable life is at the point of death. I would have killed you had it not been for Joe Bryant. He took the pistol from me the day I sought your blood. Moreover, Joe worked hard for you twenty years. He helped you make your money. Still you let him starve. Your base ingratitude is detestable."

Aldridge looked at Nichols and said, "Young man, have you deceived me?" Bob said nothing. Ruth looked at him and turned from him as if he were a leper.

"Drive me at once to Bryant's home," he ordered.

"Come with us, Hall. I hope I can do something for Bryant."

The party was led into the sick man's room by Rose. The doctor turned back the sheet and Aldridge looked into the sunken colorless face of his faithful servant who lay a corpse.

Bob Nichols did not dare look at the dead man. He stood still, as if petrified. He was aroused by his partner, however, who said, "Leave this place, Bob Nichols, and never let me see you again." Bob looked at Ruth, but he received no sympathy from her. Then he turned to Rose but the sad, reproachful look she gave him chilled his blood.

"Miss Bryant, I treated your father shamefully," spoke the broker softly. "I wish to atone as far as I can for the wrong I have done." He then wrote her a check for \$10,000. She took the little piece of paper, looked at her dead father, and without a word she tore the belated gift in a hundred shreds.

Exchanges

The University of North Carolina Magazine is full of varied and interesting reading matter. Apparently, this magazine is not suffering from any dearth of contributions as many other college magazines are just now. The arrangement of the material is excellent, and in numerous other respects the editors are putting out a magazine of no mean merit.

The poem, "Christmas in London," contrasts in a most effective manner the peaceful London Christmas Eve of 1913 to the lurid scenes there on the Christmas Eve of 1917. The fact that the United States responded to the call of duty at a critical moment not only inspires England's sons, but causes them to be devoutly thankful as well, is the concluding thought of the poem. Besides being intensely vivid, many lines of this verse are quite ingenuous in their expression of sentiment.

"From the Diary of a Japanese Student" is different from the usual mechanical tabulations of a foreigner's observations; rather, it is a series of such observations intermixed with the correlated impressions and ideas as they appeared to the Japanese student. The humorous comment upon American mannerisms remind us somewhat of Dr. Wu Ting-fang's "American Manners," with which the writer of the diary is evidently familiar.

"Jonathan Cole's Adventure with the Devil" is a well written story that is fairly interesting. The writer succeeds in entwining a rather weak love story amid a setting that gives us a very true picture of a Puritan neighborhood. The ending of this story is somewhat weak and conventional. "Her Gift" is a tragic story of a Christmas scene in the sorrowful home of a French peasant. "The Poinsettia" is easily

the best story of the issue. It is especially good in technique. Written as a post-war story, the plot reveals the love affair of a wounded aviator who "fell" for a queenly Red Cross nurse. But the writer avoids the use of the sentimental sort of love, and prevents a very clever and original story. The one weakness is the reader's probability in guessing the identity of "the other man" before the climax is reached.

A fairly realistic view of New York Bohemian life is found in "A Peep at Greenwich Village." This sketch reveals the experiences of the writer while on a curiosity seeking tour among that class where the word *conventionality* is entirely unknown. This sketch engages interest, though it is somewhat rambling.

The Sketch Department of this magazine contains a number of contributions of a light nature, which well serve to balance the magazine. The editorials of this issue, however, are hardly on par with the other departments.

The January issue of the *Wake Forest Student* is noticeably below the standard of the preceding numbers. The issue has only four literary contributions, and they are far from excellent. We can readily sympathize with *The Student* in the apparent apathy of their *litterateurs*, and we trust that the cogent editorial, "An Appeal," will be met with a hearty response by the "nascent poets, writers and philosophers."

"Sand and Sea," the first contribution, has a very clever plot, but similar to too many college short stories, it is underdeveloped. The story is decidedly amateurish in places. It needs to be disencumbered of a great mass of trivial and tiresome details. The material, however, is sufficient to provide for an excellent story if it is used in an orderly and discriminating manner.

The essay on Edgar Allan Poe takes up too much time

with Poe's life. If the author of the essay had given us the impression Poe's works made upon him, we could have enjoyed it better.

"Non de Plume" is the best contribution of the month. The author has an unusually free and easy style. In a half jocose way he gives us a very typical picture of one phase of college life, but doesn't stress the moral in the story too much.

The only verse contribution is entitled "The Young Soldier." The thought and spirit of this poem are good, but it needs smoothing over in a number of jerky places.

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once*, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1918

Brother o' Mine

HIS SIS

Smiling you march away, and I return your smile,
Though deep down in my heart are tears unwept the while;
But I cannot afford to be less brave when you
Are doing this great deed which I, a girl, can't do.
Brother o' mine, play-hero of the long ago,
Proud guardian of my childish joys or suffering woe,
But now a hero real, I see you bravely go
As when of yore we charged with paste-board caps and swords
And streaming rag-built flag, to conquer countless hordes
Of fiercest enemies; and always when you led
I'd go because you said, "*Just grin and come ahead!*"
To battle real you go, I cannot follow there—
Brother o' mine, hero, I give you with a prayer;
Staunch—proud, I'll stay, and work and wait and hope and
smile

That you may know your Sis is *game* to such a trial
Of love and faith; I'll face my own grim guns of chance
And do my part as bravely here as you in France,
And—if—I wait, and wait—and hear the last word said,
I will not fail you then, but "*Grin and come ahead.*"

Margaret Wade Deland

EVELYN CANDACE READE, '18

Among the host of writers of the twentieth century who represent the new American attitude toward life and nature is Margaret Wade Deland, an authoress of creative realism. Margaret was born February 23, 1857. Her father, Sample Campbell, was a Scotchman. As a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, Margaret may be said to have sprung from the house of Lancaster. Her mother was the daughter of Major William Wade, of the United States Army during the War of 1812. Margaret was left without a mother at her birth, and three years later her father died. She was then placed in the care of her aunt. In a beautiful little village, Manchester, on the banks of the Ohio River, amid old-fashioned houses, beautiful fields and meadows, this child of imagination spent the early years of her happy childhood. Among her playmates she was the center of attraction. She could make them stand with eyes and mouth open in wonder and interest in some story of a beautiful lady, narrow escapes, and sorrowful death-bed scenes in which the dying one delivered farewell orations to weeping friends. There were childhood scenes of play at church in which Margaret preached, prayed, and sang. Even in her youth she was interested in theology and even read Deck's *Theology*. There were times again when her interests were in the direction of philanthropy, and hospitals were established for bugs and other creatures. Here she made little beds for them, but in order to keep her patients many had to undergo the operation of being pinned down. Daily (or rather hourly, for under the circumstances patients didn't often live more than an hour), medicines of powdered brick dust and glycerine, and bruised lilies and quinine pills were administered. In spite of such

precautions deaths regularly took place, and burials were duly made in the little cemetery.

Although such scenes took place in the thoughtlessness and joy of happy youth, they anticipated dawning interest in moral questions and other stirring questions of the day which later became of vital importance to her.

Here, then, in the lazy old village which has since been lost in Allegheny, Margaret spent the first sixteen years of her care-free life. Her first schooling was obtained in private schools at home, but later she was sent to the boarding school, Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, New York. When she was sixteen, she decided that the time had come for her to seek her own living. Lacking sympathy at home for such enterprise she set out alone for New York. Here she attended art classes in Cooper Institute and graduated at the head of her class. This enabled her to win against many competitors the appointment of instructor in design at the Girls' Normal College of New York City. This position she held until her marriage May 12, 1880, to Lorin F. Deland, who later became critic and adviser in her literary work. After her marriage, she and her husband went to live in Boston, where they still spend their winter months.

Up until her marriage Mrs. Deland had published nothing which would anticipate her future genius. Only glimpses of her art had been caught in her ability to tell tales. Even when she did begin writing, her first production was in verse. Six years after her marriage, *The Old Garden and Other Verses* was published. The first knowledge of any verses written by Mrs. Deland was revealed by a friend who found a few verses scribbled on a brown bundle Mrs. Deland was carrying home from a butcher's shop. Other verses followed this beginning and were published by Mr. Scudder, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. All of her poems were later collected and published under the title above mentioned,

The Old Garden and Other Verses, which was dedicated to this friend who had first found the verses written on a sheet of the market book.

Although the *Critic* even this early announces that her "touch is sure, her sense of color fine, and the quality of her verse indicates no inconsiderable amount of discipline in her art," it was not until two years later that she received any great recognition—following the publication of her first novel, *John Ward, Preacher*. Mrs. Deland had lived in an atmosphere where theology was fairly breathed, and where ministers occupied a large space. She was well instructed in both Episcopalian and Presbyterian doctrine. She herself is an Episcopalian. In this first novel Mrs. Deland undertook to handle the theological subject of faith and doubt. John Ward, a Presbyterian preacher, married a girl who had been brought up in the Episcopalian faith. He measured everybody's religion by his own yardstick of faith, and those found lacking were doomed to eternal punishment in a fiery hell. His wife doubts his faith and absolutely refuses to believe in eternal punishment. After a meeting of his elders to sit in judgment over her soul, and after much worry on his own part, he sends word to Margaret, who had gone on a visit to her people, never to return. He suffers much mental agitation over the matter; but in spite of his great love for her, he never lets her return until just before his death. In this novel Mrs. Deland shows herself in sympathy with the Episcopalian faith, and John Ward is made almost unbearable. Mrs. Deland was at first a little dubious about publishing this novel; but at the instigation of Dr. William Campbell, once president of Rutgers College, the venture was made, and the novel became immensely popular.

Encouraged by the success of her first novel, Mrs. Deland published a third book the following year, 1889. In this

book, *Sidney*, she again undertook the question of faith and doubt. Mrs. Deland tried to portray a girl whose father undertook to keep her in ignorance of love. Mrs. Deland here failed to establish her premise, for to keep a girl in ignorance of what love is to life would be impossible.

Three years later appeared *The Story of a Child*. This book, though delightful and interesting, receives its importance from the fact that it introduces us to Old Chester, a created village, where so much action of Mrs. Deland's later stories and novels took place.

In 1893, one year later, appeared two small volumes of short stories, *The Wisdom of Fools*, dealing with ethical questions, and *Mr. Tommie Dove and Other Stories*, a collection of five short stories which might have been episodes in some of her novels. In the latter volumes Mrs. Deland is unhampered by having to create characters for some spiritual problem and writes with delicate humor, pathos, and genuine humanness.

The following two years Mrs. Deland was busy writing her third novel, *Philip and His Wife*, which appeared in 1895. Here she shifts from theology to the question of divorce and may at least be praised on the ground of originality, for, though many divorce novels have been written, there are few which make lack of spirituality on the part of the wife the grounds for the separation. Here Mrs. Deland dwells on the disastrous effect of marriage after love had vanished.

So far, Mrs. Deland had made no great success as an authoress. Indeed it was not until 1897 that she was given a place in *The Library of the World's Best Literature*. She had certain abstract ideas of life; and except when she was treating of some minor character of real life, her people had the appearance of being made to conform to these ideas. Life, however, soon began to appear to her in all its re-

ality. The writing of a long novel became distasteful to her, and she was content to dream out of the storehouse of childhood impressions. As a result of this change *Old Chester Tales* came out in 1899. Here, Old Chester, a slow, old-fashioned village in Pennsylvania, of which glimpses had been caught in *The Story of a Child*, now became immortalized. This book consists of five short stories, all grouped about an old Episcopal rector, Dr. Lavendar, a character taken from real life and supposed to be a representation of Mrs. Deland's uncle, Dr. William Campbell. Old Chester itself was created in such a realistic manner that people have actually written to Mrs. Deland asking her where Old Chester might be found. Many fictitious characters have been made permanent in English literature, but few places have received the same sort of recognition. And Old Chester may be added to Cranford, one of the few created places that has been accorded a permanent place in English literature. The people are old-fashioned, conservative, holding to candles and stage coaches. They looked down on the outside world with pity. They were narrow, simple, and kind, and, above all, extremely human. It is all a beautiful picture of old houses and quaint people whom Mrs. Deland knew well and portrayed with all the humor, pathos, and tragedy of life. Two of the stories, *Good for the Soul* and *Where Laborers are Few*, are considered the best both for dramatic quality and religious appeal. In 1904 appeared another volume of stories, *Dr. Lavendar and His People*, which deals with the same Old Chester.

During the next twelve years Mrs. Deland wrote several books, among them, *The Common Way*, 1904; *Way to Peace*, 1910; *An Encore* and *The Voice*, 1912; *Partners*, 1913; *The Hands of Esau*; and *Around Old Chester*; *The Iron Woman*, 1911; and *The Promises of Alice*, 1917; but probably

The Awakening of Helena Richie, 1906, and *The Rising Tide*, 1916, are most characteristic.

The Awakening of Helena Richie shows remarkably well the change which had taken place during the years in which Mrs. Deland had been writing short stories. Her characters begin to have a place in humanity, and no longer give the impression of having been created to suit her creeds. She has now established herself as a writer of realistic fiction. The scenes of *Helena Richie* are laid in Old Chester, where Mrs. Deland is at ease in portraying odd characters and buildings. Helena Richie, who has separated from her husband, is sent to live in the "stuffed animal house" by a lover with whom she, disregarding conventionality, had lived for a time. "Tainted with newness," she is of course looked upon with doubtful eyes by these conservative people. To them she appears only a selfish, pleasure-loving woman. Her past is kept unknown to them, and all they know of her is that one supposed to be her brother comes to see her sometimes. Finally, the rough but kindly old Dr. King, through his medical attention to Helena's servant, comes to understand the woman somewhat. Consequently, when Dr. Lavendar was looking for someone to care for little David, an orphan child, Dr. King suggests Helena, who reluctantly accepts the care of the child for a time. After the light-headed, dreamy Sam Wright—another suitor of Helena's—kills himself on account of his love being rejected by Helena, Old Chester finds out that Lloyd is really not her brother but a man with whom she had lived for a time. Then Helena was considered unworthy of rearing David, who had irresistibly won a large place in her heart. Finally, through her love and longing for the child she awakens to her own guilt, and Dr. Lavendar, in the end, surprises her with his consent for her to keep David. Humor, pathos, and tragedy are all mingled in this book. Sam's erratic, humorous old grandfather, fascinating

little David with his unexpected remarks and questions, and keen old Dr. Lavendar, who guides Old Chester with wonderful wisdom are well portrayed characters. The book obtains its wide popularity from its keen observation of life and its moral purpose.

In *The Rising Tide* Mrs. Deland deals with the woman question. During the former years of Mrs. Deland's authorship she had been spending her winters at Boston and her summers at a cottage at Kenneport, Maine. She threw open her home for social as well as for other functions. She was interested in all sorts of organizations and civic matters. Quite naturally the woman question occupied a large space in her interests. For the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Independent*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and various other magazines she was, and still is, engaged in constantly furnishing articles on the subject. In these articles she reveals a realization of the fact that the old generation of women allied to duty to the home alone has passed and a new generation of women who would do things is coming forward. She realizes the fact, too, that manufacturing and other industries have made absurd the cry "Woman's duty is the home." She thinks that limited suffrage is one of the greatest things that could happen to woman, but she realizes the absurdity of such arguments as "woman's duty" on the part of the anti-suffragists and "woman's superiority in intellect" on the part of the suffragists. She herself believes in votes for women with the limitation that only the educated women vote,—women who know what the ballot means, and know what they are voting for when they vote. Male suffrage, she says, with little restriction on the vote, has not yet proved itself an entirely satisfactory mechanism for producing government; and it would only be making matters worse to give woman unrestricted vote. It is in her recent novel, *The Rising Tide*, that she involves these views on

suffrage, already expressed in such articles as *Woman in the Market-Place*, and *The Third Way in Woman Suffrage*. She had already portrayed the languid, dependent girl in *Helena Richie* and the stern dutiful woman in *The Iron Woman*. Now in *Frederica Payton*, of *The Rising Tide*, she pictures the independent girl of today. However, it is through one of the minor characters—a man too—that she gives her real feeling in the matter of the vote.

“‘Let woman ask for an intelligent qualification,’ he says, ‘and I’ll be the biggest kind of a suff. But while they don’t know any more about what the ballot can and can’t do than to gas about its raising women’s wages—oh Lord. . . Our grandfathers made a mess by dealing out universal suffrage, and our fathers made a worse mess in giving it to the male negro; now the women want to make asses of themselves just as we did. They are always japping about being our equals. They are: they are as big fools as we are. A vote for intelligent women whether cooks or countesses—I’d hold up my hand!’”

On the other hand, *Frederica* is the rash impetuous girl who thinks that “women are more intelligent than men,” and that woman suffrage is a cure-all. *Frederica*, because of her rashness and inconventionality, is looked upon with horrified eyes by her mother, grandmother, and aunt, women thoroughly allied to “duty.” All of *Fred’s* “free speech,” her habit of “undressing life” and actions in general drive these poor souls almost to despair. *Mr. Weston*, *Frederica’s* guardian, though he does not agree with the girl, sympathizes with her and humors her in all her intentions. *Young Maitland*, a chum of hers, listens with sympathy to all her ideas on woman’s suffrage and independence; and his right-hand word for her is “bully.” Directly opposed to *Fred* in character is her cousin, *Laura*, who, though she admires *Fred*, cannot herself get away from “duty.” *Fred* pronounced suffrage

“the most interesting thing that has come into race conscience since humanity began to stand on hind legs.” It was for her the cure for all evils. Rushing headlong into life, she is disciplined only after being refused in her proposal of marriage to Maitland and after being scolded for dragging Laura, who becomes Maitland’s wife, into her “nonsense.” Finally, Frederica comes to understand her family’s point of view, and the members of her family sympathize with the real womanhood now awakened within her. With Frederica’s marriage to Weston there are prospects for a happy future. Although there is not a character in *The Rising Tide* that is not drawn true to life, this book is not so rich in characterization nor so wide in its appeal as *The Awakening of Helena Richie*, which, together with *Old Chester Tales*, is probably Mrs. Deland’s best work. *The Awakening of Helena Richie* will appeal to every generation, but *The Rising Tide* deals with a passing movement and will stand the chance of losing much of its popularity.

Finally, then, Mrs. Deland, even if she writes nothing more, will live as a moralist with none of the Puritanic sternness and coldness, as an artist, and as a faithful portrayer of human life in all its humor, pathos, and tragedy.

The Christmas Violin

“PEGGY DALE”

Shirley burst into her mother's room.

“Dearie,” she said, “I've just made a discovery. It's a violin, the most wonderful one in the world—oh, it's ages old. I saw it in the little curiosity shop, and decided at once that I *must* have it for my recital tomorrow night. Don't you want to give it to me for Christmas?”

Shirley was an only child, the idol of her mother's heart; hence all her whims were, as far as possible, gratified. The study of the violin, however, had not proved a whim; it was a passion with her. For months she had labored under the instruction of the best teacher that could be secured, and the following night—Christmas—was to show the fruits of her work in her first large recital. Her technique was perfect—hence the work was altogether praiseworthy, but soulless, for a violin will not play out its soul for anyone who has not suffered—who has not really felt things vitally.

This child of happiness sat down at her mother's feet and looked up pleadingly into the sweet little face above her. With excited gesticulations and more excitedly worded descriptions, she convinced her mother as to the desirability of the old violin. Not long after she entered her mother's room in such a flutter, Shirley left it in even more excitement, and started forth into the snowy afternoon towards the curiosity shop—and the precious violin.

Just inside the threshold of the shop she stopped abruptly. There at the counter, with tears streaming down her face, was a withered little woman.

“The doctor says he's gotta have what he wants. Just let me take it and let him hold it once. He begs for it—and—I—”

The woman burst into passionate sobs, which moved the clerk not a whit.

Shirley drew closer and tried to comfort her. She soon learned that the woman's son, Tom, was very ill, and his violin, the only relic of better times, had been sold to pay for the medicine and doctor.

"And," she told Shirley, "he begs so hard for it that it really makes him worse."

"Which is it?" the girl asked.

The woman pointed mutely to the violin—Shirley's would-be treasure. Then she said:

"Oh, if you could just see him—lyin' there so white—an' when he says a word, it's always about his violin!"

Shirley was greatly touched by the woman's earnestness. She had longed for the violin, it seemed to her, more than she had ever longed for anything—but the picture, brought by her vivid imagination, of Tom, was too strong. Soon the violin was purchased. She looked at it hungrily, and then almost fiercely thrust it into the mother's arms.

After many words of gratitude, the old lady started home, then came back to Shirley.

"Would you like to see him when he gets it?" she asked.

Always impulsive, the girl followed. On the way, she told the woman of her own love for the violin.

They were soon in the tenement district. Dirty children, playing along the gutter, looked up in curiosity as they passed. Tired, hollow-eyed women, hanging out clothes on the fire escapes, shivered and made remarks about "them as can afford to wear fur coats." The horror of it all crept quickly into the girl's very being. They stopped before one of the tallest and gloomiest of these buildings. On entering, Shirley gave a little gasp. She had read about such conditions in other cities, but she had never dreamed that tenements in such conditions existed at home.

Up four flights of rickety stairs, through halls reeking with filth, they went. By the time they reached the woman's room, Shirley was fairly sick. This room was in direct contrast with the rest of the house, for it was clean at least and as cheery as the one small window and lack of furniture permitted.

Over in one corner was a boy lying on a pallet. His dark encircled eyes burned from a drawn, white face. When he saw the violin, he strained into nearly a sitting position and reached wildly for it. When he had it at last in his hands, he touched it tenderly here and there with his long delicate fingers. Such joy Shirley had never seen in all of her joyful life.

The girl who left the tenement house a few moments later was quite different from the one that had left her comfortable home sometime before. She walked slowly and soberly through the early twilight. The shielded, happy girl had seen some of the sufferings of the poor.

The next evening, as Shirley stood looking moodily out of the window, the maid brought a package carefully wrapped in a shawl, and a note. She gave an exclamation of delight when she saw her coveted violin, but her eyes filled with tears when she read the note:

"Tom was so happy with his violin. Through your kindness, I will not have to remember his last hours as full of suffering, for all else was forgotten in his joy. May it bring you the same happiness."

When Shirley started playing that night, her technique and everything else was forgot. The violin brought forth a mother's great anguish and a son's great joy. Her audience was carried from tears to laughter as she willed.

The True Cause

MINNIE BRADY, '19

The captain stands upon the plain,
His trusty sword in hand,
While in a deep and son'rous vein
He gives his stern command.
"Push forward, men, in thickest fight;
The day we'll ours call,
For God above who does things right
Ne'er lets the true cause fall!"

Encouraged by their captain's words,
Their faith in God alone,
With eyes bloodshot, and faces set
The brave lads struggle on,
Unheeding of the shot and shell,
The dead who 'round them lie,
Their spirit high—their cause supreme,
Their motto still—to win or die.

And now the strife is ended!
And life's great work is done!
Our brave men perished nobly
To crush the cruel Hun.
Who'll name the cost expended;
Who'll count the awful toll;
Who'll say the fight was all in vain
With democracy as the goal?

Confederate Text-books Published in North Carolina

KATE GOODMAN UMSTEAD, '18

Why should the Confederacy procure its text-books from authors, editors, and publishers of the North? This question was in the minds of many of our Southern people after the outbreak of the Civil War. The only Southern text-books in use at that time were Butler's *English Grammar* and Barton's *English Grammar*. The people of the Confederacy did not wish to feed the young minds of the rising Confederacy on text-books imbued with the spirit of the North.

On account of this lack of Southern text-books appeals were made to the intellect of the South to write, edit, and publish text-books. Often the editorials of the *North Carolina Journal of Education* during the years 1861 and 1862 urged men and women to write text-books. In the issue of January, 1862, the following editorial appeared:

"We have seen the MSS. of a number of books prepared for the use of our schools. But few of these are yet published, but preparations have been made for issuing many of them during the ensuing spring and summer, and we hope that all of our schools can be supplied during this year with home-made books. It would certainly be unwise in us ever again to allow our schools to be supplied with books by those who must ever be enemies to our institutions, even when we are at peace with nations.

"Our own teachers are the proper ones to prepare our text-books; and they should all be published at home."

Just as the Confederacy had to manufacture and do other things it had not been doing before the war, so did it prepare text-books for the children in the schools. Even though paper was scarce and printing was difficult during this period, the people of the South did not neglect the edu-

cation of the children when the states were involved in a terrible conflict that attracted much of their attention. The pleas for authorship were not in vain. Many of the teachers and educational leaders of North Carolina responded to the call.

To Reverend Samuel Lander, for a number of years a teacher in different North Carolina institutions of learning, belongs the first arithmetic whose authorship and publication belongs exclusively to the Confederate States. *Our Own School Arithmetic* appeared in 1863 from the press of Sterling, Campbell, and Albright, Greensboro, North Carolina. In the preface dated Lincolnton, North Carolina, August 1, 1863, Mr. Lander expressed his appreciation to the publishers who had spared neither pains nor expense to bring the book out creditably. This book was spoken favorably of in the book notices of the *Journal of Education*.

An author of considerable note was William Bingham, third principal of Bingham School. He was born in 1835 in Orange County; he died February 18, 1873. Bingham was graduated with highest honors from the University of North Carolina in 1856. After his graduation he taught in his father's school, and became principal in 1865. When the school was put under military control about this time, he was given the rank of Colonel. He had been unable to do active service in the war on account of delicate health. Colonel Bingham was equally great as teacher, public speaker, and author of text-books. His Latin texts have received the greatest praise. They were at one time used in every state in the Union, especially in the South and West; they were used perhaps more extensively than the works of any other Southern author.

In 1863 there appeared *Bingham's Grammar of the Latin Language*, published by Sterling, Campbell, and Albright. The preface was dated Oaks, North Carolina, May 10th,

1863. Professor Bingham tried to fill a great need—"a practical first book in Latin suited to the capacity of beginners, and yet full enough for a book of reference throughout a course of preparation for college." The author commended the book to the Confederate teachers as "an auxiliary in establishing Southern literary and intellectual independence."

Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War by Bingham came out in December, 1863. This edition was prepared with reference to the pupil in the school room by one who had had experience there. The notes were prepared to give the student only such help as was necessary to find out the author's meaning.

Extracts from a review in *Land We Love*, June, 1867, show that the works of Bingham were favorably received:

"Much has been said upon the importance of providing, as far as possible, our own text-books in the various branches of education. All honor then be to one, who beside his labors in the unsuccessful struggle for our political independence, has made one of the first contributions since the war began to secure what still lies in our reach, our independence in matters pertaining to education. It would, however, be very contrary to sound principle of free trade to maintain that we should use inferior text-books and patronize their authors, simply because they were produced on Southern soil. The text-books must be really good and sound, or the education based upon them cannot be so.

"North Carolina has stepped into the field and presented a creditable book. There is no reason why any Southern school should have to use Northern editions when so excellent a one as Bingham's is here.

"Caesar was written for men, not for boys who have just finished studying the grammar, and consequently there are difficult passages near the beginning. A commentary on Caesar should therefore endeavor to make these passages and

constructions clear. Colonel Bingham's work is admirably adapted for this.

"The works are an honor to the author, a credit to the State of North Carolina, and a valuable service to the South."

Reverend Levi Branson, D. D., was a native of Randolph County. He was one of the early graduates of Trinity College. For long years Dr. Branson was a bookseller and publisher in Raleigh, North Carolina. He was author of a *First Book in Composition*, published *Branson's North Carolina Almanac* for a quarter century, and for almost as many years *Branson's State Directory*, which continues to be published as the *North Carolina Year Book of the News and Observer* in Raleigh. Dr. Branson was a local Methodist preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and it may be said of him that he really lived and died with Oglethorpe's motto alive in his heart and life: "For himself nothing, for others everything (*non sibi sed aliis*)."
He died in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1908, and lies buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Raleigh.

Dr. Branson's *First Book in Composition* came from the press in 1863, published by Branson and Farrar, Raleigh, North Carolina. A conception of the purpose of the book may be obtained from Dr. Branson's own words in the preface:

"As soon as the student can read intelligibly, he may commence the study of this book. The exercises found will naturally lead him to the habit of writing and gradually draw out the mind to the practice of thinking and finally to that of independent composition.

"In the hope that it may be useful to the young of our great rising Confederacy, the work is respectfully offered to the public."

Examples of sentences found in the book show that it is wholly Southern:

“Abraham Lincoln led—people into war.”

“Jefferson Davis defended—country bravely, and deserves great applause for his patriotism.”

“General Lee defeated the Yankees,—his army was much smaller than theirs.”

Another member of the Branson family, Mrs. M. B. Moore, a sister of Dr. Branson, wrote a number of text-books during the war. Mrs. Marinda Branson Moore was born in Randolph County near Asheboro, December 16, 1829; and died June 27, 1864.

She was a graduate of Greensboro Female College; she was principal of Glen Anna Seminary for a number of years, and after her marriage to Joseph W. Moore, she with her sister, Emily Branson, conducted the school at Margaita Seminary until her health failed.

Mrs. Moore was one of the most patriotic women of her time. She wrote many letters to friends in the army, worked incessantly for the wives and children of soldiers, and comforted the bereaved ones.

She wrote for many magazines, especially *The Home Circle*, and her articles were widely copied. The Confederate text-books written by her were: *The Dixie Primer*, *The Geographical Reader*, *A Primary Geography*, *The Dixie Speller*, and *The First Dixie Reader*.

The Dixie Primer was printed at the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, and was offered for sale by Branson and Farrar, 1862. This little volume in the form of a pamphlet was “designed for small children and the only merit the author claims is, that it is adapted to the young mind.” The author regretted the fact that this book, which was intended for small children, had no pictures, but suitable pictures could not be procured.

During 1863 *The Geographical Reader* with maps came from the *Biblical Recorder Print*, and was also sold by Bran-

son and Farrar. Ten thousand copies of this book were published. *The Reader* was divided into two parts; the first part was to be used as a reader and the second part for a geography. The purpose of this plan was to familiarize the child with geographical terms before he begins the study of geography.

The next year Branson and Farrar put on sale another book of Mrs. Moore's entitled *A Primary Geography*, with questions and answers attached. This book contained the same material as the *Geographical Reader* with the additions of a few lessons.

We need not be surprised at the hostile spirit which a few of our Southern people today have against the North when we read the books which they studied at school, and of course this same hostility was present in the home folks.

"This is a great country! The Yankees thought to starve us out when they sent their ships to guard our seaport towns. But we have learned to make many things and to do without many others, and above all to trust in the smiles of the God of battles. We had few guns, little ammunition, and not much of anything but food, cotton and tobacco; but people helped themselves and God helped the people. We were considered an insolent weak people, but our enemies have found us strong, because we have justice on our side.

"The Southern people are noted for being high-minded and courteous. A stranger seldom lacks friends in this country."

From the following questions and answers from the same book we get some of their views of the war:

"Q. What kind of men should we select to govern our country?

A. Good and wise men.

Q. Why?

A. 'When the righteous are in authority the nation rejoiceth, but when the wicked bear rule the nation mourneth.'

Q. If the people of the United States had always elected good men for rulers what would have been the result?

A. We would have had no war.

Q. Has the Confederate States any commerce?

A. A fine inland commerce and bids fair, sometime, to have a grand commerce on the high seas.

Q. What is the present drawback to our trade?

A. An unlawful Blockade by the miserable and hellish Yankee Nation."

The maps in the *Primary Geography* and the *Geographical Reader* have an interesting history. Dr. Branson, the publisher, found an old plate of the map of the United States in an old office in Raleigh. This plate was cut in sections and those illustrating the Southern States were used. In the *Geographical Reader* the map appeared in black outline only. In the *Primary Geography* the state boundaries were colored. This was done by hand after the maps had been printed.

Mrs. Moore's *Dixie Speller* came from the press of the *Christian Advocate* and was sold by Branson and Farrar in 1864. This volume contained a few reading lessons in which little statements were made against the men in power in the Union as in the geography.

The *First Dixie Reader*, another of the Dixie series, appeared in 1863. The price of this book as advertised on the back of one of Mrs. Moore's volumes, was seventy-five cents. The first edition of this reader contained ten thousand copies.

Lemuel Johnson, A. M., professor of mathematics in Trinity College from 1853-54 and 1855-84, was the author of a series of arithmetics. Johnson's *Elementary Arithmetic*, designed for beginners, was sold by Branson and Farrar in 1864.

"The great demand at this time for books of an element-

ary character in the Southern Confederacy, has called forth this little volume. Nothing new or original has been attempted. The method of presenting the subject after several years spent in the recitation room, we believe to be the best." The edition of Johnson's arithmetic was ten thousand copies, of which nearly all were destroyed by Sherman's army.

Quite interesting and extraordinary examples are found in its pages:

"If one Confederate soldier kills nine Yankees, how many Yankees can 10 Confederate soldiers kill?"

"7 Confederate soldiers captured 21 Yankees and divided them equally between them; how many did each have?"

Johnson's *Common School Arithmetic*, which appeared in 1864 also, was perhaps the book promised in the preface of the *Elementary Arithmetic*.

C. W. Smythe, principal of the Lexington English and Classical School, was the author of a series of grammars, published by Sterling, Campbell, and Albright, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Our Own Primary Grammar, which was priced at twenty-five cents per copy, was announced and advertised in the October issue of the *Journal of Education* for the year 1861. This was the first North Carolina book which had made its appearance since the beginning of the war. This book was highly recommended to the teachers for use in the schoolroom. *Our Own School Grammar* followed the next year. In 1863 *Our Own Elementary Grammar* appeared. In the preface of this book, which is dated Lexington, North Carolina, June, 1863, Mr. Smythe states that this is to be an intermediate book between the *Primary Grammar* and *School Grammar*.

Two men who labored in collaboration in writing and publishing text-books for the South were J. D. Campbell and Richard Sterling. Both were members of the publishing-

firm of Sterling, Campbell, and Albright. Both were prominent figures in the education of North Carolina; Mr. Campbell was editor of the *State Journal of Education*; Mr. Sterling was a conspicuous figure in the meetings of the State Educational Association Convention. Both taught in the same school, the Edgeworth Female Seminary, Greensboro, North Carolina. Mr. Sterling was principal of the institution, and professor of Belles Lettres and Physical Science. Mr. Campbell was professor of Mathematics and Rhetoric.

Among the first books to appear from the hands of Sterling and Campbell and from the press of Sterling, Campbell, and Albright, was *Our Own Spelling Book* in 1862. This book contained the usual list of words for spelling, a few reading lessons, the names of the rivers in the Confederate States, common abbreviations, foreign words and phrases, and on the back of the book is illustrated the deaf and dumb alphabet.

Another of Our Own series, a title which was so popular for text-books of the Confederacy, and which was so expressive of the sentiment of the Southerners in regard to text-books, was *Our Own First Reader*, published in 1862. This reader was not illustrated because engravings that were proper could not be furnished in the Confederate States. *Our Own Second Reader* came out during this year.

The preface of *Our Own Third Reader* is dated Greensboro, North Carolina, January, 1863. The selections in this volume were made with reference to the intellectual advancement which the pupils who had properly studied *Our Own First* and *Second Readers* were supposed to have made, and at the same time convey valuable information and wholesome moral lessons. In the *Third Reader* there are many stories pertaining to North Carolina, the Battle of Guilford Courthouse, Pilot Mountain, Roanoke Island, and others. The statement is made in the *Minerals of the Confederacy* that "the coal fields of North Carolina alone are sufficient to supply the

entire Confederacy with this valuable article of fuel for centuries." The last three lessons in the book are quotations from the Bible entitled *Bible Views of Slavery*. The divisions are Slavery Instituted, Slavery Recognized through the Whole Bible, and Directions to Masters and Slaves.

This series of readers was continued in 1865 by the appearance of *Our Own Fourth Reader*. The selections were from the authors who hitherto have had no place in any similar work. Among the writers from North Carolina were Mrs. Mary A. Miller, Mrs. S. P. Atkinson, Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D., Rev. J. M. Sherwood, Hon. Charles Manly, H. S. Ellenwood, Hon. William Gaston and Theophilus H. Hill.

Two English grammars of the Confederate text-books claim as their author Rev. Brantley York, a pioneer in education. Dr. York, a native of Randolph County, was born in 1805, and died in 1891. He was a teacher for about seventy years, a preacher for sixty, instructed fifteen thousand pupils, preached five thousand sermons, and delivered three thousand lectures.

The third edition of York's *Analytical Illustrative and Constructive Grammar* was published by W. L. Pomeroy, Raleigh, North Carolina, 1862.

Also the third edition of his English grammar revised and adapted to Southern schools was offered for sale 1864 by Branson and Farrar as "one of the best ever published." The preface of the first edition of this work was signed York Institute, 1860, and evidently the book had been very popular in the schoolroom to have reached the third edition in a time when printing was so difficult.

Another who wished "to contribute something to the cause of education in our land" was Rev. Braxton Craven, a well known and foremost educator. Dr. Craven contributed to the *Evergreen*, published at Asheboro, revised *Bullion's*

English Grammar, wrote *Mary Barker*, which was issued under the nom de plume *Charlie Vernon*, and *Naomi Wise*; he left other literary productions, among them one entitled, "*What Women Can Be*," which struck the keynote for widest intellectual culture for women.

In 1864 Bullion's *Analytical and Practical Grammar* of the English language, revised by Dr. Craven, was published by the North Carolina Christian Advocate Publishing Company. Dr. Craven revised this book in order that it might be more acceptable to the public. He freely used the hints suggested by different teachers. The chapter on punctuation was enlarged, the chapter on prosody presented more clearly, and rhetoric, composition, and the appendix removed on the ground that they did not belong to English grammar. The editor struck out all the notes which did not seem to be instructive.

These North Carolinians worked diligently to give these text-books to the children of the Confederacy. That these books were successful is shown by the fact that some of them were used long after the Confederacy had ceased to exist and others were even reprinted by Northern publishers.

Since these people could not go out on the battlefield and serve their country, they applied themselves to that which they could do, and the result was the text-books for the Confederate children.

To A Violet

MADGE NICHOLS, '18

Little modest violet,
 In your lowly bed,
Waiting for the springtime,
 Tho' you seem quite dead.
Hidden in the meadow,
 Little violet true,
Fondled by the sunbeams,
 Nourished by the dew.
Soon will come the springtime,
 Waking every flower;
Mother Nature's smiling
 At her magic power.
Then the dainty violet,
 Lifts its little head;
Glad to greet the sunshine,
 No more it seemeth dead.

A Man Belongs

A. M. H. AND N. I. M.

Robert Hender had finished looking over his accounts. Yes, he was making good. An average of ninety dollars a month with an embryo reputation was not poor results for a young doctor only six months out of college. He folded his brawny arms and leaned back complacently in Dr. McLarty's leather rocker. Of course he was yet only an assistant to Dr. McLarty, that noble old physician who,—having admired the bold and successful way in which the strange young doctor had handled a charity case of criminality from brain pressure,—had subsequently taken great interest in him; but now Robert was eager to stand on his own feet. Ever since his parents had sent him down out of the Blue Ridge Mountains to college, four years and a half ago, he had been dreaming hazily of the time when he, having completed his medical and academic studies, should be ready to set out on his life work. He had had a fancy that he would carry on some form of agriculture as a "side-line," for he had always loved the soil, but now he had decided to postpone that self-indulgence indefinitely and confine himself to perfecting his medical skill by every possible means when not absorbed in serving his patients.

Robert Hender crossed his well-shod feet gingerly on top of Dr. MacLarty's desk. Yes, he was a full-fledged practitioner and desired an office of his own now. He had made quite an impression by his competent service during the epidemic of typhoid fever which had attacked the city during the summer. He had even been the first to state and definitely prove that the disease was due to impurity in the water supply of which the city had been so proud. He smiled reminiscently as he thought of the surprise and commotion which

his letter on the subject had occasioned when it had appeared on the front page of *The Evening News*. People had talked about Hender, the protégé of Dr. MacLarty; why not talk about Hender, the *partner* of Dr. MacLarty? But no, that good fortune was beyond his hopes, for though the doctor had invited him to visit his club and to board at the MacLarty home, it was not probable that he would take a "raw buck" from college to fill his dead partner's place when he could have his choice of all the skillful practitioners within a thirty-mile radius.

But, at any rate, Robert felt he could count on the friendship and advice of the famous old physician; and what with the practice Robert already had in the factory settlement and the surgical practice he hoped to obtain, he would soon be making an average net profit of a hundred per month and well on the way towards both professional and financial success. In a few years he would be sending money regularly to his mother. He tried to think what she would do with it. She had not been to town in ten years; how could she spend it? However, she would stop patching long enough to feel very proud of him when she received the check. Later in life, Robert planned, he would found a hospital for crippled children—or something for some kind of children—and he would then devote the rest of his time and strength to the poor who were not able to pay for the best surgical aid.

There was a knock at the door, and when he rose and opened it, an exceedingly well-dressed young man with a small mustache and a cigarette smiled and shook hands with him genially. Robert remembered him as DeWitt R. Searles, leader of the Zeta Chapter of the Pi Kappa Alpha.

"How are you, Hender? Heard you were established here in Knoxville with Dr. MacLarty, and thought I'd drop in to see you as I passed through."

"Well, I'm mighty glad you did," said Robert, conducting him to a big chair.

As the man began to talk pleasantly of college studies, and sports, of what had become of the different members of the senior class, and of how he himself was trying "to learn the Governor's business in order to take it up where the Governor left off," Robert thought of the cold superior look of amusement with which this man had passed him on the campus on the day when Robert had first arrived from the mountains with his ill-fitting clothes and awkward gait. He recalled with satisfaction the various stages by which that look had thawed to its present friendliness.

"Too busy to walk to the station with me?" the man asked as he rose after the chat. "My train leaves in a few minutes."

"Be glad to! Just let me tell the stenographer," said Robert, stepping to the adjoining room where a young woman was copying accounts.

As the train pulled out from the station, and Robert wended his way back through the crowds near the track, he looked unusually pleased. He had accepted an invitation to spend the week-end at the Searles' home. Undoubtedly he would meet many of the leading and successful people, and that fact would perhaps lead to his securing the patronage of some of the wealthy fat people who desired to be reduced, and the wealthy bored people who liked to be told they had some interesting disease, and the wealthy lazy people who were willing to pay for some substitute for the exercise nature thought they ought to have been taking all their lives. Well, he would reduce and interest and exercise; and although that kind of work was not much to his taste, he consoled himself with the thought of the good use to which he would put the money when he had obtained it.

A familiar voice hailed him—a slightly falsetto, drawling

voice, "Howdy, Bob. Where air you headin'? I hardly knowed you. You shorely have put on airs since you left Cattalooch'!"

Robert turned and shook hands with his younger brother, Nick, a gawky stripling of eighteen.

"What are you doing down here?"

"I come out to fetch a couple dozen barrels uv apples to Mr. Howell—and to see if you air a gittin' too stuck up to come back and visit yer folks once in a while." The boy added the latter observation with an overdrawn expression of solemnity.

"Don't get any idea like that in your head," said Robert. "How are the folks, and how are affairs getting along up on Little Cattalooch'?"

"The apple crap's fine, and the pigs and corn all right. That sore on Pap's jaw is worse, though—Say, where do you eat at? I'm hongry; ain't et nothing since four o'clock this mornin'."

Robert glanced involuntarily at Nick's baggy "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" trousers, his slouch hat, old-fashioned coat and black shoes with raised toes. Dr. Hender smiled secretly and in chagrin at the mental picture he saw of himself introducing his brother at the luncheon table of the MacLarty family. Luckily, it was not yet time for luncheon at the place where Robert "et at."

"We don't have dinner until two at my boarding house," said Robert, a little bit ashamed of himself, "and it's only twelve now. Let's stop in at a restaurant."

Leading the way down the main street, Robert felt a slight inclination to seek out some cafe on a side street, but then suddenly angry at the thought, he led Nick into the most prominent restaurant in town, across the street from the big building in which was Dr. MacLarty's office.

"Tell me all about home," said Robert, bowing calmly to a lawyer at the next table, who looked curiously at Nick.

"I am," said Nick as he bent over the little table and began to eat earnestly. "All the younguns in the Palmer family's got the measles, 'n so has Jim Cope's kids, and Maw told me to ast if if you had any new-fangled notions about how to do something for Jiles Browning's little gal that's got the rickets."

"I'll give you some prescriptions to fill at the drug store when you start back."

"Fill 'em with what?" Nick asked as he finished his dinner by swallowing his cup of coffee at one noisy gulp. Then suddenly he continued. "That makes me recollect', I've got to stop in a store and buy a piece uv tin to fit in the stove. Sis has had ter do the cookin' since Maw slid up and strained her knee carryin' water from the spring, and Sis 'lowed she ain't goin' to cook on no stove what let the ashes drap in on the bread—some uv her high-falutin' ideas she got out uv that year at high school."

"Mother's knee is not hurt much, is it?" asked Robert, thinking regretfully of the hard life his mother led. "That spring is a good distance from the house and in an awkward place, too."

Nick looked rather surprised and puzzled. That spring had been there ever since he had first seen it, and no one had ever thought of saying it was distant or in an awkward place before.

"Well, I reckon so," he remarked sarcastically, after chewing his after-dinner tobacco in silence for many seconds. "You warn't spectin' it to walk around to the kitchen every morning, war you?—or be y' aimin' to move it yerself to a pleasanter sitchiation?"

Robert smiled.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "we can get Mother a new

stove. She's been cooking on that thing thirty—*forty* years! Nick, I'll give you thirty dollars and you put in the rest, as much as it takes to buy a good stove, and take it home with you."

"That's right!" said Nick, his truly kind face lighting up into a look of pleasant surprise. "I hadn't thought uv it afore!"

Robert advised his brother what stores to go to and pointed out several as he and Nick left the restaurant. The two men crossed the street and went up "to have a look at the place where Robert and that big doctor hung out."

There was no one in the suite except the stenographer in the next room. One patient had called and two telephoned, and she had referred them all to Dr. McLarty at his home, the girl informed Robert; and then she returned to her work.

"Dr. MacLarty is still healthy and energetic, but he's getting a little old and sometimes doesn't come down to the office until afternoon," explained Robert to Nick.

Nick was standing in the door with his hat in his hand looking about at the rich furniture in the room.

"The doctor sorter depends on you, don't he?" he remarked rather respectfully.

Robert was writing the check and paid no attention to the question.

"Come in and have a seat, Nick," said Robert, as he looked up.

"Naw, thanky," said Nick, stepping in gingerly to take the check. "I hain't the time fer that. I better be seein' about the apples an' stove." Nick was pulling a package from a bulging pocket,—“Here air some socks Granny knit fer you an' some pictures Sis tuk with that kodak you sent 'er.”

Robert opened the package and took out a big pair of gray woolen socks. He smiled gently as he laid them on the

desk. It had been over a year now since he had seen that grandmother and the gray socks she was habitually knitting. He didn't intend to pull off his silk hose and put on the thick, woolen ones immediately, but he liked to have them to look at, at any rate. The pictures were scenes of his home, in Hender Cove; of Little Cattaloochee River; of the little, white, one-room schoolhouse on the hill at Ola, the postoffice to which he used to ride regularly to get the weekly farm journal; and of a worn woman surrounded by a crowd of barefooted children sitting on the doorsteps—"a passel of younguns what ain't never had their picture tuk afore," Nick explained.

"I 'most forgot to ast you what to do fer Ed Freeman's little boy, Sim. He got bit day before yisterday with a rattlesnake, and he ain't gittin' along so peart," said Nick, who had started out the door, turning around abruptly.

"Well, didn't they take him to Waynesville to a doctor?"

"No, they didn't. His maw—"

"Good Lord, man! What have they been doing for him?"

"Wa-all," drawled Nick, "I wuz jest a goin' to tell you his maw's been pourin' corn licker down 'im an' tyin' his finger up in alum an' licker to draw the pizen out. Whut more could any doctor do?"

"Good Lord!" groaned Robert. "No wonder he 'ain't so peart.' If he isn't dead when you get home, tell his folks to bring him down to me—or to *some* doctor—quick! His finger'll be gangrened! Why, if he lives long enough, he'll have gangrene all over! Why didn't the fools—"

"Say!" Nick, who had been gazing at his brother in growing wonder, interrupted sardonically. "Whut you rarin' about? Ain't kids had snake bites afore, an' ain't you seen 'em cured with licker an' alum? You didn't used

to have fits about it when you wuz a livin' up in the mount'ns."

Robert was silent. It was quite true that during his boyhood he had seen and heard of many cases of snake bites, among his mountain relations and neighbors, which had not proved fatal, or even inconvenient; and in none of the cases could Robert recall that anything other than alum had been used on the wound. Moreover he realized vividly now that in the Big Balsams whiskey ("by the jugful" or "by the gourdful," according to the age of the patient, had long been used as the standard remedy for all diseases, as the panacea for every ailment, including ennui. Perhaps it was the pure blood, due to perpetually fresh air and work in the open, that had helped many of the mountaineers recover, without professional aid, from diseases and injuries which would have resulted in death had the victims lived in the tenement districts—or any other part—of a city. Nevertheless, there were many who did die, or were disabled for life, from diseases which could have easily been prevented. It was strange he had never realized the ignorance in the mountains before. When disease stalks about the ridges, Heaven help the weaker victim whose life and health depend on enlightened medical care—he will not find it there in those woods!

Robert realized suddenly that Nick's keen black eyes were still fastened upon him.

"You get that kid to a doctor," said Robert peremptorily. "Some of them may have pulled through, but if the boy is worse instead of well by now, then he is not strong enough to tough it out. Hurry about, you hear?"

"Yas," drawled Nick, with mingled irony and good humor. "Now, I reckon I better be a floatin' down this here elevatin' hole and gittin' my stoves an' pills together to ketch that six o'clock train back up Mount Sterlin."

He leisurely rammed his hat down on his setaceous head, strolled out across the hall, and punched at the electric elevator button.

Robert with a dazed and absent-minded expression watched his brother step into the elevator, bow low with mock ceremony to the wondering, black elevator boy, and then turn his face toward the office door with profuse pantomimic expressions of regret at parting with Robert. As the elevator slid farther down, Nick stood on tiptoe, stretched his neck and waved his long bony fingers mournfully; while his big eyes with the eyebrows elevated to the utmost peered at Robert until they slipped beneath the floor like two caricatures of the moon, Robert thought, disappearing behind the horizon.

The young doctor turned back to his desk with a sigh. He would put his debits and credits into neater columns, he thought, so that Dr. MacLarty might see them if he wished to. It was after one o'clock; he must get to work on something. But try as he would, he could not concentrate his mind on the account book again. He picked up the gray socks, tried to roll them into a neat ball, failed, tied them together in a hard knot and tucked them into a corner of one of the desk drawers. He adjusted the book and his chair and then laboriously copied several figures. He stopped and gazed at them critically—two of them were wrong.

"Hang it!" he fumed, "what makes my thoughts wander so today, anyhow?"

He picked up his young sister's pictures with a hazy intention of putting them away somewhere for safe keeping. One of them caught his attention. It was the picture of the "passel uv younguns" who had swarmed out at his sister Lizzie's invitation to be photographed. They were all bare-footed, towseled-headed and none too clean. The open mouth, protruding swollen nose, and look of mental stupor of one

little girl in the foreground immediately spelled adenoids to the doctor's mind, and "a bad case of them, to boot." He looked at the gaunt figure and face of the mother, from which not even the novelty of posing for her picture had entirely erased the tired look.

"Fewer children and those better cared for would suit these women better," muttered Robert, remembering with new meaning the prevalence of large families and weary women throughout the mountain districts, "but that would take a long and diplomatic campaign of educating the mountaineers' public opinion and of persuading them to raise their standard of living."

Robert thought of the patient air with which the women accepted the measles, mumps, whooping cough, croup, and various other ailments of childhood as inevitable and nursed their children through them with varying degrees of success or failure. If a child were left blind, the misfortune was generally regarded as a visitation of Providence and none of their affair. Doctors were seldom called and seldom went up into any of the numberless "coves" of the Blue Ridge Mountains, for the self-reliant people were suspicious of all strangers and merely pushed farther back into the woods when home missionaries, philanthropists, social workers, and others occasionally attempted to take some quota of civilization to them.

Well, Robert Hender didn't blame them for turning the cold shoulder to those outsiders! He was a thoroughbred mountaineer himself and knew how the independent men felt when some condescending rich fellow wanted to build their houses over or dictate to them what they should think! He also remembered the hopeless failure of one venturesome city-bred trained nurse who, having energy, money, and time on her hands, had gone up into the mountains with an attendant, attempting to tell the women how to cook and sew,

and trying to take the catnip tea away from the babies! No, the mountaineers would not be dictated to, and they would always feel insulted at even the kindest and most tactful efforts of strangers to interfere with the old routine of their lives. Yet, although the mountaineers themselves did not seem to realize it, there was a crying need for education and improvement. There were many children back in the woods who never went to the little grammar schools which were planted sparsely among the districts, and only a small per cent of those who did, ever reached a high school and college. Most of the women had always had some remark to make about the "hard life in the mount'ns," and even the men, who seemed to enjoy wresting a living from the soil, having "elbow room," and trying to keep at least one or two whiskey stills hidden from the officers, were willing for their sons to take up some business in the world outside. There were so many poor people, however, who were manifestly not getting the most out of life in the mountains and yet could not leave, that it was evident mountain life itself should be improved.

Robert rested his elbow on the desk and his head on his hand. His eye was caught by another picture, the two-story frame house which was still his home. Lizzie's "new-fangled" garden in front was the only respect in which it had changed since he saw it last, more than a year ago.

Lizzie ought to go to college. He intended to see that she did. The apples and other resources yielded income sufficient to keep her and Jim both at college at the same time and with money enough. Mother could get along without her help when she had the new stove. And, too, why couldn't water be piped down from the mountain to a sink in the kitchen and perhaps to a big bathroom at the back of the house? It was a new idea, but he was certain a reasonable one, for the height of the mountain and the consequent

incline of the pipe would furnish pressure enough to have faucets even upstairs. How much comfort that arrangement would give his mother and father! By the way, he had feared several times that that sore on his father's jaw was an incipient cancer. He ought to examine it immediately and give it surgical treatment. All the money he could earn ten years in the future would do his sick father and worn-out mother no good then; it would be too late. He looked at the house once again. It was rather out of proportion—a little one-sided. The wing on the left of the house needed something on the right to preserve the balance. He would like to build a commodious room there for his office—

"Hello! What are you doing, Hender; looking over your accounts?" asked a pleasant, familiar voice. For the third time that day someone had broken in Robert Hender's thoughts. He rose and offered Dr. MacLarty the desk and chair.

"Keep your seat," said the doctor, selecting the most luxurious rocker. "I don't mind seeing a big, strong young man at my desk? How do you like your accounts; pretty good for a start, eh?"

Robert smiled, and said, "Yes, I reckon so."

"Wouldn't mind doing better though, would you?" laughed the older man. "Well, I might as well come to the point. You've stood the trial as my assistant, and now I want you for my partner!"

Robert flushed with pleasure and then suddenly looked troubled.

"I was thinking of going to the mountains to live and work," he said. "I thank you sincerely, though, just the same."

The old doctor leaned forward with his hands on his knees and looked at Robert searchingly for half a minute.

"What did you say?" he asked incredulously.

"I said that although one of my greatest desires up until an hour ago was to be your partner, I was just thinking, when you came in, that my life work lay up in the mountains," said Robert slowly as if trying to weigh two opposing values.

"Heavens! boy, what *do* you mean? I thought you had ambition and desire to make money, to become famous while at the same time serving your fellowmen—as you say! What else could all your efforts here have been for if not for self-advancement?"

Robert sprang to his feet.

"Yes, that's it," he cried, his strong face saddening. "*Self-advancement!* A couple of hours ago I was ashamed of my own brother—that's what this self-advancement has brought me to. How did I get to be so much better than he? On account of the education which he and father worked and paid for?"

"Hold on, hold on! You do yourself an injustice. They meant for you to get ahead in the world or they wouldn't have sent you out, and the faster you do forge ahead, the more money and glory you will be able to return to the folks at home. Now you have a good start and can take up my work where I leave off and go on as far up the heights of fame as you wish."

Robert was pacing up and down the room.

"What gave you this sudden mania, anyway? I never heard of this idea of yours before," the doctor exclaimed, hardly able to realize the boy was serious.

"I've been thinking seriously of late about where my place in life is. I think a man belongs where he is most needed—wherever that happens to be, and it is generally with his own people."

"It's a pity you didn't think of that before now," said

the old doctor bitterly. "I've done a good deal for you; and now you return, like the clean hog, back to the mire."

Robert halted abruptly, and the veins in his temples stood out like cords, as he stared at the other man.

"Forgive me, son," said the old man in honest penitence, "I'm old and a little hasty. I know you never asked for my aid nor put yourself forward to be my assistant, but somehow I have gotten so I depend on you and think of you as the son I never had; and I can't help being disappointed for myself and for you. It seems to me you are doing a rash and foolish thing to go bury your exceptionally good talents in those backwoods. You could take a high rank among men out in civilization, but you will not even be able to pay for your bread and butter with the practice you will have up there. Why not send some of the mediocre doctors who are competent but not brilliant, up there? I'll pay the expenses of one if the people can't. Don't go waste *your* life on them!"

Robert's face blazed, and his big fists clenched with indignation as he strode back and forth across the drugget.

"They are *my* people," he shouted. "My life will not be wasted but gloriously used if I can serve them! They come from the best Anglo-Saxon stock; their ancestors were direct from the hills of Scotland. Will outsiders never understand that charity and condescending uplift movements will not reach them? They are too proud and independent to accept it. They need only a few of their own people to come back to them with love and sympathy and the learning they have acquired outside and set them an example of intelligent, wholesome, happy living. Many of the mountaineers have come out for education, several have become prominent lawyers, writers, senators, but none have returned to teach the folks at home. The opportunity is mine to begin. I don't expect to live in luxury, but I'll raise apples and doctor and start a circulating library and organize boy scouts. The people loved me before I left; I don't think they

have forgotten; they'll trust me, one of their own men, and bring their troubles to me and gradually open to some of my 'high falutin' book larnin'.' I'll be one enlightened heathen who has the courage to take 'sweetness and light' back to his own people."

Robert was packing his medical instruments into their traveling case. The older man had ceased to expostulate.

"Will you come to the station with me?" asked Robert, grabbing his coat and hat. "There's a little boy whose finger I'm sure I'll have to amputate to save his life, and I'll have to hurry to do it at all. My brother is at the station by now. I'd be glad for you to meet him."

More than one person stood aside to let Dr. MacLarty and his assistant pass down the street that afternoon, and turning to gaze after them wondered what great man was at the point of death that Dr. MacLarty should walk instead of ride and be too absorbed to speak. If Nick, who was standing by the lumber train chewing tobacco and talking to a sawmill employee, was embarrassed and surprised at being introduced to the distinguished physician, he forgot it when Robert announced his intention of going home with him to the mountains and *to stay!*

Nick stared.

"Say, you're headin' in the wrong direction, ain't you? We ain't yet finished buildin' our insane asylum upon Little Cattalooch'," he said, as soon as he recovered.

Robert smiled joyously. "Never mind, I'm going to move my business up there. Doctor, won't you send my books and clothes up after me? And please 'phone my regrets to DeWitt R. Searles in Chattanooga; tell him I intend to spend the rest of my week-ends in my mountain home."

Robert pulled his dazed brother upon the little train and turned to shake hands with the doctor.

"Go to it, boy!" said the old man, smiling slightly tremulously, "you've got the stuff in you."

The Heavenly Flag

RUTH WILLARD MERRITT, '19

'Twas one eve in early spring,
 'Mid the lull that sunsets bring,
 When I wandered o'er the college campus dear;
 Peace and calm seemed reigning there,
 And within I felt no care
 As my idle, wand'ring thoughts made deaf my ear.

It was then the flag I saw,
 Blesséd emblem with no flaw,
 Floating far and symbolizing blessings three:
 'Tis for life-blood freely shed
 For the living by the dead;
 'Tis for truth and purity on land and sea.

Thus, when lost in rambling thought,
 Such as oft comes e'en unsought,
 When at length all view had melted 'neath my gaze
 Into shapeless, vast expanse,
 Which as time passed did enhnace,
 I was roused just when the west was all ablaze.

It was then the college bell
 Rang its sweet familiar knell
 Of the day that then was dying in the west.
 How its tones afar did blare,
 Borne out through the startled air,
 'Till the clear notes soon were hushed in silent rest.

Then the college flag was lowered
 From the height where it had soared

In the dewy mists which early morn had worn,
And the staff was left full bare,
Tap'ring far into the air,
With its emblem gone and of its beauty shorn.

Then, behold, far in the west,
Where the sun sped on its quest,
There were bars of white and red in beauty rare.
Long I looked upon the sight
E'en 'till faded was the light,
'Till nocturnal breezes stirred the chilly air.

Then above my gazing eye
E'en as far as stretched the sky
There was seen a black-blue starry field unfurled
Love of country filled my heart
And the will to do my part
In the struggle for the freedom of the world.

Wayside Wares

“21”

Ralph and Miriam were very fond of each other. One afternoon he received an invitation from Miriam asking him to a party to be given at her home, in honor of one of her school friends. Down in the left-hand corner of the invitation was the usual “R. S. V. P.” Reading the invitation a second time, Ralph became puzzled at the letters “R. S. V. P.”

“I wonder what she means by those letters,” he said to himself.

Thinking that he had to put four letters in his answer as she did in her invitation, he wrote “W. C. O. B.” But Ralph didn’t have the slightest idea as to what the letters “W. C. O. B.” meant. They were the first letters that he had thought of.

Miriam received the answer the next day and became puzzled at the letters in the corner. Determined to find out what he meant by them, she said to him as he arrived:

“Ralph, I have something to ask you in regard to the answer you sent.”

“I also have something to ask you,” replied Ralph.

“What do you mean by W. C. O. B.?”

“Well, I will tell you what it means if you will tell me what you mean by ‘R. S. V. P.’”

“Why, Ralph, don’t you know what that means? It means ‘Answer if you please.’”

Then thinking a moment of “W. C. O. B.” Ralph startled her with the sudden outburst, “Will Come Or Bust!”

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

"ADGE"

I don't know what'll become of me,
I just can't seem to learn
A thing about psychology,
No matter how I turn.
I use to think I knew quite much
Before I came up here;
I'd answer when called on in class
Without a spark of fear.
Now—if the Prof. just looks at me,
I'll give a start and sigh,
And tremble like an autumn leaf,
My face as red as fire.
My hands get cold, my mouth gets dry,
My knees rock like a boat,
My head is whirling like a top,
My heart jumps in my throat.
But gee-mi-nee! how good I feel
If he don't call on me.
I'll quickly note my shattered nerves
Regain their harmony.
They talk about the mind and dreams
Until I must confess
I sometimes really don't believe,
I have a consciousness.
But what will be the end of it.
My mind streams in a curve;
I might be a philosopher.

A WAYSIDE WAIT

IONE BIVINS, '18

He was left; that was certain. The southbound express on which Bonner had arrived at the junction of Heartsville steamed away from the station as if it were afraid it too might be left at this dusty, lonely, God-forsaken, cross-roads of a Heartsville—Heartsville! Ugh! Why did there always have to be a heart in the case? This was some relief from that Pullman of brides and grooms—well, Bonner doubted it. Two minutes before he had sprung into the waiting room to inquire about the time of the next train.

“Two hours!” This sad fact was emphasized by a bang of the door, a turn of the key, and the disappearance of the only man Bonner had seen in the place around the corner of the station and somewhere down that endless, dusty road. Bonner turned around. But for the difference of the station master’s black hat in the middle of the road in one direction and the appearance of an old white cow in the other, Bonner could never have told that he had turned around. The same two cornfields stretched away on both sides the railroad; not a tree was in sight. Of course the station was on one side of the railroad, but then there was the cornfield on the other, and what difference did it make to Bonner whether he was in a cornfield or at Heartsville station? He was really at both, and that settled it. The deep yellow dust reflected the sun with a startling force. Bonner’s shoes were covered completely by a thin gray coating, and part of them now stood buried in the heap along the wheel track. By this time the old white cow approached, never even glanced at Bonner, and passed silently on down the road in the same direction as the station master had gone.

“Durn you! Now you get!” Bonner gave a severe kick at the harmless old cow, but unfortunately catching his foot

on a stake jutting up a few inches in the road, he fell sprawling face foremost into the depths of that bed of dust. His only companion cast an indifferent glance back in his direction, swatted a fly with her long, lazy tail and continued on her way. Bonner struggled to a sitting posture. All at once the comedy of the whole situation dawned upon him; he burst into a hearty laugh which echoed far away across the cornpatch. The sun's rays were slightly slanting now. Getting to his feet, Bonner swung around to the shady side of the station and sat down on the window-sill to recover from his fall. The window was locked, but Bonner peered through the dirty glass; he wondered why that old skinflint of an agent had locked the door. But what Bonner gazed into was not a waiting-room as he had thought (that was in the other end of the building), but rather it appeared to be a commissary. Apples and pears and oranges were in oblong baskets arranged on a shelf around the wall. A tempting bunch of bananas hung suspended from the ceiling. From what Bonner could see one corner of the room was piled high with boxes or crates, and in the one nearest the window several dozen bottles filled with dark fluid winked across at him.

"Oh, have a heart! If I ever do get anywhere again out of this hole, I'm goin' to drink ten dopes without even,—"

But Bonner's attention was distracted from the bottles. A man dressed in a sickly gray suit, black gloves, a checkered looking, broken bill cap pulled down over big black tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses came around the corner of the station. Following a few steps behind was a woman clad from head to foot in black. She looked even shabby, probably because the dust gave her whole outfit a rusty appearance. Her black hat was slightly tilted on one side, thus causing her veil to droop unbecomingly on the other. The man turned to wait for her, and Bonner saw on the right side of his cheek, the side next to him, an ugly scar extending from the lower jaw

down along the throat toward the back. They walked on together around the station to the front.

"Oh, I say, dearie, aren't we lucky?"

"Lucky? You bet."

"Sweetheart, I love you."

"Good boy."

"Won't you be mine? You know me, dearie."

"Oh, you're joking."

"I do love you. You're a trump. Kiss me."

"Ask dad, you naughty boy."

"Oh, the luck! Come, love, be true to me, I want you."

"Don't make those eyes at me."

"But they do mean what they say. Don't you believe me?"

"Goodby, it's all over. I believe. How do you know? Farewell, gingerbread. Lovely. Never again. Tomorrow. Gone South. Show me. Luck to you. Forget me not."

The train whistle sounded in the distance. Bonner picked himself up from the window where he had been gazing into the candy showcase just inside. For the last while he had been absorbed in reading the contents of a tray of candy hearts.

Editorials

OUR OPPORTUNITY

It is with a great deal of pleasure that the young women of the College publish the March issue of the ARCHIVE. Hitherto the staff has magnanimously granted the young women permission to produce during the year one issue without the guidance of the masculine intellect. For this year, as formerly, we have only this one number to call our own, but it is possible that in the future a greater share of the publication may devolve upon us; and we shall gladly accept the responsibility. Since many of our brothers of Trinity have been called into the service of the government, it is very fitting that we especially should carry on their work at home. And the women of the College are coming forward with resolute steps to take up their places in the second line of defense. We rejoice in the opportunity of being able to show in a concrete way our interest in this publication.

The number of our young men students has diminished considerably this year. It is probable that even fewer young men will be in college next year. On the other hand, the number of young women will remain at least the same and more probably will increase as the women of the country realize the need for workers who are trained to the highest and best degree possible. The activities of the College must go on; the standards of the publications must be kept to maximum; the assistance formerly rendered by young men, now necessarily reduced by the decrease in the number of men students, must be supplied. Therefore, we offer our services and hope in the future to extend broader influence and have fuller representation in all the activities and publications of the College.

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S TASK

The American Girl on Trial is the title of a play written and produced by a group of college girls at a summer conference of the Young Women's Christian Association. The Spirit of America presided over the court, where sat two lawyers in cap and gown and five girls dressed in the costumes of five different countries. The Spirit of America was the Judge; the Conscience of the American Girl was lawyer for the plaintiff; the American girl herself was lawyer for the defendant; and the witnesses for the plaintiff were the girls of Russia, France, the Orient, and England. The Judge called the court and asked the attorney for the plaintiff to state her case. She charged the American Girl with failure to perform her duty and called upon her witnesses to testify. As the Russian Girl told of the indifference of the American Girl to the great changes in Russia and her unwillingness to lend aid, through a large window at the back of the stage appeared a group of the conference girls, enjoying unmolested all of its beauties, forming a striking contrast to the tale of hardships in Russia. As the Girl of France recounted indescribable sacrifices and suffering of the French women, she showed the American Girl absorbed in a bridge game. The Oriental Girl showed the Girl of America idly reading magazine stories and consuming chocolate creams, and the Girl of Great Britain, representing a munitions worker, pleaded for the girls of her class while through the window appeared a care-free tea party. An association secretary, representing the small group of American girls awake to their opportunities, brought accusation against the girls of the nation while a dainty "farm-ette," and a bow on her handle, and a girl in khaki at rifle practice appeared in the window, giving point to her accusation. Much moved, the attorney for the American Girl pleaded guilty for her client, and asked the judge to show

how she could redeem herself. The Spirit of America granted the plea, and describing the horrors of the war, showed the American Girl roused to action.

With the "going away" of our brothers and friends, we have every one faced realities we never dreamed of before. We stand with a new knowledge, a new outlook on life. A recent number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* contains a picture of a girl raising a portal and gazing into the limitless expanse of present opportunities, filled with wonder at the magnitude of what was stretched out before her. And what are we doing about it? Can we forgive ourselves for just "drifting along" with the "right attitude of mind," perhaps thinking a bit longingly of the worth while work of those women who have left their homes in America for social service or Red Cross work in France or Russia, or those who are doing wonderful wartime service at home in food conservation, training camp activities, or Young Women's Christian Association war work, and wishing that we might have ever so menial a task in the service of our country? Have we a tendency to let the urgency of the present blur our vision of the future? Have we a perspective broad enough to keep us hard at work now, entering into our task of preparation with the same vim which characterizes boys in the training camps?

What can we do? It is my purpose to mention only a few of the things. Always foremost on a college campus is our academic work. This needs no comment from me. A newer activity here is physical training. Are we entering into our gymnasium work as women should if they would be physically fit to cope with the duties that may fall to them in the next few years?

Then, there is the Red Cross work room, our most fascinating opportunity for actual war service and the only link really binding us to those who are fighting our battles on the

fields of Europe. Are all of us sharing in sending bandages—the only messages of sympathy and encouragement we can send—to the men who are offering their lives for an ideal—an ideal which we claim to share with them? Are we doing anything to make our claims concrete?

Another large opportunity is open to us. Some one has said that every organization these days is putting on a war blanket. This is true of none more than of the Young Women's Christian Association. During these days of the severing of international relationships, it alone has bridged the chasm of enmity and continued an unbroken chain uplifting women around the world. It is taking in hand the great army of girls away from home for the first time working in war industries. It is looking after their housing, opening recreation centers where they may entertain their friends under proper chaperonage. It is forming clubs, organizing patriotic leagues, providing lectures of social standards, and standing right behind the girls, anticipating their increasing needs. Already it has built fifty hostess houses near camps and cantonments. These houses are large, comfortable places where women may meet their soldier men without the difficulty of searching through miles of camp, the hardship of no place to rest, or the possible disappointment of not locating them at all.

But the greatest work the Association is doing is intangible—a growth of the spirit, a reaching out for bigger ideals, a striving to grow into Christ's way of thinking and being and doing. We are not all behind the Association on our campus, helping it to grasp the great international ideal and making it real in our own college and in ourselves.—L. L.

Alumni Department

THE PASS WORD

MARY WESCOTT, '14

In No Man's Land gray phantoms come and go
 And spirits linger where as men they trod.
 The ghostly bugles call to meet the foe,
 And great phalanxes rise from out the sod.

Their misty banners wave and weapons glance
 But no sound comes from out the ghostly band.
 Again they charge to save the vales of France
 And guard its vineyards from a vandal hand.

And, lo, each night there stands a new array
 And sentries challenge who each one may be,
 "Brother, what seek ye here?" "*Behold, today,*
I gave my life, with yours, for liberty."

A SWITCH IN TIME

ADELAIDE LYONS, '17

I hate Grandma, and I hate Billy, and I hate that old cake of soap, and I hate everything. I wish Mother would come on back from Aunt Agnes' wedding and take me home, where I can do as I please. But I guess as long as I stay here I'll have to be bossed by Grandma.

I wish that when I first heard about me and Billy coming up here to stay with Grandma, I had raised a racket like I started to and said that I wouldn't come, but I didn't know then that Grandma would try to be bossy, and I didn't think that Billy would ever get impertinent to me. Daddy told us

all about the colts and the calves and the fish in the creek, and how he used to play when he was a little boy. I thought it would be nice, but I didn't know then that Grandma wouldn't let you pick her old flowers, and that colts knocked you down and that calves tore up things.

I hate Grandma, and I know that Mother will be mad when she knows that Grandma—O-O-O! I can't bear to think about it even yet. I didn't think that anybody would ever do that to me. I know that Mother never would. She would have said, "Now, please, son, do this for poor Mother." And then, if I hadn't done it, she would have gone and done it herself. And Grandma is partial to Billy; I don't know when I'll ever get Billy so he'll do what I say any more.

As I said, when I first heard about this business of leaving me and Billy with Grandma while Mother was gone to Aunt Agnes' wedding, I didn't like it. Mother was talking to Mrs. Fitzgerald in the living-room, and I knew that she wouldn't pay any attention to me, so I went back into Daddy's den and got his red and blue pencils that he keeps in his desk. They are grand to draw with. I could hear Mother and Mrs. Fitzgerald talking through the door, but at first they weren't talking about interesting things, just about the dress Mother is going to wear to the wedding and about how Aunt Agnes hadn't intended to marry this man until she saw him in his uniform and knew he was going to France. I'd heard all that before, so I wasn't paying any attention until I happened to hear Mother say, "Douglas and Billy." She didn't know I was hearing her, so I stayed right still and let her talk. She said:

"Their Grandmother Hill (that's Grandma), has offered to keep them while I'm gone, but I don't much like the idea."

I didn't like the idea either. I had thought she would take us to the wedding with her, but I wanted to hear more, so I didn't say anything then. Mother went on.

"James (that's Daddy), says it will be good for them, and, of course, the country is nice, but their grandmother has such old-fashioned ideas about children."

Mrs. Fitzgerald just said, "Um-m," kind of polite-like, then she asked, "Why don't you take them with you?"

That was what I wanted to know.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of it," Mother said, "I'd rather stay away myself. Mother said to bring them, but nobody would have a minute's peace if they were there; they would be into everything. Why every wedding present Agnes got would probably be broken before they left."

Mrs. Fitzgerald just said, "Um-m," again, and they went on talking something about knitting. I went back to my drawing. By that time I had used up all the paper I could find in the desk, so I looked around for something else to color. There was a picture of some birds on the wall, not framed, just stuck up with tacks; just white birds flying across the ocean. The ocean wasn't colored either, so I thought it would be nice to do the birds red and the ocean blue. I got a chair real easy, so's Mother wouldn't hear me, and I went to get the picture, but it was stuck up so tight with the tacks that I couldn't get them down, and the paper was so tough that I couldn't tear it. I had to stand up in the chair and color. I got along all right for a while, but then I dropped the red pencil and had to get down and get it. When I started to get up again, I stepped on the arm of the chair, and the thing turned over. It made an awful racket. Mother said, "Billy," and I didn't say anything; then she said, "Douglas", I still didn't say anything, and she came to see what was the matter.

I told her that I had fallen off the chair and bumped my head. She called me darling and said how sorry she was; then she saw the picture, and she didn't like it at all. She asked me what in the world I meant by doing such a thing, and I

said I didn't think it mattered, the picture didn't have a frame on it, and she said it was a Japanese print or something or other, and that it had cost a dollar. I said I didn't know it, and she asked me why I wouldn't try to think sometimes, and that wasn't I sorry I had ruined the picture? I said no, that the picture was ugly anyhow, and that I didn't mean to ruin it, I only wanted to color it. About that time Mother saw where I had been standing in the chair with my feet on the cushion, and she forgot all about the picture. She said:

"James Douglas Hill, what do you mean by getting that new cushion all dirty. Don't you know better than that? Come here in the living-room and sit down, and don't you move until I tell you to. I want you to think about what you have done, and see if you don't think it is wrong."

I sat down, but I wanted to go get Billy where he was out in the kitchen talking to the cook and tell him about us going to Grandma's, so I wiggled around a lot, and kicked on the floor. Mother got mad, and said,

"Now, you sit there, Douglas, perfectly still until I tell you to get up. If you make any more noise, I'll tell your father when he comes home."

I decided I'd better stay still, so I listened to what Mother was saying to Mrs. Fitzgerald. She said,

"I'll declare sometimes I'm at my wit's end to know what to do with them. I don't like to punish them, and I try to reason with them, but, somehow, it doesn't seem to do much good. Their father can make them mind without much trouble, but I don't see how he does it."

Mrs. Fitzgerald just said, "Um-m," again, polite-like, and Mother went on talking about how I liked to draw, and how she didn't like to do anything that would hinder me in it because I might have real talent, and she didn't want to do anything that would discourage me or hinder me in developing my individuality. About that time the woman across the

street came out and got in her automobile, and Mother got to talking about how she didn't see how those folks could afford an automobile, and I knew she'd forgotten all about me, so I slipped out to find Billy.

Billy didn't like the idea of going to Grandma's any better than I did, and we planned to say we just wouldn't go. I hadn't intended to act like I knew anything about it until they told us, but that night Billy happened to think about it, and he blabbed it right out. Billy's so little he never does think what he's doing. Mother was mad because we knew before she meant for us to, but Daddy took us both up in his big chair and told us all about the things he used to do when he was a little boy at Grandma's, and all about the tree with yellow apples on it, and the calves and the horses and the fish in the creek, and all about how Grandma had a jar of cookies all the time in the safe, and you could get them whenever you wanted to without asking. That all sounded pretty good, and before long we had both said we would go. If I'd known Grandma then, I'd never have been fooled like that. But there was one good thing about it, Mother was so pleased about getting us to promise so easy that we would go to Grandma's that she forgot all about telling Daddy I'd marked the picture and stood on the chair cushion and got it dirty. That's the only good thing that has come of it, though.

The first night we were here at Grandma's looked like it might be as good as Daddy had said. Mother came with us, and the hired man met us at Russellville with the carriage, and he let me drive all the way back, with him holding on to the lines too. And there were calves, just like Daddy had said, and the tree with yellow apples on it, and the creek that had the fish in it. Grandma was nice that night, all smiley. Aunt Kizzie (She ain't really my aunt, because she's black, but Grandma said we must call her aunt) Aunt Kizzie cooks for Grandma, and she had chicken for supper and hot biscuits

and cookies cut out like horses and roosters and things. That night Mother put us to bed, both together in one great big bed instead of in two little ones, and it was all soft, and you sunk way down in it.

The next morning Mother left, but before she went, she told us that we were to mind Grandma, and do everything she told us to do, and asked us to promise we would and that we would be good boys. We did and Mother said Grandma was to punish us if we didn't behave, but I know my Mother didn't know what she was getting us into, or she never would have done it.

Billy cried when Mother was gone, and maybe I did a little bit, too, but Grandma was nice then. She took us into the flower garden to get fresh sweet peas and nasturtiums for the house. She told us that we could go in there whenever we wanted to, and look at the flowers and told us which ones we could pick, and that we must always be careful to shut the gate after us. Then, when she took us into the house, she showed us where the cooky jar was, and she made us some fish hooks out of bent pins and Aunt Kizzie gave us some bread for bait, and we went fishing. Billy fell in the creek and got all wet, and I thought that Grandma would be mad, but she wasn't. She just laughed and changed his clothes and said it was a good thing that creek wasn't deep enough to drown even little bits of boys.

After lunch (only Grandma called it dinner) we went back to the creek, and the hired man's boy came along, and he had a seine, and we really caught three fishes. Aunt Kizzie laughed at us for calling them fishes and said they weren't nothing but minnows, but she fried them for us and we had them for our dinner (only they called it supper, like on Sunday.) Then we went and watched Aunt Kizzie milk, and she let us turn the separator thing that changes part of the milk into cream. Then, when it got dark, and we got to

thinking about Mother and Daddy and our house at home, Grandma told us stories about Daddy when he was a little boy. She called him Jimmie and told all about how he used to have to ride to school on a horse and to take his lunch all cold in a basket, and she showed us the basket. She told us about his dog Sport that used to jump up on the horse back of Daddy when he was a little boy, and about how he taught the dog to stand up on his hind legs and beg and to jump through a hoop and everything. Billy was sitting on her lap, and I was by her with her arm around me and me leaning on her shoulder. Grandma's nice and soft to lean on and knows how to cuddle. When she put us to bed in the big bed, she showed us the funny quilt we had for cover. It was all made out of little bits of pieces sewed together, and Grandma showed us which pieces had been Daddy's blouses when he was a little boy, and which ones had been her dresses, and it seemed funny that Grandma ever wore blue dresses and not black ones like she wears now. Then after she had put us to bed Grandma went to bed herself, and we watched her take out her teeth and put them in a glass of water on the bureau.

That night I thought that it was just fine to be up here. Grandma was nice, and there wasn't any Daddy to tell things to when we had been bad, and no Grandpa either, except the picture in Grandma's room that had been him. But one little thing had happened that afternoon that ought to have made me suspicious of Grandma. We had seen the hired man's ducks swimming in the creek and had tried to catch them, but we couldn't. We wanted to see them swim some more, but they ran away through the fence, all funny and wabblylike, but too fast for us to get them. We wanted to see something else swim after the ducks got away, so we caught some of Grandma's little chickens to see if they could do it. They couldn't; they just got all wet and limp-

like when we put them in the water, and the old hen raised an awful racket, and Billy got to crying. Grandma came out to see what was the matter, and I didn't like the way she looked at us. All of the smiley curves had gone out of her mouth, and she looked just like Daddy does when he says, "I don't want to have to speak to you another time." Grandma looked that way a minute, and then she laughed and picked up the little chickens and told us that little chickens couldn't swim, and that we were not to try to make them any more. They looked like they were dead, but Grandma took them in the house and put them in a basket and covered them up with a piece of red flannel and set them on the back of the stove where it wasn't too hot. Before long they were hollering for their mother, and one of them got out of the basket and ran all around the kitchen floor. The chickens got all right, all except one, and we buried that one in the corner of the wood-lot. But I ought to have known that that look Grandma gave us when she first saw those chickens meant trouble. I didn't think about it then though.

The next morning there was more trouble. At first Aunt Kizzie let us go down to the springhouse with her while she churned the milk into butter. She put it in a big jar and all flopped it up and down and sang a funny song about Heaven while she was doing it. Billy and I took off our shoes and stockings and paddled around in the creek right above where the spring branch goes into it. We had a good time then, but after the milk was all butter except what was buttermilk, and after the butter was all put in a pan in the springhouse and the springhouse locked, there wasn't anything else to do down there, for we were tired of wading, so we went to the house.

Everybody was busy, and I decided that I'd like to go to the barn, way back of the house. At first Billy didn't want to go, but after I had told him that he was a 'fraid cat if he

didn't go, he decided that he wanted to. There wasn't anybody at the barn, and we couldn't open the big middle door to where the hay was so's we could play on it like Daddy told us he used to. But we heard something in one of the little rooms at the end of the barn, and we could look through a crack in the door where two planks didn't come together, and see it was a colt, a nice brown colt with a white spot in its face. We tried to pet it through the hole in the door, but it wouldn't let us, and then I says to Billy, "Let's ride him, like Daddy used to ride the horse to school."

At first Billy didn't want to, but I told him that I'd ride first. Well, we opened the little door to the room, and I started in to catch the colt, but it ran out right quick and knocked Billy down and cut his head on a rock. Billy cried. He's right much of a cry-baby still. We went into the house. Grandma was mad about the colt, and said that she didn't know how they could ever get it into the stall again, and that it might hurt itself on the fence trying to get to its mother, what the hired man had taken to town in the wagon. But Grandma washed Billy's face where it had bled, and she put some 'hesive plaster over the cut place and kissed him and gave him a cookie. She gave me a cookie, too, but she told me that I was old enough to know better than to fool with a colt, and that I had no business taking my little brother where he would get hurt. Right then I knew that Grandma was partial to Billy.

That afternoon, though, she was pretty nice. It rained, and we couldn't go out doors, so she showed us how to play soldier, and helped us make a tent out of a sheet, and gave us curtain poles—funny wooden ones—for guns. Then she told us all about the war, not this war, the other one they had when Grandma was a little girl. She told us the story about the Tar Baby, just like she used to tell it to Daddy. After supper Aunt Kizzie told us stories about ghosts, and Billy

got scared, and then she showed us how she could dance with a glass of water on her head, and we laughed till we forgot all about being scared of ghosts.

That day wasn't so bad, but the next day—that was yesterday—was awful. In the morning we decided we would go in the flower garden and look at the flowers and pick the ones Grandma said we might. I shut the gate when we went in, just like Grandma told us to. We looked at the flowers and picked some of the nasturtiums and zinnias and marigolds, like Grandma said we could, but we didn't touch the sweet peas and the roses. Then I saw a great big pink flower way down in one corner of the garden, one that I hadn't seen before, and I wanted it. I started to get it, but Billy told me I'd better not. Billy makes me mad sometimes. Grandma hadn't told us not to touch that flower, and I had to get it just to show Billy he can't boss me. So I got it, and Billy said he bet Grandma would be mad. I said I wasn't afraid of Grandma, and Billy didn't believe me. After that I just had to show him that I truly wasn't afraid. I picked some sweet peas and some of the big red poppies and a white rose and a pink one, just to show Billy I wasn't afraid of Grandma. Then we came out, but my hands were so full of flowers that I couldn't shut the gate. Billy tried to, but he couldn't. He said we'd better go tell Grandma the gate was open, and I said, "Tell Grandma nothing." He said, "You're afraid to go in the house with those flowers." I said, "I aint, but I'm going to take them down and decorate the chicken's grave."

Billy got interested in decorating the chicken's grave and forgot all about the gate. We went down to the corner of the yard and were having a nice time at the chicken's grave when I heard Aunt Kizzie holler, "For the Lord's sake, Mist'ess, ef them calves aint done got into the flower garden." Sure enough they had. Aunt Kizzie and Grandma went

after them, and Billy and I helped chase, and we had a time getting them out. They knocked down the wire the sweet peas were running on, and just simply trampled everything to mud. Grandma was looking around real sad when Aunt Kizzie said, "Well, I want to know whatever has become of that piney down there in the corner, the one you was going to take to church Sunday."

She was looking at the place where I had pulled the pink flower, and I thought it was about time for me to be getting back to the chicken's grave, but Grandma saw me start to leave and wouldn't let me go. She kept me right by her while she went all over the garden. She found out that the poppies were gone. She was saving them for seed. She even missed the two little roses I had picked.

When she had been all over the garden, she said, "Now, boys, come on into the house." She didn't say another word until she had us in her room. Then she said, "Well, boys, how did that gate happen to be open?"

Billy didn't say anything; he knows better than to tell on me. I said,

"The wind must have blown it open."

"No, that won't do," Grandma said, "How did it happen that those flowers were gone?"

I said the calves must have eaten them. But that didn't suit her either; so I said that I'd seen the hired man's boy passing there that morning, and that maybe he had opened the gate and got the flowers. She just looked at me and said,

"Now, Douglas, stick to one tale. Remember that little boys who don't all tell the truth need mighty good memories."

I said that Billy had left the gate open because he couldn't shut it, but that didn't satisfy her. She didn't say one word to Billy but kept right on after me. Before I knew what I was doing, I had told her the whole thing. I

tried to reason with her, but it didn't do any good. I told her that she hadn't told me I mustn't pick the peony, and she said that she hadn't told me I might—as if that had anything to do with it. I told her that she hadn't told me why I was to shut the gate, and she said that I knew those calves were in the lot, and that I should have known they would get in—that was what I had eyes and brains for, and anyhow, the fact that she told me to shut the gate was enough to make me do it.

Then she told me to sit down until I thought I could remember about the gate and the flowers. I sat down, but I thought I could get up in a minute, like I can when Mother makes me sit down, but Grandma got some darning and sat right there in the room. I thought I could sit as long as she could, but I got tired and began to kick.

“Just stop that,” she said, and I didn't intend to stop, but I stopped.

She hadn't said half as much to Billy as she had to me, and he had said he would remember about the gate and the flowers, so she let him go, and I could hear him out in the kitchen talking to Aunt Kizzie while she was beating biscuits for dinner. She was singing him a funny song about a whippoorwill, and I wanted to hear it. Grandma wasn't looking, so I thought I could slip out if I was real quiet about it. I tried it, but she heard me and made me sit down again. I sat there a long time after that, and I guess I'd have been sitting there yet if I hadn't told her I'd remember about the gate.

“And the flowers?” she said, and I said,

“Yessum.”

She said, “All right,” as cheerful as you please, and I haven't heard her mention it any more, and she didn't say she would tell Daddy or anything.

There didn't anything more happen yesterday, and

Grandma treated me just like she did Billy for the rest of the day. She went to Russellville in the carriage that afternoon, and took both of us, and got me some colored pencils and Billy some blocks. I almost forgot that she was mean.

But this morning. Ugh! I can't bear to talk about this morning even yet. I was down on the floor in her room drawing, and Billy was playing with his blocks. Grandma came in and went to the closet and got out a piece of soap. "Here, Douglas," she said, "take this to Aunt Kizzie." I was drawing, and for a minute, I forgot that it wasn't Mother, so I said, "Make Billy take it; I'm busy."

She looked at me right straight and said, "Do as I tell you; take this soap to Aunt Kizzie; she's waiting for it."

I still sat there. Grandma said,

"You'll find that it is easier to do a thing the first time I tell you than it will be afterwards. Here, take this soap."

I was mad by that time, for I wasn't used to being interrupted when I was developing my originality in drawing, so I said, "I'm not going to do it."

You should have seen Grandma then. Her mouth got just as straight, and she said,

"I never allowed your father to say that to me, and I don't propose to allow you."

And then without another word—I just can't talk about it. I had heard Daddy say that a spanking would be good for me, but I never had any idea that it would ever happen to me, and I know that when Mother told Grandma she was to make us mind, she never meant anything like that. But Grandma did it, and there was no foolishness about it. When she was through, I started to lie down on the floor and kick and cry, but she jerked me up and said,

"None of that, now, take this soap to Aunt Kizzie."

I didn't mean to do it, but from the way she looked at

me, I didn't know what she might do, so before I had quite made up my mind about it, I was on my way to the kitchen.

That was bad enough, and I know Mother won't like it. Grandma knows it too, for I heard her just afterwards talking to Aunt Kizzie in the kitchen. She said,

"I know his mother won't like it, but he needed it. He would have been better off if he had had it long ago. I don't think I'll have any more trouble with him since I took him right at the beginning. I believe that a switch in time saves nine."

Aunt Kizzie said, "Hit shorely am the gospel truth."

All of that was bad enough, and I hate Grandma. I wish I could run off, I wish the creek was deep enough to drown little boys. I don't believe that I'm her own grandchild, for she never would have treated me that way if I had been, and she's partial to Billy, and a mean old thing. Oh, I hate her. But Mother will be coming back before long and will take me home where I can do as I please, and I won't have to stay here with Grandma. What is really worrying me is Billy. I don't like the way he is doing. I'm afraid I'll have trouble with him even after I get him back home. He knows everything that has happened, and a little while ago I wanted my drawing pencils, and I didn't want to go into Grandma's room after them, so I told Billy to get them for me. I never have had any trouble with Billy before, but this time he said he wasn't going. I looked at him right straight and told him to go do what I said, but he just laughed and said:

"Huh, you may think you are Grandma, but you aint."

THE BATTLE LINE

MARY WESCOTT, '14

What ho! sound forth the bugle call
And set the line's array,
For wondrous men of truth and might
Will meet the foe today.

St. Francis and St. George bear forth
With Joan as leaders three;
And lo! the hosts are gathering
From Toulon to the sea.
Within the valley of the Marne
And out through proud Lorraine,
As vanguard pass beside the ranks
The hosts of Charlemagne.

Good Robin leads his merry men,
Brave Roland winds his horn,
Arthur has fared from Camelot
To join with them this morn.
Bright gleams the helmet of Navarre
As near his troops advance
And loud their slogan echoes ring—
“For liberty and France!”

Brave Richard of the Lion Heart
And Bruce with heart of gold
Are ranged with Sidney, Gordon, Lee,
And numbers yet untold,
When side by side upon the field
In thickest combat met
Bright gleams the sword of Washington
With that of Lafayette.

And on the sea now marshalling
Huge ships with foamy wake
Are Hawkins, Howard, Farragut,
With Raleigh, Porter, Drake,
While Jones and Perry hurry on
To signal from afar
That Nelson with his triumph crew
Bears up from Trafalgar.

And rank on rank the lines extend
On land and on the sea
As heroes journey from afar
To fight for victory.
So echo forth ye bugle calls
And loudly as is meet,
For such a glorious warrior band
Can never know defeat.

Exchanges

The Freshman number of *The College Message*, of Greensboro College for Women, is, on the whole, very good. The chief objection is that the magazine lacks unity. It would have been much better had the contributors essayed fewer and longer articles rather than so many short choppy sketches. *My First Party* is a "catchy" little poem which has a true ring of childhood reminiscence. *The Heart of a Thief* is a striking, well-handled story; its brevity, however, is certainly an objection. *The Message* is especially noteworthy for its smoothness and its power to hold the reader's interest even when on a downtown expedition with a ghost.

The idea of devoting one complete number of *The Princess*, of Queen's College, to interests in Red Cross work is unique. The idea, however, is the best part of it, for many of the articles of the number show that little time had been taken in their composition. In general, the magazine has the "milieu" of a high school publication rather than that of a young woman's college. Taken specifically, however, several articles are worthy of merit. *By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them*, and *The American Red Cross at Home* are short essays showing the growth of the Red Cross society through its present stage of development. Both articles show that time and thought have contributed to their make-up. *A Gentleman in Fur* gives a vivid description of the bravery and loyalty of the Red Cross dog. On the whole, the composition is interesting and the diction natural and fluent. The poem, *De Enemy*, is a little treasure. However light in subject matter it may be, it really reveals an artist's touch and is to be commended highly.

The State Normal Magazine and *The Limestone Star* have also reached the editor's table this month.

YOU ARE VERY BUSY

Perhaps you have overlooked having a portrait made. A telephone appointment—a few minutes of your time, in which you are not required to be other than your natural self, and the obligation to family and friends is met. The experience is pleasingly different from what you have imagined. Call and see our specimens.

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once*, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1918

To "His Sis"

BY A FELLOW WITHOUT A SIS
(ANSWER TO POEM IN MARCH ARCHIVE)

This is the day for our marching away to that ghastly, cada-
verous war;

I've surrendered my all to humanity's call; hope of things
that I longed so much for

Has all come to naught; so that now my sole thought is to fight
till my task is all done;

Though it cost me my life, I will stay in the strife till we
beat back the Turk and the Hun.

Girlie, I say, I am marching away, for the day of departure
is here;

But in saying good-bye, I have no sis to cry and to laugh
and to wave and to cheer.

My life is my own and I live it alone, and I feel I'm the
prey of neglect,

For you see I'm not blessed with the creation's best—just a
sister to love and protect.

How devoted a two are your brother and you! I am watching
him tell you farewell.

He loves you, God knows; and wherever he goes, for your
sake he will do his part well;

You'll go with him in thought till his fight has been fought;
that I see in your hug and your kiss,—

But now won't you agree to think sometimes of *me*—of the
fellow without any sis?

How Could He Help It?

CORA JENKINS MOSS

“Umph! there’s positively no use in Ned trying to get me in that pickle. Because he’s recently become infatuated and tied up with a woman is no reason for him, after all these years we’ve been friends, to want to get another fellow in trouble,” soliloquized Joe Fisher, as he sat beside his camp door, and pondered over his letter. “Well, misery loves company, though, and I reckon I’ll have to accept his invitation,” he added a few minutes later.

In their college days Edward Moore and Joe had been classmates, members of the same fraternity, and the very best of friends. As is often the case with friends, however, the two were very different in their likes and dislikes; and now after having finished college four years earlier, the two were in very different circumstances. Ned, as his friends always called him, who always liked and made love to all the girls, had married the finest of them all a few months before my story opens, and had settled down in his Carolina home town. Joe had never cared for women. He thought they were of a lower standard intellectually than their brothers, and always managed to stay out of their way. When the invitation came to him from his newly-wed friend, he was out in the Rockies, camping, reading, writing, and living to suit his own lofty ideas—spending his vacation far from the possibility of seeing a woman.

“Sure, accept it, and go back to your home state for a few days,” urged his Western friend. “Something interesting might turn up.”

And something did turn up which Joe had never expected would happen. He packed up and started East. The journey to Columbia was long and tiresome. He read, thought, and then looked out the window at the fleeting land-

scape and thought some more. What made him ever start East anyway? He'd surely have to see many old acquaintances, and some of them he'd be glad to see—his boyhood friends. But he would have to see and talk to women, at least treat those he had formerly known civilly. Of course he would, for Ned was married to a woman!

"Well, it can't be helped now, but I'm a fool! How'll I feel with women around, when I've not talked to one three minutes in the last four years," he grumbled; and he thought about the wise saying, "distance lends enchantment", and wondered if it were true in his case.

It was a short time later that Joe noticed the country was beginning to look like home. He pulled out his watch and found it was only an hour before he would meet his unhappy fate. Then he noticed for the first time that a woman was standing near him in the crowded car.

"Won't you sit down?" he stormed, wondering why someone else didn't give her a seat. Then he bolted for the smoker, but she stopped him, and somehow he found himself again settled down beside her.

"Now, I'm in for it fair, but I'll not talk. They always talk the deuce out of you," he grumbled to himself, and glanced sidewise at his companion. She was knitting an army sweater—just as calmly as if she didn't know he were there, and he noticed, too, that she did look rather—well, different from any woman he had ever noticed.

"I never noticed 'em very closely," he thought to himself, "but if I'd run across one like her earlier, I might feel different toward the whole sex. Wonder how Ned's wife looks?"

"Do you know anybody in Columbia?" he asked abruptly, when he could stand the silence no longer.

"Yes, I'm living there at present," she answered, startled

at his abruptness. "So you don't live there? I believe you are a Westerner anyway, aren't you?" she added, smiling.

"I am. But how did you guess it? I didn't know you women noticed differences in accent, or anything else," blurted out Joe, confusedly. "But I've never known much about women—never saw one like you. Wish I had."

His companion turned, surprised, and looked at him. Was he crazy, or what was the matter with him? He looked like a gentleman. His expression as he looked at her was one of sincerity and admiration. "Westerners are always abrupt," she thought, and continued her knitting silently.

People began to gather up coats, suit cases, and bags, and just when the porter called out Columbia, Fisher thought fast. "I've got to know more about her. If I don't find out before we get off, I'll lose her. What will Ned think when he finds I've gone daffy over a woman in thirty minutes?"

The train was slowing down for the station. Just then he noticed she had on a fraternity pin, and it was the same as his. Sure, he'd known all the time there was some bond between them.

"I see you have on a frat pin like mine. I might have known it though. We are friends from the start. I want to see more of you." He would have said more, but she was moving toward the door, and the train stopped with a lurch.

"Yes, I'd like to see you at my home. That's my husband's frat pin. Here he is now." She smiled and stepped out to meet Edward Moore.

Letters from France

I am in receipt of your letter, and I am certain that I appreciate and am very grateful for it, and I thank you very much for your interest and good wishes. I came over as a casual, that is not attached, to be used wherever I was most needed. I came to this post, and, as it happened, I knew no one here. I have seen no Trinity men yet, but that does not mean they are not here, because I am situated where I would not be apt to run into them unless they were in the Medical branch of the service.

I hope that you are going to be able to get up a list of Trinity men who are here and let me have their addresses.

I left the States without knowing whether or not Trinity had instituted military training. I went into service July 5, 1917. So lost out in some State news. However, I am confident that Trinity will do her part. I believe it very essential that as much military training be given all the students and younger people as possible. We are in a struggle the length of which is only a surmise, but I fear will be much longer than most of us think. The enormity, the vastness, the seriousness of this struggle is almost beyond dreams. We are into it whole-hearted, and it is going to take the united, unflinching efforts of each individual to make it a success—and success we must have at any cost. Our ideas, and our ideals of civilization must not go to naught. I believe every young man, coming to military age, should be trained in every way possible. Athletics, not for a ball team alone, but for every single individual in college, should be encouraged to the utmost, to make the man himself physically fit for the trying ordeals of life at a camp. Physical manhood I am finding means so much to the action personnel of an army unit. It is the men who are physically

able to hit hardships and stand up under any old thing, that makes the wheel keep turning.

The climate here though is not good—as a rule colder than N. C. climate and rain enough to make oceans and oceans of mud. The traffic here is not so heavy as it was at the place I was first stationed. There I wore hip boots half the time. Despite the mud supplies go on to the front. They must go. It is certainly a wonderful sight—a sight one cannot possibly realize or appreciate until he sees it—then he sees so small a part of it.

Just now the larger percentage of cases we have are medical but a little later we are looking forward to having more surgical. We have quite a few gas cases already. The work is of course hard and of necessity not under ideal conditions. Still we are pretty well fixed. It makes it easier, too, to know that you are trying to help someone personally and at the same time “doing your bit.”

There are so many interesting things that I should like to write you about for military reasons are not allowed. I trust I have not bored you with a letter which I find in closing is rather lengthy.

I noticed just before I left the States, the death of Professor Gill and I regretted it very much. I wish to be remembered to the members of the faculty and other Trinity friends, of whom I trust I have many.

Thanking you again for your letter and with kindest personal regards, I am,

(AN OFFICER IN THE MEDICAL CORPS.)

Well, I am here—in France—and have been here since last September 25. We had a very quiet trip over. Except for a little blow of three days' duration with a few sea-sicks there was nothing of interest. We landed in England and had a delightful trip across this country. At that time the

country was a perfect flower garden. The land appeared to be cultivated to a finish. Except for a few uniforms one need not think a war at hand.

We landed in France and traveled by day directly to our destination. I studied for two months at the famous French artillery school. On arriving at the school we expected to find canvas covering in waiting for us, but to our delight we found a chateau in readiness to receive us. We found ourselves in a small city in the midst of a superb forest. The chateau is one of the most famous of its kind in France. Here the kings, Francis I and Henry IV, made their homes during the hunting season; Marie Antoinette had a suite of rooms here which are preserved with the furnishings; Napoleon I lived here and imprisoned one of the popes here for a year; and here the emperor abdicated. The chamber in which he abdicated is preserved intact. The forest surrounding this small city is wonderful, and the roads are perfect. There are numbers of small roadside drinking places through the forest. We averaged about two trips per week through the forest, sometimes by cannon to the surrounding villages for terrain work—map making, gun laying, and so forth, and sometimes by horseback. The school has some very good horses. The little villages in this part of the country are quaint and picturesque, especially those along the Seine.

From the artillery school I was transferred to this city. A very beautiful city this is, of Southern France. This is about the fourth in size and probably the largest wine market in the world. I live in a French family here and am learning to parley in this stuff. I can carry on a conversation now in French but am not fluent by a long way. There are many things of interest down here. Well, of course everything is intensely interesting, but we have become accustomed to many things. There are some very old buildings here, dating back to the 12th century. Being near the Span-

ish frontier, there is a large Spanish element here. The people of this part of France have a different accent from those of the North.

The customs and so forth over here are entirely different from anything we know in the States. We have wine with our meals twice a day. The continental breakfast doesn't amount to anything. We get a *petit dejeuner* in bed, consisting of a cup of chocolate, bread, and butter, with a little *confiture* sometimes. The other two meals are very good. The light wines they serve down here are much better than those of the North. I took a trip a few days ago through the wine cellars of one of the big wine merchants. We sampled the different kind of juice, and it was good. I will miss my light wine if I ever get back to the States.

I get my "permission" leave of absence soon, and I am going to visit Paris and some other cities. I know Paris well already, for the artillery school is not a great distance away, and I visited Paris quite frequently. It is a wonderful city—so different from anything in the states. The sky line is very regular and low—not many buildings over eight stories high. Paris is full of interesting things to see. The last trip there I visited Notre Dame, Invalides, the Louvre, and so forth.

The French are very sociable; they do all they can to please the Americans, but of course they stick us occasionally. If a fellow wants to get stuck in the states, let him put on a uniform—the same thing over here.

Professor, give my best regards to all my friends at Dear Old Trinity. Yours sincerely,

(OFFICER IN FRANCE—CLASS OF 1915.)

Machine U. S. 67

BY SIR RAH MAHRUD

“Good, very good, Roberts,” said the ground officer, as he noted the high altitude reading of the barometer after Cadet William S. Roberts had done his altitude test.

These words from his superior sounded very encouraging to young Roberts. They seemed to act even as a partial relief to the intense droning in his ears, caused by the rapid descent through changing air pressure. But this new cadet knew that he deserved the words of commendation. Uncle Sam’s new fliers are rated largely on their “stunt” ability, and besides showing more than a moderate degree of skill in doing all the required stunts, Cadet Roberts had attained an altitude which had been surpassed by only one other flier—and he was a commissioned officer.

Only one other test now! If his luck would only hold out through the long cross-country flight, within two or three weeks it would be “First Lieutenant William S. Roberts, U. S. S. C.” How admirable it would sound! He wondered which would be the greatest event, the day he made his first flight alone, the day when he became a commissioned officer, or that when he was awarded his wings. The day he received his commission would take precedence over any others without a doubt, he thought, unless perchance he should become an “ace.”

“But how egotistical I’m becoming,” muttered Roberts. “I’d better abandon some of my vanity or I’ll be classed among the shave-tails.”

He turned in his report to the field clerk, and made his way towards the barracks. But his meditation continued. With the commission would come a furlough and a visit home. Most important of all, of course, would be the time

spent with Her. And then must inevitably come the revelation to home folks that he was in the aerial squadron. The father and mother had opposed his enlistment in any branch of the service. But he was of different caliber. His work as Y. M. C. A. secretary sent him to one of the flying fields. His position there, however, soon became uncomfortable. He became satisfied only when he took the oath of enlistment and donned the regulation khaki.

But young Roberts was far from being satisfied as a ground man. The temptation to pilot one of the powerful machines through the air became too great for him. He underwent the rigorous examination and passed—a one man in twenty. So far he had not written the home folks of his change; he had not even advised Her. He had a certain prescience that his action would cause a considerable change in Her attitude towards him; but he seemed to derive a secret enjoyment in withholding the knowledge from Her. Often he thought that he ought to advise his parents, for in case of accident—but no well-trained aviator ever considers the chance for a personal accident, however numerous the fatalities of the field may be.

It was only a few days before the cross country final test flight occurred. Five graduate cadets were to drive the new machines to another field in the adjoining state. Individual rating, aside from a commission, depended much upon the success of this flight. Roberts and his mechanic, Tom Evans, spent the preceding day getting his machine and motor in perfect adjustment. If it were at all within the range of possibility, he intended to make the flight without a landing.

After glancing at his routing map, Roberts was thrilled with joy. The route followed a railway line and indicated that he would fly over his own home town. What more glorious chance to surprise every one in the little city could

he ask for? Yes, he would land there, despite the sacrifice it would cost him. After due consideration, Roberts confided his intention to his friend and mechanic, Evans, who was to accompany him on the trip. Evans' intimacy with his pilot enabled him to surmise very quickly that Roberts' real reason for the stop-over involved more than a brief visit with his parents.

Ten minutes before they were due to start on the flight Tom saw William pick up one of the practice bombs, remove the lead weight and insert in its place a folded letter. The curious Tom was more than surprised when his friend sighed and said,

"Tom, I have changed my mind. This old bird doesn't stop until she lights on Liberty Field. We'll fly low and drop this note on Main street. Guess that'll shock 'em enough," he added.

With ease and grace machine U. S. 67 rose, circled once, and got under way on the long journey.

"Beautiful!" yelled Tom, as the motor hummed perfectly.

William nodded acquiescence, but his allusion was not to the motor. He was disobeying the very first law of flying by thinking of something other than his piloting. As his thoughts rambled on, he contemplated how delightful it would be if engine trouble or something would only occur where he would be forced to land in the little home city. The baseball park would afford an excellent landing and rising ground. He wondered what a surprise he would create, and how proud the townspeople would be of him. A chat with the father and mother and with Her while Tom was cleaning the spark plugs, and they would again be on their way with only a very few minutes lost.

"No," said William firmly, as he aroused himself from his reverie. "If this motor will just keep hitting this pretty, I'll land only in Liberty Field."

"Third the way," yelled Tom as he discerned a large river below.

William nodded. Within even a few minutes they would be flying over his own home. He motioned Tom to get the dummy bomb ready to drop as they circled over the city, which came into view almost suddenly. How tiny it seemed so far below. As the noonday sun shone upon the beautiful little place, again, the temptation to land rose strong within Roberts. But once more he attempted to dismiss the thought. After much circling and gliding, he brought the machine down to a height of a few hundred feet. Several people in the city had already seen them and were rushing out into the street to get a better view.

"Let her drop, Tom," cried Roberts as they neared the public square.

He turned to watch Tom's dropping precision but was astounded upon seeing the ghastly look that overspread his companion's face. It was very evident that Tom was suffering intensely. He swayed dizzily. Suddenly he clasped his hand to his head and his body fell limply forward as far as the safety straps would permit.

Young Roberts was not unnerved at seeing Tom collapse suddenly. Almost without a forethought, he swerved the machine, headed towards the baseball park, and made a safe landing. He hastily unstrapped the prostrate Tom, stretched him on the ground, and administered stimulants from the first aid kit. Tom revived almost immediately and after rubbing his eyes sat up.

"Aw, I'll be all right in a minute," he said, though still getting his breath somewhat irregularly. "Changing pressures so fast went to my head, I guess. Great Scott, what a crowd coming!" he exclaimed, as he saw a number of people rushing over the hill toward the park.

"I'll go get you a doctor, Tom."

"No, you don't either," said Tom quickly. "Useless expense; I'm all O. K. now. You rush on home, William, I'll watch the bird," he urged vigorously.

Twenty minutes later, accompanied by his parents and Her, young Roberts returned to the park.

"Well, mother, I am so glad you and dad are proud to see your little boy in uniform, even though I did surprise you."

"And don't you think we are all proud of you?" inquired the fair one beside him.

Roberts found more than half a hundred of the townspeople crowded around the machine as close as Tom, assisted by the police force, comprising the town constable, would permit them to approach. It was several minutes before he had finished exchanging greetings and had said farewell to his parents. He turned to the fair one, took her hand and said jokingly,

"Come on and fly away with me."

"Oh, William," she exclaimed joyously, "I was just waiting for the invitation. Do take me up for a flight."

"Honestly, I'm sorry but regulations prohibit—"

Whether it was the fact that he still held her hand, or whether it was the pleading look in her eyes, he found himself saying,

"Come then, we'll go. Get into about four coats and bundle yourself up like an eskimo."

"William, are you sure it will be perfectly safe?" inquired her mother anxiously.

"Why, of course it is safe, mother, or he wouldn't take me up," exclaimed the daughter quickly.

"Don't go high then, William," cautioned the mother.

Student aviators generally find it impossible to describe the thrills and ecstasy which they experience when first the earth seems to glide from beneath them. A further impos-

sibility, then, would be to attempt any description of the sensations experienced by a young lady passenger on her first flight when He was piloting.

After the consciousness of flying had partially subsided, she was attracted by the dummy bomb on the seat beside her. She was surprised to see that the protruding letter was addressed to her. Impulsively she seized the missive, and despite the difficulty she evidently gleaned the contents.

"Darn Tom and his carelessness," muttered William as he turned and saw her reading the letter. But from the corner of his eye he could perceive from her radiant face that she was anything but displeased.

It is indeed unfortunate that a noisy motor and whirring propeller are not more conducive to soft words, fitly spoken. Yet there is a time, it seems, when words are unnecessary, when actions speak more than words. It is perhaps fortunate, therefore, that the new army monoplane are equipped with stabilizers which afford both pilot and passenger a certain freedom in change of position. It is perhaps fortunate, also, that these machines eat their way through space regardless of whether the pilot is temporarily blind or not.

Time and condition are capable of affecting great changes. Only a few months before, while sailing through the dreamy atmosphere of fanciful bliss, college graduate William S. Roberts made a certain verbal proposal that had been answered by a curt, decisive, horizontal shake of a little head. Recently, under somewhat different altitude conditions, while sailing through God's pure atmosphere between earth and heaven, Graduate Cadet William S. Roberts made a visual proposal that was more decisively answered by a perpendicular nodding of the same little head.

More than two hours later, machine U. S. 67 began to volplane towards Liberty Field. Pilot Roberts was astonished to see that his mechanician had suddenly become deathly

sick again. His facial expression indicated that he was suffering intense pain. He swayed dizzily. Suddenly he clasped his hands to his head, then threw his arms forward, and his body leaned limply as far as the safety straps would permit. Before Roberts brought his machine fully to a stop, he turned to render assistance to his companion. The prostrate Tom turned his head until he was able to peer from under his arm and meet the gaze of the astonished William. It was a number of seconds before the latter was able to interpret the widespread grin on the fainting Tom's face and to comprehend the explosive laughter that followed.

"You bluffing devil!" finally exclaimed William. "You tricked me into losing thirty minutes at that stop-over. But shake, old man; *it* was great, simply great," he added the rapturously.

"*It* what—?" But the inquisitive Tom never got a correct reference for the pronoun.

A commissioned officer and his field clerk had approached.

"Engine trouble, sir; prolonged engine trouble," promptly lied Tom.

"Same trouble as the others had," remarked the officer. "But yours is the second best time made today. Cadet Roberts, your commission awaits you at the field headquarters office."

The Highest Calling

REVILO RAC

As I walked abroad at eventide,
 I chanced a lowly hut to pass—
 A place of unpretentious build
 Nestling there 'mongst giant oaks
 That towered far above its roof
 As sentinels o'er a sacred thing,—
 And it was, for lo! a window bright
 Sent out to me a warming gleam.
 I looked within, and there I saw
 A sight that made my lonesome heart
 Well up with joy, and warmer grow:
 A sweet-faced woman with tender smile
 Was rocking a cradle, roughly made;
 And as she rocked she sang a song—
 A soft, melodious lullaby.
 I could but think of other days
 When another mother sweetly sang,
 And another child was lulled to sleep.

“Go to sleep, my little angel;
 Close your twinkling eyes of blue.
 Mother's watching by your cradle;
 Mother's heart's your rendezvous.”

The song died out, and I passed on.
 I knew I'd seen a sacred thing;
 I'd seen the power that rules the world,—
 Young motherhood, pristine and sweet;

I'd seen the smile that artists crave,
But never to us can portray,
And other truths were brought to me
By gazing at that vision sweet:
Tend'rest of songs, a lullaby;
Sweetest of loves, a mother's love;
Highest of callings, motherhood!

Even in Our Midst

NELLIE READE

Tom walked slowly up and down the room looking extremely worried. Mary looked at him and smiled.

"And you say you don't love me"? he said slowly.

"I'm afraid not."

"And you know I'm going to camp in two weeks, and may never see each other again."

"Oh, Tom, please hush. If this is the last time we shall be together, please let's not mention anything that we can't agree upon. You know I don't love you! I don't think I ever shall really and truly love you."

The next day she met Thomas Glass on the campus. He stopped her and asked if she would go to walk with him the next afternoon, which was Sunday. "I have a favor I'm going to ask of you," he told her.

The next afternoon they walked out toward the county home and soon came to a grassy place. Tom flung himself on the ground, ran his fingers through his hair, adjusted his tie, picked up a little stick and poked a hole in the grass.

"You are very kind," he began, without looking at her. "You have always been very kind to me. I-I appreciate your coming with me this afternoon. I don't misunderstand your kindness. I want more than anything in the world to marry you, but I want to get married whether I marry you or not."

Mary felt as if she would die if he did not change the subject. She wanted to laugh, to cry, but most of all she wanted to be at home.

"Really," she interrupted, with very hot cheeks and a very cold voice, "I don't see why you asked me to come out here with you."

"I'm coming to that in a few minutes. I'm simply saying this to be sure you'll understand. I was in love with my

wife. When I saw you, I thought I had found her; but it seems that I haven't. I'm in love with her just the same. Now, here is where the favor comes in."

"Yes, yes," she said hurriedly, "do tell me about the favor."

"You remember the girl who sat across the aisle from us last Sunday night?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to introduce me to her."

"What! Do you mean Florence Elliott?"

"Is that her name?"

"Yes."

Florence Elliott indeed! Florence Elliott of all people! If he had said that plain Alice Smith, or that red-haired Katherine Jones, or that Dorothea Hughes, who talked men to death, Mary would not have been so angry. But Florence Elliott! Well, really, that was a little too much.

Florence was a very tall, dignified blonde; Mary was a jolly little brunette. Florence often disapproved of much that Mary said and did. But the greatest crime of all was that Florence's horde of admirers rivaled Mary's.

"Florence," repeated Thomas. "What a pretty name."

"It certainly is. I've often wished that I was named Florence or Alice. Mary is so common."

"Yes, there are so many girls named Mary."

"She's very attractive, but she would look better if she wasn't so thin."

"I like her just as she is. And to think I have even a chance."

"Do you really think you have?" asked Mary sarcastically.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't have thought so—only—"

"Only what?"

"Oh, it seems that she noticed me with you—that night, you know. Bob Smith, the boy that she was with, told me she said—"

"Please go on."

"Of course she never dreamed that he would tell me. He said she said some very kind things about me that led—"

She never dreamed he would tell Tom. Pshaw! she knew he would tell him the first thing—her thoughts became violent at this point.

Although she was very angry, hurt, and most of all jealous, she promptly and rapidly sketched out a plan that would enable him to meet the girl. Tomorrow if Thomas would be in the hall at a few minutes past eleven, Mary would ask Florence to go to the "dope" shop with her. Then, of course, Thomas could come up to speak to Mary and she would introduce the two. Although they were not the best of friends, Mary felt sure that Florence would not refuse her invitation.

"All right, tomorrow at eleven. You bet I'll be there."

"What time is it now, Tom?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Goodness, I had no idea I was so late. We must hurry."

During the walk home Mary did all the talking. Thomas listened and spoke only in answer to her questions.

The next morning was the longest one Mary ever knew. Would the professor ever stop talking? She looked across the room at Florence, dressed in white, looking very tall and graceful. How pretty she was. What pretty blue eyes and what rosy cheeks. Mary looked at her little watch. Five minutes to eleven—four minutes—three minutes—two minutes—one minute. Oh, at last the eleven o'clock bell struck. Mary hurried after Florence, but before she could catch up with her a crowd of hateful boys pushed in front of her. Finally, however, she reached the girls' room and found Florence powdering her little nose.

"Oh, dear, I can't give Tom to that beautiful, cold girl. I can't, I can't, I can't." she whispered to herself as she saw in her mind's eye a picture of Thomas walking beside

Florence, talking to her without noticing his old friend. No, she wouldn't give him up.

Mary rushed into the hall, but it was vacant. Oh, where could he be? She started home and met him in front of her house.

"What—what are you doing on this street?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't I walk on this street if I want to?"

"But I thought you wanted to meet Florence."

"Listen, Mary, did you really think I wanted to meet that uninteresting girl?" Tom asked as he opened the door for her. "Why, I had no more idea of waiting in the hall for her than I had of flying. Did you really think I cared for her—or ever would care for anyone but you?"

"But you said—"

"Never mind what I said. I thought I'd find out if you loved me or not. I found out all right," he said bitterly. "You were only too glad to hand me over to that girl. Glad? Yes, glad, anxious, eager."

"Was I?" asked Mary. "Oh, Tom, I wasn't. I didn't ask her to go with me. I couldn't. I simply couldn't give you to anyone. I want you for myself."

"Well—I'll be derved," gasped Tom.

Benjamin Franklin's Religion as Revealed in His Autobiography

W. K. CARR

Franklin's views of religion completely contradict the accepted theory that the three elements which determine one's life are: heredity, will, and environment. Heredity and environment are ignored in Franklin's make-up and their relative importance seems to be centered in his will. Franklin's parents and his ancestors for several generations back were staunch Protestants whose "zeal against popery" frequently got them in trouble. Josiah Franklin, Benjamin's father, migrated from old England to New England in order to secure religious freedom. Abiah Folger, Franklin's mother, was the daughter of Peter Folger, to whom Cotton Mather referred as "a godly, learned Englishman." We see, therefore, that with such religiously zealous ancestors and with such a religious home atmosphere, any ordinary child under similar circumstances would have been as his progenitors. The religious views of Franklin, therefore, probably more than any other one thing in his life, reveal the extraordinary character of the man.

Merely to state that Franklin was a Deist and stop with such an assertion would be unfair to Franklin. The word *Deist* has been applied so freely, used so carelessly, and associated so often with the names of mediocre and irrational characters that when one hears it used in connection with some one, its meaning causes a distorted idea to be formed, or a wrong opinion to be deduced. As in all his actions, Franklin applied the poultice of reason to his religious conceptions as well as to any other view which he held to be true or self-evident. It was not difficult for him to draw a clear line of distinction between what he knew to be true and what he thought was true. Franklin had convictions rather than

beliefs. He reduced all things as near as possible to a visible, or at least a rational, probability, and discarded the remainder as doubtful, therefore unacceptable. In one passage of his autobiography, however, he leads one to believe that the actual cause of his non-acceptance of the Presbyterian faith was based on what this sect did rather than on a real aversion for their doctrine. In the passage referring to his thoughts after attending a service, he writes: “. . . . not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.” The enthusiasm of each sect for its own creed and their lack of sympathy for each other probably influenced Franklin not to accept any particular creed, but to let himself be known as a member of the true catholic church, one of God’s great family of children.

In each passage in his autobiography which refers to some religious idea we see that Franklin emphasizes man’s relation to man. In one place he writes: “. . . . the most acceptable service to God is doing good to man.” Again when writing of his project which was to be called “The Society of the Free and Easy,” he expresses a conclusion as follows: “. . . . few in any public affairs act from a mere view of good of their country, whatever they may pretend fewer still, in public affairs, act with a view to the good of mankind.” The keystone of his religious structure seems to be a proper relation towards one’s fellow man. His lasting friendship for Whitefield, of whom he writes: “He us’d, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were answered,” illustrates his capacity for friendship and the effectiveness of his idea of man’s relation to man.

Franklin’s list of thirteen virtues and their precepts illustrates clearly his ideas of religion. In the order as he gives them they are: Temperance, silence, order, resolution, fru-

gality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquility, chastity, and humility. It can readily be seen that some of these are complementary to each other. The precept which he gives under "Humility" is brief but significant: "Imitate Jesus and Socrates." Although he denies the divinity of Jesus, he recognizes Him as a great moral teacher whose life was worthy of emulation. That Franklin found much comfort in a relation with his God, and that he thought such a relation necessary is shown by his frank confession: "And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer: 'O powerful goodness! beautiful father! merciful guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continued favours to me.'"

We find, therefore, that in spite of the fact that Franklin denied the existence of the Trinity and in spite of the fact that he placed a rather mundane interpretation on things which Christians consider divine, he did have a genuine love for his fellow man and he strove to manifest that love to the best of his ability. And cannot this virtue indeed be said to be the very bed rock of Christianity itself?

Vineta

Note.—There is an old legend in northern Germany that the beautiful city of Vineta was swallowed up by a great cataclysm many years ago and now stands in ruins at the bottom of the Baltic Sea; whoever once sees the faint light and hears the sound of the distant bells coming from this city is so much charmed by them that he will always use every opportunity to return to the spot where he saw and heard them. Heine has written an excellent simile on this legend, comparing the sunken city with an old love affair.

BY HEINRICH HEINE

Translated by Wesley Taylor

From those unfathomed depths beneath the sea
 The evening bells are sounding dull and faint
 To bring some wondrous news for you and me
 From out the Beauteous City, old and quaint.

Though sunken in eternal depths below,
 The City's ruins, still remaining, stand;
 Its ancient walls reflect the golden glow
 The sunset casts on ocean waves and strand.

Whatever boatman sees those magic beams—
 The evening sparks that glitter on the waves—
 Will ever sail again to see those gleams,
 Despite the overhanging cliffs he braves.

* * * * *

From in the secret depths of my own heart
 An echo dull and faint, like distant bells,
 Brings wondrous thoughts, too gentle to impart,
 Of that old love which there forever dwells.

A beauteous sunken world of love it seems,—
 Though long abandoned, fragments still abide,

Reflecting in the mirror of my dreams
The spark of love my life once glorified.

I'd like to sink into that deep abyss
And nevermore return to earth above,
And feel that angels called me back in bliss
To that old Wonder-City's charm of love.

Tennessee or Carolina

CONN O'MYER

A warm southwest breeze blowing around Blackwood Mountain bore on it the fragrance of apple blossoms and all those pleasing odors which one enjoys on a farm in the evening of a warm May day. Blackwood Mountain is a small mountain located in Orange County, North Carolina, about five miles north of Chapel Hill. I was sitting on the porch of a little farm cottage, which stood just at the foot of the eastern slope of this mountain. The last traces of the rays of the sun had vanished from the sky and a clear moon, except when occasionally it would slip behind a floating, small white cloud only to dart out again, was hanging above the low peak to the west.

"You were speaking of Tennessee. Let me tell you about a girl who once chose Carolina instead of Tennessee," said the old gentleman sitting on the opposite side of the porch on a rustic seat with his wife, an old lady of seventy-five whose silver threads had come to outnumber the threads of gold, by his side.

As I sat there in the almost hallowed presence of those two old people who had been happy companions for over fifty-five years, I heard the following story from the lips of the old gentleman:

"On the Greensboro road about three miles west of Chapel Hill is the old Tom Weaver farm. In the later fifty's the original Tom Weaver, who settled the place, lived on this farm. He had a son whose name was also Tom. Young Tom was a quiet kind of a boy who helped his father work the farm. About this time there were a lot of people going to Tennessee to settle. Almost every day covered wagons

passed with the sign, 'Bound for Tennessee,' written on the sides of them.

"One evening as Tom (I mean the young fellow), was returning home from helping one of the neighbors clear some land, he saw some of these people who were on their way to Tennessee camped in the woods just a little way down the road from the house. It was beginning to get dark and the campers had a brush fire built up about fifty yards from the road. About the time Tom was even with the camp, a girl passed by the fire. Tom happened to raise his eyes just at the time the light from the fire lit up her face. Tom had never seemed to care for the girls; but the sight of that face made him almost stop breathing.

"Tom rode on home and put up his horse. He didn't eat much supper that night—though he had worked awfully hard that day. When he went to bed, all he could see was that fair face lit up by the little camp fire. He rolled over and over on his bed. Tom would have told you he wasn't in love; but he couldn't go to sleep and couldn't get the thoughts of the face off of his mind. Way in the night it began to rain. The sound of the falling rain finally put Tom to sleep.

"When Tom woke up next morning, it was still raining. It was one of them heavy rains which we have nearly every April. It rained almost all the morning; but about 'leven o'clock it quit and the sun came out.

"Just after dinner Tom took some buckets and started down to the spring to bring some water. He went off down the hill, hardly knowing where he was going. He seemed to be dreaming—something he hadn't ever done before. When he was in about ten feet of the spring, he looked up and stopped all at once. Bending over the spring trying to dip up some water was a maiden.

“ ‘I’ll get your water for you, if you want me to,’ Tom said rather awkwardly.

“The girl raised up and turned towards him. The boy liked to have gone backwards. It was the same face he had seen the night before—only, just as the flowers, it too seemed brighter and purer after the refreshing spring rain.

“ ‘I shall be obliged to you if you will fill my bucket. I can’t quite reach down to the water,’ was the answer which Tom received. As the maiden spoke these words, a timid smile came on her face and a sparkle in her eyes such as Tom had never seen before.

“When the bucket had been filled for the maiden, she said a kind but clear, ‘Thank you,’ and walked back towards where her people were camped. Tom gazed after her for a few minutes. Once she glanced back over her shoulder.

“The next morning was Sunday, and the sun was shining pretty. After breakfast Tom had to go over in the field to see about some sheep which came near drowning. It was out of his way, but he sauntered off down by the spring. As he went down the path, he saw his maiden a little way down the hill gathering some violets. She had put a bunch of the violets in her hair. Her dress was plain but neat, such as makes a country maiden look like a queen. Tom came close to her before she saw him.

“ ‘You seem to love flowers,’ was the way Tom broke in.

“ ‘I do, and I am going to take some to a sick woman in our crowd,’ was what the country queen answered him.

“ ‘I suppose the big rain kept you all from going on your trip,’ was the next thing Tom got up courage to say.

“ ‘Yes, they say there is a creek about two miles up the road which is so people can’t cross it,’ said the maiden.

“ ‘That’s Morgan’s Creek. It ought to be run down by tomorrow evening—but this was a big rain. I doubt if it will be so it can be crossed by that time.’ Tom paused; then

ventured to say, 'For my part, I don't care if it don't.' Tom's face turned red. The maiden blushed, but there was a modest smile on her face.

"There were several minutes of silence before either said anything. Finally Tom asked her if she and her people had started to Tennessee and how far they had come. She told him that they had come from Warren County and that she and her brother—her parents were dead—were with several others on their way to middle Tennessee.

"'I've got to go,' said Tom. 'But I'm awfully glad I saw you down here. I'd like to know your name. My name is Tom Weaver. I live in the house up there on the hill with my father, whose name also is Tom.'

"'Mr. Weaver, I'm glad I saw you. Since you got the water for me yesterday, you seem like an old friend,' she answered. Then said, 'My name is Anne Clack.'

"As Tom started to say good-bye, Anne, modestly holding out some of the violets, said, 'Don't you want some violets to wear to church today?'

"Though Tom was not going to church that day and seldom wore flowers, he said, 'I—believe I will—thank you.' They parted. Anne was smiling as they said good-bye; but Tom was so happy he forgot to smile.

"That evening Tom went up to the place where the campers were. He found Anne sitting on a low stump out away from the others. Tom spoke to her and sat down by the side of the stump. Tom told her all about himself and how he was different from other boys because he didn't care to be always running 'round with just any girl. He told her that he had always said that when he found the right one, he would love her. Then he told her how he had seen her Friday night by the light of the camp fire; how he couldn't sleep that night; and that she had been on his mind ever since.

"Then Tom couldn't wait any longer. He looked up at

Anne, who seemed prettier than ever to him, and said, 'Girl, I believe you are the girl I have been waiting for. I love you. I can't ever love any other girl. I want to know if you care for me. Will you mind just saying whether you can care for such a boy as me or not?'

"Anne didn't say anything for a while. Tom had taken her hand in his and was holding it. After a little while Anne turned to Tom and said, 'Tom, you are not like other boys. You are just the kind of man I have always wanted to see. You are such a true, noble man. Yes, Tom, I do care for you. I shall always care for you.'

"For a long time they sat there without saying a word. Finally Tom got up and told Anne that this was the happiest time of his life, but he had to leave her and go the house.

"'Brother says that we are going to leave tomorrow right after dinner,' Anne broke in and told him.

"Tom stood confused for a few minutes. Then he raised his eyes, which looked watery, and said, 'I'll see you at dinner time to-morrow. Good-bye.'

"The next day when Tom came in from work, he didn't go to the dinner table. He went to the place where he had told Anne good-bye the night before. When he came in sight, he saw the train of wagons loaded and almost ready to move on their journey. Tom's heart began to beat fast, for he was afraid he wouldn't get to tell Anne of the plans he had made while at work that morning. As he came up to the busy crowd getting ready to leave, Tom found his maiden still lingering outside the wagon in hopes that he might get there before her people hurried her away from him, possibly forever.

"'Anne, I hear them calling you to come on; but I have a plan in my mind and I want you to make me one promise,' said Tom as he ran up and nervously grasped the hand that was stretched out to him. 'One year from next month I will

be twenty-one and will have enough coming to me for us to start on. When that time comes, I am coming to Tennessee. If I come for you then, Anne, will you come back to Carolina with me?

"Anne's brother was calling her and telling her to hurry on, that all the others were ready to go.

"Anne looked squarely into Tom's eyes for a minute, then said, 'Tom, I will.'

"Anne was hurried into a wagon, and soon the train was moving off up the road. Tom returned to the house but did not eat any dinner. Without having anything to say to anybody, he went back to his work that evening.

"About two hours before sunset Tom came running up to where his father was at work and said, 'Pa, that Miss Clack is the only girl I have ever loved and I will never be happy if I don't get her. She loves me too. If she makes that long trip through the mountains to Tennessee, God knows whether I will ever see her again or not. Will you let me marry her and us live here in the house with you and Ma until I am of age and my property comes to me? My life's happiness depends on your answer. Will you say *yes* or *no*?'

"The old man looked at the boy for a minute and thought of his own younger days. Then the answer came, 'Tom, if you love that girl and are sure she loves you, I will do what I can for you.'

"Ten minutes later Tom was going down the road on his brown mare. Her name was Bonny, and she was a good one. As Tom came in sight of Morgan's Creek, he almost shouted for joy as he saw the creek was still up and the emigrants were camping. When he came up, Tom saw the others preparing for the night but did not see Anne. He found her still sitting in her wagon. He pulled Bonny up by the side

of the wagon, leaned over and took hold of Anne's hand, and looked into her eyes, which showed that she had been crying.

“ ‘Anne, I have come to tell you that Pa says we can live with him until I am twenty-one. If you go on this long trip to Tennessee, we might never see each other again. Then my life would be miserable. Will you stay for my sake? Will you turn from your people and your dreams of Tennessee to stay with me in Carolina?’ ”

“Both of them were perfectly quiet for a while. Then Tom asked, ‘What will be your answer, *Tennessee* or *Carolina*?’ ”

“Then those eyes, which were shedding tears partly for sadness on parting with old friends but mainly for joy over the ties with a new friend, were raised and a clear voice said, ‘I choose *Carolina*—and you.’ ”

“The trip of six miles to Hillsboro was soon made and license brought back. At ten o'clock that night under a big oak tree near the bank of Morgan's Creek a preacher, who happened to be in the crowd, pronounced Tom Weaver and Anne Clack man and wife. On the return trip that night Bonny carried double.”

At this point in the story the old lady before me leaned over, and put her arm about the neck of the old gentleman who had told the story; and I heard her clear, gentle voice repeat these words: “Tom, from that night to this good hour Anne has never been sorry she chose Carolina.”

At Sea

H. M. ELLIS

The full moon paved a road of silver light
 Across the tossing ocean toward the east
That lay and sparkled in the southern night
 Straight on and on and on, and never ceased.

Then came athwart the sky a sable cloud,
 Encroaching on the brightness as it neared,
That laid its sombre shadow like a shroud
 Across the path awhile, then disappeared.

So shall the separation of us twain
 O'ershadow for a season all our bliss,
Until our highway shine forth clear again
 And all clouds vanish at our greeting-kiss.

Juana

GEOPO

Jack Courtland was genuinely tired and exasperated, sick of himself and the world in general. As a traveling salesman for C. E. Jackson and Company, incorporated in U. S. A., he was one of those young men who had seen a little too much of life, had had too easy and pleasant an existence, and was tired of what he called "work". He had a particular fondness for expensive cigars, pink silk shirts, and wine. Cheap magazines had been the height of his literary tastes during the three years since college became "too slow and dull" for him, and he would spend hours dreaming over the romantic stories.

The fact that Jack was tired of the world was due to two or three things. First, he had been unable to get a sleepless night in a chilly, crowded day-coach. Again, he was privately disgusted at the fact that he had been selected to go on "a wild-goose chase" down into Mexico to attempt closing a big deal for his company with some capitalist there. Now that he had a chance to make good with his company on this big deal, he did not feel inclined to take it. Truly, Jack was without a high motive in life.

It was past noon, no dining car was on the train, and no luncheon was in sight. Mexico City, Jackson's destination, was four hours ride away. The glare of the sun was painful, even through the salesman's yellow sun-glasses; the dancing heat waves seemed to rise from the hot, level sands and fill the whole outside atmosphere. Fretful children, careworn and tired mothers, impatient men of all coarse types down to the native "greasers"—all sat sweltering in the stuffy coach. It was a disheartening, sickening scene.

"Damn such confounded heat, trains, people—and the whole business," growled the exasperated salesman. His

somewhat portly figure and Chicago clothes were ill-suited to such a region in summer.

Just then, he heard a low sob across the aisle. Jack looked, and forgot the crowded car and the heat. In the seat opposite him sat a young lady, of the exquisite Spanish-belle type of beauty, leaning on the shoulder of an elderly lady who was trying to console her. The two were dressed like people of very high rank.

"Why, Juana", the elderly lady said in a soft undertone that could not be heard far, "You will soon reach the city and free your father. Sunrise tomorrow will not bring his execution, but his acquittal, his triumph, and his reinstatement to office. Only hold your papers, and all will be well."

"Ah, you little realize, Auntie, how it hurts him to feel that instead of veneration and love for his long years of labor for them, the people are willing to believe anything about father, to turn against him, and to kill him—even as they wish to do morrow. Such a fickle mob! Such gratitude!"

The warmth and feeling of Juana's expressions had transmitted a red glow to her full cheeks, and her large, dark eyes looked full of indignation. The listening salesman was greatly impressed, both with the girl's words and with her looks. "Either that girl's father has been unjustly treated, or he is a scoundrel to have so deceived his beautiful daughter," thought Jack.

Back of his seat, Jack could hear two coarse voices discussing the revolution in Mexico, and the raids and robberies by the numerous revolutionary bands all over the country. Villages had been sacked and burned, and the mails of the government were unsafe, they said. The picture of the lovely girl with her aunt clung in Jack's memory, and he wondered again over the conversation between the two.

At last the little town of Junta, a little flag stop with a wooden postoffice and a few "dobe" mud huts, was passed.

Every one gave a sigh of relief, for Junta was only an hour's run from Mexico City. The sun was setting, and the heat was not so fierce now as it had been.

* * * * *

The air brakes shrieked; the train suddenly slowed down and stopped with a jerk that sent Jack diving headlong over the seat in front of him. All was confusion—the cries of children and the curses of men arose in a chorus. Looking out of the window, Jack saw that there were a number of Mexican riders, around the express car, loading the bags of valuables on pack horses. Several of the bandits—for their business was unmistakable—were coming down the train toward the passenger cars. Several bullets sang through windows in the car, and a voice from each door called, "Hands up!"

Now, Jack had read a great deal of heroes, but he was not one himself, and he loved life too well not to reach for the ceiling. Several gunmen entered the car and the passengers, Jack included, were only too willing to give up their money and keep their lives. When one rough-looking desperado started to take the pocket-books of Juana and her aunt, he stopped suddenly and uttered an exclamation. He said something in Spanish, and carried Juana, in tears, out of the train with him. With a curse, Jack started to follow, but a revolver pointed in his face silenced him. He felt the best that was in him called out; he now had a purpose in life. He revolted at the idea of such a beautiful girl going into slavery—and, then, he thought of her papers—her mission to save her father's life.

The moment that the last bandit left the car, Jack pulled his suit case from under the seat and took two Colt automatic revolvers out of it. The raiders, carrying their captive and money, were already a few hundred yards away from the train. Jack jumped from the train as it started again, and

followed the tracks of the party in the sand. It was now dark, but the tracks were deep and easy to follow.

After plodding through a sandy, level flat, with only an occasional cactus plant or yucca tree in his trail, there seemed little chance of success; but a new spirit of determination—which was indeed new in Jack—had come to him. He plodded doggedly along, fingering his two pistols and a large jack-knife, until, finally, he saw a fire ahead.

Upon approaching the nearer fire, Jack saw that the bandits had made a temporary camp for supper and a rest. Making a short detour, he placed the horses between him and the fire, and crawled slowly up to the place where they were tethered beside the baggage. The drunken laughter and talk of the party around the fire sounded out on the night air very plainly.

Just as he started to rise to his feet and take a look over the baggage at the party, Jack suddenly heard low words spoken only a few feet out from his right shoulder. As soon as he could regain the breath that he had lost from fright, Jack turned and saw just before him two persons sitting in the shadow of the baggage. His heart fluttered as he heard the low tones of Juana begging, perhaps, to go to the city and save her father's life. Jack could not understand Spanish, but the low, guttural, threatening tones of the bandit decided him. Creeping up closer, he buried his knife in the heart of the man, and clasped a hand over his mouth at the same time. The struggling bandit attempted to draw his dagger; but trembling with the convulsions and shudders of a strong man in agony, he relaxed and died.

At first, Juana started, surprised—then hysterically sobbed aloud, and rocked to and fro.

“Now, we can sneak a couple of horses and escape to Junta—it's only about four miles—and catch the midnight train to the city,” whispered Jack hoarsely.

"Oh, murderer, scoundrel!" sobbed the girl, "Don't you know what you have done? You've murdered my brother!"

"What! Aren't you Juana—on the train—captured by these bandits?"

"Yes, I'm Juana—the bandits recognized me as their leader's sister and took me to him. I'm no captive."

"But—but—he threatened you. You were begging."

"He was angry because I left him. I begged for pardon."

"And your father—was all that a lie?" groaned Jack, wringing his hands.

A look of intelligence flashed into the girl's face.

"My poor brother says the revolutionary party rescued father, and he joined them. My papers are of no use now. I see it all—you tried to get to him. It's all a—dreadful—mistake." Here she screamed and fainted.

The bandits heard the scream and rushed to the spot.

* * * * *

"Mexico City!" called the conductor.

Jacked jumped, and looked around. There sat Juana and her aunt across the aisle. The harsh voiced men behind him were still talking about the outrages perpetrated by the bandit parties.

The next day, Jack saw the headlines of the newspapers announcing that Senor Don Miguel, one of the great political leaders of the country, had been saved from execution by the timely arrival of papers from the United States convicting another man of the crime for which he was sentenced to die.

Jack determined, thereafter, never to concern himself over other people's affairs. By chance, he closed the big deal satisfactorily for his company and returned immediately to the States, where bandits seldom rob trains—even in dreams—and where good cigars and pink silk shirts are recognized as essential parts of a traveling salesman's rights.

Editorials

The Needs of Greater Trinity

A few weeks ago a letter was sent out by the executive committee of the Alumni Association to the various alumni of the College, setting forth the needs of the institution. The growth of the College during the last few years has been truly remarkable. The majority of the buildings are modern and up-to-date. But there are still several additions that are immediately essential in order for the institution to maintain the high standard it has set, and no alumnus should be able to rest until these needs are met.

In the first place, the need of a new gymnasium has long been apparent. Never before has the importance of physical training been so deeply impressed upon us as during the present momentous period. The fact that so many young men have been rejected from the service on account of physical disabilities has only served to awaken us, as it were, to a realization of our criminal negligence as regards this branch of education. The old gymnasium building years ago proved inadequate for the constantly increasing number of men and women that the College is being called upon to serve, and consequently this side of college training has been sadly neglected.

Probably the most needed improvement to the present equipment is a new science hall. The present structure is completely out of accord with the other buildings. The equipment is also inferior and the apparatus is to a certain extent becoming fast antiquated. Every year more and more pre-medical students are seeking instruction at Trinity. The Engineering School is also growing. But with the present equipment the College simply cannot offer the advantages and opportunities it should be able to offer. After the war the need of carefully trained men in scientific thought is going

to be greater than ever before, and if we are going to do our part effectively and in the true Trinity style, our present scientific facilities simply must be improved.

Still another need of the College is enlarged facilities for the education of women. The number of women students has been greatly enhanced during the last few years until the time has arrived when our present accommodations are totally inadequate. This is a field in which abundant opportunities are offered to the College to be of true service. The State is sadly in need of increased educational facilities for women, especially in view of the fact that women are now playing the important part they are in the affairs of the world. Here the College has an excellent chance to extend its influence in this branch of educational endeavor.

These are needs that we students here at the College should give thought and consideration to now instead of waiting until we get out from here. The Senior class has set an admirable pace by pledging one thousand dollars toward the erection of a new gymnasium. It would indeed be an excellent plan for the other classes to subscribe a similar amount now as their class gift. So many students leave college before graduation and consequently never contribute to the class gift. Thus by distributing the burden over a period of several years and among a large number, it would be made much lighter for all. Sons of Trinity today are playing an important part in shaping affairs of public moment and it is our duty as well as privilege to rally to her support from a financial standpoint in order that she may prove herself an even more potent force in shaping the destinies of our country.

Military Training

Now that military training is being put on a firm basis here at Trinity College, it behooves every man who can

possibly do so to fall enthusiastically in line, remain in line, and make the undertaking a genuine success. The College has gone to no little expense and trouble to secure the services of such a competent officer as Major F. P. Page, and, if for no other reason than the fact that the College has done so, that fact should compel many to take the drill. The benefits that come from military drill it is needless to enumerate.

Major Page's stay here ought to create and help keep up enthusiasm and interest in the work, but the head officer should not be expected to do all the enthusing. We ought at least to put ourselves in a position to be enthused. If we are not careful, our ardor will begin to slacken. To lie in bed these spring mornings is quite tempting. Some will doubtless disagree with the adage that

"Early to bed, early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

And possibly there are a few who will say with Matthew Arnold that "they are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees." The break-of-day excursions interfered with "the digestion of his dreams"; he loved "to chew the cud of a foregone vision." But remember, Matthew Arnold confessed he was *superannuated*, and unless we are willing to admit we are superannuated, we cannot use his excuse. Military drill may interfere with the digestion of our dreams, but it will undoubtedly aid the digestion of our meals and at the same time help fit us for the service of our country.

Let every one of us, then, fall in line, take seriously the commands given and thus help establish military training here and give us something in ourselves acceptable to offer when we give our services to Uncle Sam and his allies.

L. L. G.

Regulations

On page one hundred and sixteen of the catalogue for 1916-17, under the heading, "Scholarship Regulations for Athletic and Other Organizations," the following paragraph occurs: "Any student who receives less than a passing grade on more than six hours of his required work of the preceding term shall be ineligible to represent the College in any athletic contest, concert, or other public event."

This indeed is a very fair and just regulation. Last year when one of the members of a debating team failed, according to the letter of the law, to meet these requirements, he was legally ruled off the team and an alternate substituted in his stead. However, this year there seems to have been several candidates for intercollegiate contests who failed to meet these requirements but were not debarred from the teams. Now, such discrimination as this is obviously unjust and undemocratic. It is unjust to the College because it impairs its morale; it is unjust to the party involved because it fails to make him exert a fair amount of effort in most cases; and finally, it is grossly unjust to those who have been debarred from participation in such intercollegiate contests in the past because it is the height of injustice and unfair discrimination. Such action as this is calculated to do the College irreparable injury and should be stopped and stopped immediately. If this rule is wrong, let's dispense with it. But on the other hand if we are going to retain it, let's uphold it in all instances and not merely make it apply with reference to a few of the more unfortunate ones.

Wayside Wares

Sonnet

(Composed on the Chapel Hill Road, February 1, 1918)

Let others sing the praise of birds and flowers,
 Of autumn woods, fair sky, and bursting bud;
 Be mine the humbler task, O Durham mud,
 In no uncertain tones to hymn thy powers—
 Love-child of Jove, descending in the showers
 Upon the bosom of earth, in fleecy scud
 That sheds an April spray, or drenching flood
 Of rain or sleet upon these roads of ours,
 Thy depth is fathomless, unfenced thy sway,
 Thy clasp is firm, unfading is thy hue,
 Nor in adversity dost thou forsake
 Whom thou didst cleave to on a moister day;
 Thus, mud of Durham, though thy friends be few,
 My reverent muse to thee doth homage make.

When "Preacher John" Went to Preaching

BY SIR RAH MAHRUD

"Preacher John" is the appellation by which every one knows him, that inimitable old negro character, the general handy-man of my home town. As the cognomen indicates, John is a preacher. He is not one of those "cullud brethren" who regularly attend conference and receive appointments as sky pilots for certain communities of colored folks; no, John is a lay preacher, if such there be. For six days during the week he does odd jobs about the town; on the seventh day he is a reverend and devout minister. If by chance anyone should ever arise early enough on Sunday morning, Preacher John may be observed, his bible under one arm, and a dilapi-

dated umbrella under the other, valiantly striding towards some colored country church ten or twelve miles distant.

John admits that he would like to be a regular licensed preacher with city work, but the fact that the conference will not recognize his ability daunts him not in the least. He knows that he was divinely called to "go forth and preach the gospel." So long, therefore, as he is able to find a country congregation that will assemble to hear his dispensations, John is well pleased. The satisfaction he derives from this work is usually twofold, the inner or spiritual kind, and the material compensation, the latter consisting perhaps of an invitation to dinner or possibly a ride part of the way home in the conveyance of some accommodating brother. John admits that he derives no pecuniary recompense from his parsonical efforts. He asserts that his parishioners are well aware that he is a working man reputed to have a savings account; hence long ago he dispensed with the useless custom of passing the hat.

The story of John's entrance into the ministry is an interesting one. As told by himself one would hardly believe it; and yet he is truthful, absolutely so. It seems that John had always had a certain intuition that it was his duty to preach the gospel. When discussing his religious views with the boys of the military school of the village, John seldom failed to mention this belief. But John desired to be sure that he did not mistake his calling. He was merely waiting for a definite summons.

One day the call came. While following the ultimate of a westbound mule in a hillside field, the words plainly reached his ears:

"John, Oh John!"

No one was in sight.

Was not this similar to the voice in the wilderness speaking to John the Baptist of old? At any rate John decided to

be certain; yes, he would ignore the first call and wait for another. He proceeded to the other end of the field. Even there the voice again spoke,

“John, Oh John!”

“Yes, my Lord,” he answered.

“John, go forth and preach my gospel.”

As was habitual with John, he stood not upon the order of his going. Like the ancient and heroic Ulysses, he left the plow in the field.

Next morning John entered school. Having missed the rudimentary studies of both the English and the classics, he began with the primer. Daily did he trudge along with the smaller negroes on their way to school, and daily did he exert his best efforts towards that greater science, learning. But John was forced to realize that the rusty paths of a thirty-year old brain change but slowly. A year of laborious efforts and concentration evinced the sad but solemn truth. John’s learning days were over; his bare reading ability would have to suffice.

The formal ordination of the Reverend Jonathan Erastus Siler into the ministry was a marked event. Great was the crowd that assembled. For more than two hours his apparent introductory discourse continued, for John had not then reached his text. An intermission for dinner was announced. It seems, however, that the expected afternoon session never reconvened; the ennui had been too great. Instead of being enthralled the worshipers, listeners, and spectators all came to the conclusion that John’s gesticulations were better than his articulation of biblical names and phrases. Although twenty-five years have passed John has never again been granted the opportunity to fill the pulpit in the town church. His disappointment was great, but from it John got the cue that he was henceforth relegated to country work; for surely that was his destined field, anyway. With the country “nig-

gers" it was a case of choosing between John and the devil; they took John for one day in the week.

And thus the Reverend John still fulfills his call into the ministry. Six days of the week he is "Preacher John," the general wood-cutter, coalman, errand boy, or odd job artisan, of the village; on the seventh day he is the Reverend Mr. Siler, leader of different flocks of negroes of the Gee's Grove or Hickory Mountain section.

It was almost by accident that I learned the true facts as to why John entered the ministry. My father and I were visiting in the home of a Yankee friend. Father and the Yankee were laughing over the episodes of their boyhood school days spent in the home village. It was not until I heard them mention the name of John that I became interested. The sequence of facts revealed surprised me no little. It developed that instead of a voice from the wilderness calling forth to John the voice were none other than those of the Yankee and another devilish schoolmate, each secluded in a cedar tree at opposite ends of the field in which John was ploughing.

Exchanges

The Davidson College Magazine has a wide range of subject matter in the latest issue. The best feature of the story, "The Queen of the Spinning Room," is the effective depiction of the efforts of many modern young people to use "elaborate decoration" in their speech in an attempt to be "cute." Although this story has no depth of plot, it is above the average college magazine story in composition, diction and general handling. "On the Road to Florida" has a vein of humor but is somewhat incongruous and lacks co-ordination. "The Letter of the Law" is only fairly interesting. "The Man With the Fuse" is somewhat detailed in background, but the writer shows ability in presenting a situation. It is quite possible, however, that anyone except a modern psychopathist would be inclined to doubt the result of the brain grafting experiment.

The *Magazine* is devoid of any really good essays. "Vindication of Selfishness" is the best one in the issue.

Plenty of poetry is to be found in this number. The quality of the verse, however, is only mediocre. "Democracy's School" is rather novel, and the thought could be re-worked into an excellent contribution. The editorials, so-called, consist of a review of the contents of the current number, and an apologetic explanation for the scarcity of contributions. We should suggest that broader, more interesting topics might easily be selected for discussion by a college magazine editor. We readily concur with our contemporary in saying that this edition of the *Magazine* indeed possesses the characteristic of cosmopolitanism as regards subject matter. In fact, considered in all respects, the volume and content of this number are commendable, and the issue easily ranks, apparently, with the quality of the former one.

The State Normal Magazine for March contains a number of very good stories. Such a story of supreme sacrifice as is "The Last Tiny Thing" demands just such a setting as is very effectively presented in this contribution. "Out of Devil's Gap" contains an element of Gothic romance in its background of mystery, and is very clever. The beginning of "The First Law" led us to believe that a good story would follow; however, the use of a somewhat hackneyed plot, the stiff character presentation of "the old gentleman," and his decidedly unnatural conversation, are very evident weaknesses of the story.

The sketch on Florence Nightingale provides interesting reading. The other short, varied sketches are also very good. One or two essays in this number would be very appropriate.

Of the poetry in this issue the most of it is of some merit. "The Coming of Spring" and "The Bonny Wee Rose" are worthy of favorable comment. A perfection of the rhyme scheme, or the entire use of blank verse would improve the poem "Victory."

The editorials are spicy and pertinent. In quite a number of respects we note that the editors of the *Magazine* are maintaining a standard somewhat above that of the average woman's college magazine.

Alumni Department

The Fate of the Graduated Co-Ed

SADIE McCAULEY, '16

"Hurry, Pollyanna, and get the stuff. I want to eat supper one more time in the little boat before I become a school teacher, for then I shall be too dignified for any such foolish, sentimental pastime. I'll wear high-heeled shoes and collars that fit up tight at the neck, and I'll talk French most of the time."

Peggy learned back against the big tree, stuck her white English-shod feet out in front of her, and gave a decided pull on the middy blouse that had slid off at one shoulder.

"I wan't ever look like this again, Pollyanna. I should like to have a picture of myself just as I am now to show the girls at school twenty years later, when I shall be a big, fat, gray-haired, good-natured old maid. Oh, let me see! Bring some nice thin slices of buttered bread and a pot full of tea, and put some crushed ice in the thermos bottle. Don't forget the sugar and mints. See if you can't find a box of cheese wafers in the pantry; I put some there the other day. Bring some pillows too. Hurry back."

Shep, the big yellow dog that had been sitting back on his hind legs, turned his head from one side to the other just as if he knew exactly what was going to happen and started out with a bound after Pollyanna; but at the sound of a familiar whistle he came back and planted both his front feet in Peggy's lap.

"Shep, you are a nice dog, aren't you? I shall miss you a great deal when I go away. And if we should ever happen to see each other again, I should then be a school teacher and I couldn't pet dogs."

Shep nestled his nose down against the white skirt and looked up out of the corner of his eye with an expression that seemed to say, "I like you too." There was silence for fully five minutes; then Shep bounded up and with pricked-up ears and looked down the path that led to the road about two hundred feet away. He may have heard a noise, but he looked up at Peggy as if he wanted to say, "Where is Jack?" At least, that is what Peggy thought the dog wanted to say because she herself wanted to say the same thing.

"I don't suppose Jack will come today. I guess he is too busy putting the finishing touches on the job and getting ready to leave," said Peggy, half to herself and half to the dog.

"Here are your eats, Peggy dear," said Pollyanna breathlessly as she put the basket on the ground. "Didn't I hear you say something about Jack? Where is he? Isn't he coming out here? No? after I have stolen all that chicken salad just for his sake! You know boys like something besides just mere make-believe good stuffs. They are not like girls who think any thing in the world is good if they have some one, whom they like, to eat it with a real *dreamy* place to eat it. You and Jack haven't quarreled, have you? You seem to be so fond of each other."

"No, Jack is merely occupied with something else, I suppose. He never comes except when he has nothing else to do. Don't get the idea that we are in love. Jack is too much taken up with himself and his work to think of anyone else. I don't blame him to be, though, for people who know say he has done a wonderful piece of work for such a young engineer. It is perfectly obvious that the time he spent with me was purely to break the monotony. I never had a notion that he was coming to see me for anything else.

"Don't unlock the boat. I want to stay here where we can see the sun set. Don't you want to, Pollyanna? Hand

me that other pillow out there. Let's put the basket between us and I'll keep Shep on this side of me. Lie down, Shep."

"But Jack has made a dandy pal and we have had a splendid summer," mused Peggy as she gently splashed the water back and forth with her hand. "He can be just a mere boy when he wants to. He can sit on the steps or on the grass and talk about flowers and past college life and chickens, or anything else that happens to present itself as a topic for conversation. He can climb hills and hunt for good places to make pictures; then he can put on his dignity and sit in the parlor and talk to the old folks about the war and construction work and stuff like that, just as if he were forty-two instead of twenty-four. Where one comes in contact with a person like that, what is she going to do! Why, I wouldn't have missed rowing and playing tennis with him this summer for anything."

"Well, look at Shep," she said. "If he isn't in that basket! Smack his head off! No, don't hit him either, Jack wouldn't hurt him for a bushel of sandwiches. You didn't mean to be a naughty dog, did you, Shep? Your master always gives you part of what *he* has, doesn't he?" and Peggy laid her cheek against Shep's head for a second, looking dreamily off into the distance. She went on: "Pollyanna, you must be good to mother and daddy. Keep up with mother's spectacles if you can—I never could—and read to daddy when he is tired. They are very fortunate in having a niece like you to live with them. I reckon I ought to stay at home myself, but you see I sunk lots of my daddy's money at that co-ed school, and now I want to show them that I can make good."

"I wonder if I have forgot all the French I ever knew. See if this sounds all right, Pollyanna: *Parlez-vous Francais?*
 *Nous parlions.* . . . Well, two months.

from now it won't matter what we used to speak of; I'll just say *cela*.

"I wonder what I shall feel like after I have been shut up in a stuffy brick dormitory with sixty first-year high school girls for ten months—thanks, Pollyanna, I'll just drink a glass of tea, I ate so much dinner I don't think I care for anything else. Give Shep my sandwiches. Don't you reckon I'll feel lazy and drowsy all the time?" went on Peggy, between the half sips of tea that she was taking. "I shall not care much about dress. I'll just wear dark skirts and stiff starched shirt waists all the time. And I won't have to take the trouble to roll up my hair every night then. Old maids generally have straight hair, don't they? I shall have to have a cat, and I despise cats, too. Maybe I shall have a big yellow shepherd dog instead."

"But you'll marry sometime. . . ."

"No, Pollyanna, I shall never marry, for two reasons: The first is that I have always said I wouldn't; the second is that I shall never have a chance, unless some old widower comes along and asks me to be a stepmother to his eight children. Never! I shall spend the rest of my life until I am too old, teaching French grammar and *Balzac's* stories. And some times at night's when I have neuralgia in my conscience from making seventy out of sixty-eight and a half on so many papers, I'll read my college diary. I won't dare read my diary for this summer. I might forget to go around to see if the lights are out afterwards.

"Pollyanna, if you don't mind, you may go and be packing my trunk. I don't think I am going to feel like packing it. I believe my head is going to hurt. Take my hat and tennis racket on to the house. I am coming pretty soon."

"Shep, I guess it's better after all that Jack wasn't here this afternoon. I have got to get used to being without . . ."

"Oh, you prefer to be alone, do you?"

She jumped up and whined. Peggy dropped her handkerchief in the water and turned from pale to pink.

"Can't I talk to a dog sometimes without someone's listening?"

"I wasn't exactly listening. I just happened to hear what you were saying as I came up. You haven't eaten all the supper, have you?" Jack asked as he stepped over into the little canoe.

Shep, just for manners, pretended that he heard something in the bushes so he leaped out on the bank and ran as fast as he could. But after a good long chase on a week-old scent of a rabbit, he came quietly back and stretched himself out under a bush near the bank of the river where he could see the boat. From all appearances it seemed to him that he and Jack would have Peggy to go with them to build the next dam, for he heard Jack say something about Peggy's sending in her resignation right away.

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